

# Return of the Goddess

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*Primavera!*

*Fleshy foot  
treads verdant  
milfoil, daisies  
burst, fire-  
works from your  
open mouth. Winter  
can't fog rising  
couch-grass, vetch forces  
your tongue  
forward.*

*Olive branches  
shiver, groves ignited  
by attic laughter, Expected  
tingle, every  
year you touch  
renewal's robe.*

*In dreams, vocal  
chords pull  
tight, coriander  
forces bicuspid  
apart, lips  
bleed parsley, shepherd's  
purse foams out of  
nostrils.*

*Evening's cusp, twilight  
holds our high  
path home. Tonight, salt  
goddess lips sting  
my Chianti  
Silvered  
as olive leaves or viscid  
honey.*