

# Blue Garden

for my daughter, Hilary

Dramatic Attila, most aggressive of all the Triumphs  
heads your list. Prize hybrid appearing from nowhere  
in the mayhem of the Haarlem Tulip Wars. How the Dutch  
would give half their fortunes for a single bulb.  
You summon it now from earth proving its plain truth  
a blue gash struck from the monochrome  
you cultivate and reap. Your Immersion ancient  
as Druids' song and dance around the sacred tree  
first painting themselves blue with woad.

Color we have given Monday! my Blue Puschkinia.  
Sieberl Crocus break through snow  
edging out winter. Chubby bells herald the new season:  
Grape Hyacinth displaced  
by Saxon, Prussian, French hues jockeying for position.  
The best show, the Oxford vs. Cambridge blues.

You push it further, allowing Powder  
its procession to Steel. Marking the pale  
Robin's Egg hardening to Turquoise. Taking heart  
as your seedlings take root, anointing Royal  
Indian Lilies with the iridescence of Peacock  
an adjacent Azure Allium. Electric  
is a Morning Glory whim  
jettisoned by afternoon in favor of Ultramarine,  
Queen Fabiola Brodiaea making her entrance.  
Feel your heart stop at your finest maneuver, racing  
as Blue Parrots sway in deference to evening breezes  
before stalwart Midnight, the favorite Black Pearl.

At ground zero you bed Periwinkle  
a talisman against all shadow. Now wish  
on its blue stars. Set sail, guided by these  
fragrant ascensions: Monkshood letting us pass  
undetected. St. Brigid's Anemone, allowing love's bloom  
here at least unmolested.

*Mira, Nuestra Señora!* Hydrangeas (their cobalt *rebozos*)  
and Texas Bluebonnet *sombreros*  
dress all the Marys of Mexico, saying  
Queen of the May, proffered Blue Lilac  
have mercy. Summer abides deliberate as Rug Juniper,  
the solstice met with livid Wysteria  
ruffled bunches of eye-bashing color tumbling downhill.

Porcelain Bellflower tolling the hours  
Blue Morning Star  
Mystical Blue Rose  
Queen of Blue Angels  
Lady protect us!

Unique Blue Girl most remarkable of roses,  
let it be perennial—your chosen enigmatic color.  
Not stained with popular delusions  
or the shabby obsessions of crowds: the Magnetisers,  
Slow Poisoners, Crusaders going mad in herds.

My Blue Girl Climber, grow  
in every possible direction. Give us amazing visions  
abandoning all lines like the West fence dead-ending.  
Surpass it, taking instead Jacob's Ladder  
aspiring to the 7 or 9 blue levels of heaven.

—Phyllis Janik