

Amanda Smeltz

**The Red Dot in the Middle of the Queen Anne's
Lace**

When the atmosphere is all fed up, can't be so sodden one more day;
Has *had* it with humidity, wants him out of the house—

She menaces, waving her cookie sheets—yea, we call this thunder—
She throws her hairdryer into the shower; verily, that's lightning.

Your feet touch the ground just out of bed and send a shock right
through you:
That's *plantar fasciitis*, bane of runners and dancers,

Of nurses, factory workers, and all us bastards in restaurants.
One spot in the middle of the arch—touch it, and I'll scream.

The red dot in the middle of the Queen Anne's Lace is a tiny star.
Around it, an off-white galaxy spins. Traveler, you think:

It's ragged, random, just a weed. Nay, I say come closer;
She has a radial umbel crown; her shoes are golden carrots.

And don't confuse our lady for the hardy, lethal hemlock—
She's no priestly purifier, no enemy of flies . . .

Many a wild healer will restore your regularity:
Daucus carota wants you to have the desires of your heart.