

## Lupine

Olivia Wulf

The ditch along Highway 15 is alive  
with explosive purple lupines, and I'm reminded  
of Ms. Rumphius, who scattered seeds  
to make the world more beautiful,

more poisonous. Lupine, wolf-like,  
a deathly firework, towards the sky,  
a celebration. Canine, but silent,  
Canine, but without teeth;

Lupine, my sister, I have seeds  
clutched in my hands. I understand.  
Together we protect curved bodies,  
open hearts, fragile root systems.

We reach skyward and wait for rain.