Lamprocapnos spectabilis

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You were born in August,
five months after spring cycles back,
and our favorite flower was the bleeding heart,
the “lady-in-a-bath,”
with its arching sprays
of heart-shaped buds
unable to pick themselves up,
like your neck and head in the last days.
Your head, a heady stem tipped forward
towards the earth we would bury you in.
It was spring ephemeral,
just like you, with your withering leaves.
You mimicked it, and
died down to your fibrous roots
as soon as summer fell away.
You disappeared by the close of the year
with snow falling onto our wooden floors
and a gold and ruby coverlet
pulled up over what was left of you.
I still dig in the garden,
hoping to find a root,
a rhizome, one bulb left of you.