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Iron Blossoms

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Iron Blossoms

We walk west until the path ends at a rusty gate ornate with iron vines and buds.

Beyond gray bars that picture frame a keyhole arch within a wall guarding a threshold, strangers' dark eyes peer, question, smile

shyly from doors ajar.

The morning's rays prod tendrils through the fence, light up a window, dapple the courtyard's dusty cobblestones.

Sun at my back, I touch the ancient gate, step through, and iron blossoms warm beneath my hand.

Helen Petter Westra