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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

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