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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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