

“Standards”  
Ronna Leon

The old man wouldn't have peonies in his garden.  
He said they were too “Blousy”, opening his  
hands wide.  
By “Blousy” I imagined he meant immoral,  
somehow, too open, pink and inviting.

Would he have felt that way about these  
painted peonies:  
the petals with crisp white edges,  
sculptural form of leaf and bud,  
cool azure blue of vase.  
Perhaps he'd sigh and give in to peony love.

My gardener friend died long ago.  
I like to imagine him in heaven,  
keeping the wild plants in order,  
resting after a worthwhile day  
dreaming on clouds of peony sunsets.



“Peony Show”  
by Ebba Navas