This week the late Robert Siegel of South Berwick takes us into the universe of peonies.

Peonies
by Robert Siegel

In June these
globes of white flame
swell, explosions so very
slow, we see in them absolute
fire at the center, stasis
of star’s core,
or a fragile
moonglow distilled
ghostly in each alembic.
From their green ambush these
unearthly aliens assault
us with color

for a week
then gradually fade
into another dimension. As
Dante saw the stars in a glass,
a corolla of souls,
each reflecting

the other’s light
and charity, so in these
low white spheres we contemplate
mirroring heavens, petals, tongues
stammering silent music from
one root of fire.