

# Life Study: Camellias

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We need to look outside  
ourselves to see

the sloping heads, the cartography of light

along the lip  
of a hammered copper tray.

What might white camellias say

in such a private  
disheveled state?

So much, we know,

belies the flounce of petals  
in a tall, white vase—

a midlife meditation—

heaven-spent,  
like bodies after sex

before one falls away.