

**DIANA LUEPTOW**

**Little Eucharistic Song**

Oh chrysanthemum, you are so evolved,  
so selected to live communally.  
What fine scale. Yes, we could learn from that.

But if we had to act as *one* flower  
yet be in fact two hundred, it would go  
so hard on us. Your petals, worlds. Your worlds

are cups to suck the windy water.  
The new thing is inside. Loaf of pistils—  
oh, oh. That *is* too much. Oh no. Oh you.