

Derek Otsuji

Every Blessed Thing

Ladybug, dew-bejeweled,
slumbering on a bud,
dazzling to behold
a thing bedizened so,
your coruscating dome
star studded as few
casts, rife ridden
in celebrity, can hope
to rival. You out-blazon all
audacity, pinnacle of
the decadent expressed
as diamond-crusted
brooch by Schlumberger.
The lavish crystal beading
stuns, but with faceted
aspect softened by liquid's
fleshy delicacy, the bright-
blurred quality edging
round remembered elements
in dreams, which in the end
escapes the heaped-up
praise, the voluminous
plaudits, vain rhapsodies,
and leaves us bereft,
and of the garden
dispossessed—we
the hunger humbled,
bumbling over beauty,
latticed bauble work
of slow drawn dawn's
silver distillery—O ladybird
beetle, jewel-endued,
slumbering on a bud.