

## *Diane Lockward*

### **Pyromania**

The heart wants what the heart wants,  
and what it wants is fire.  
My friend Roz, six months into a relationship  
with a seemly man, dumps him  
and says, *There's no fireworks.*  
Roz wants the full-scale Grucci display –  
her lover a licensed pyrotechnician,  
Roman candles manually fired,  
multi-color scenes, a barrage  
of illuminations, the sky pulsing,  
and always the Grand Finale.

Think of that woman in Colorado,  
a forest ranger, who goes into the woods,  
a letter from her estranged husband  
clutched in her fist, a firestorm in her heart.  
She reads the letter one last time,  
strikes a match and kindles his words,  
watches them shrivel.  
Think of the entire forest in flames,  
the blaze billowing and consuming,  
trees surrendering to fire,  
skeletons of timber, and charred remains.

And now I learn that silicone in the breasts  
must be excised before cremation  
or it blows up, liquefying to a dangerous substance,  
destroying the crematorium.  
I'd like to have breasts like that –  
round and full, earth-tipped and tilted

heavenward, the kind that ignite and explode.  
I'd like my breasts to burst into flame,  
spreading like wildfire,  
tongues of scarlet licking the walls.  
I'd like breasts just that white-hot  
as once they were under the touch  
of my lover, so recently departed.  
I'd like to burn the crematorium down.

## The Summer He Left

The lawn filled with dandelions.  
Because weeds meant he was gone,  
she thought they were beautiful,  
a blanket of gold over the green.  
Because weeds on grass meant  
he wasn't coming back, she was not  
afraid. The whole world turned  
yellow. No longer cowering  
behind the mountain, the sun rose  
like Lazarus and warmed the earth.  
Marigolds bloomed in the garden.  
Sunflowers sprung up like born-again  
Christians – lemon lilies, goldenrod,  
buttercups, and coreopsis. Bees, dizzy  
with temptation of yellow, buzzed  
in their velvet tutus. Tiger swallowtails  
flapped wings, slow-motion applause.  
Goldfinches, orioles, warblers,  
not missing blue, jazzed the trees.