Sweet Clover

 *by Elizabeth Swann*

Last time I sat in a patch, I was a girl

twisting stems into angled knots,

making chains of flowers into jewels

to ring my neck and band my wrists,

always on the lookout for a four-leaf,

a tangible charm I could press

into a horizontal plane.

So I wade through fields,

watch the white heads nod

like old folks sitting in a chapel

bowing to the pastor’s drone,

a sermon soothing

as the thrum of fat bees,

their erratic hover and straddle

over waves of speckled green.

I lie on my belly and search

among countless ivory crowns,

mounds of blooming trinity –

hope and faith, love.

But it’s luck we want, pinched

between thumb and forefinger –

one perfect aberration,

four fast-wilting leaves.

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