

Weeding
by Star Coulbrooke

Weeding is my meditation, my therapy.
—Iris Nielsen

For the light blue mat of star flowers,
fragile-seeming, powder light,
I pull with all my energy—I pull for them.
I pull their tough entangled stems,
their sticky hairs all meshed together,
pulling them from mat on mat of partners
all in bloom, all blooming with these tender
stars, cloud-light and feather-soft, stars
that drop to dark earth as I pull, a patch
of soil now seeded with what must
come up again in season, so many of them,
like stars encrusting my home sky
out in farmland by the river where the Milky
Way encrusts the already-starful dark,
no lights to blot their separate blooms
all falling, falling like these blue star
flowers I hesitate to weed, these blooms
we call weeds, thick as stars.

Star Coulbrooke is the Inaugural Poet Laureate of Logan City Utah, founder and coordinator of the Helicon West reading series, and was director of the Utah State University Writing Center. Star's poems are published internationally in journals, magazines, and anthologies. Her most recent poetry collections are *Thin Spines of Memory*, *Both Sides from the Middle*, and *City of Poetry*.