

**Flowers in the Volcano**

Teide Violets, *Viola cheiranthifolia*

What isn't saved is gone, the man said  
who'd walked through the night with me  
to the lip of the volcano.

A track of wounds  
left in the scree.  
Our footprints shining.

At my feet, the impossibility  
of three purple violets  
shaking in the dark

Anna Selby