



Volume 12

Issue 2 *Spring-Summer: Extended Outlooks: The Iowa Review Collection of Contemporary Writing by Women*

Article 26

1981

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Recommended Citation

Forché, Carolyn. "Poem for Maya." *The Iowa Review* 12.2 (1981): 81-81. Web.
Available at: <http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview/vol12/iss2/26>

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Poem for Maya · Carolyn Forché

Dipping our bread in oil tins
we talked of morning peeling
open our rooms to a moment
of almonds, olives and wind
when we did not yet know what we were.
The days in Mallorca were alike:
footprints down goat-paths
from the beds we had left,
at night the stars locked to darkness.
At that time we were learning
to dance, take our clothes
in our fingers and open
ourselves to their hands.
The *veranera* was with us.
For a month the almond trees bloomed,
their droppings the delicate silks
we removed when each time a touch
took us closer to the window where
we whispered *yes*, there on the intricate
balconies of breath, overlooking
the rest of our lives.