1983

My Sister's Curtains

Bea Opengart

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/ijls

Part of the English Language and Literature Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0743-2747.1059

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in Iowa Journal of Literary Studies by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
Orchids, mauve and white, splayed across red cotton. Bluebells are fat tongues lolling from their stalks. There are no insects in the garden. Instead the daisies, their spindly petals curling downward, like spiders set to scuttle the air for flies that trap themselves, graze one strand of a web as intricate and inexplicable as love.

What I have felt of it is more than I can say, even now, how badly we hurt ourselves when no amount or kind or constancy of love will touch us. Having asked what can be done, to whom do we look for an answer? I answer only for myself, your hopelessness my own loss of hope.

Someone has taken odor from the hyacinths, left the hollyhocks without leaves or stems. The flowers
have been simplified, perfect
echos of themselves.
Carnations open fully,
a perfect bouquet: pink
for your hand held steady,
red for the blade
at your wrists. White
for the days
beside the bed, your fingers
closing over mine, the curtains
all I knew of flowers.