1971

Pins and Needles

Stephen Tudor

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

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1154

This content is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
PINS AND NEEDLES

There I was, there was the wall, my metaphor, and there you were, on the other side. It was my wall, of course, it would part now if I wanted, but my idea was to reach you with the wall. We may add flowers, ivy, shade trees to these sites and for love of you I did: amaryllis, my favorite overnight plant came up; marigold as well, and mint; it was a problem of convincing you. My garden, the walks, the benches, you had to believe in them, which you did in a day or so—that these momentous issues, I said to myself, should depend on a woman’s merely deciding on this or that. Still, I have to say she was right, always is right. My images of birds, pies, and surprized kings she can tell the truth or not of mostly, they relate to her, muse to me, mother, wife, sister, lover.