

1979

# In the Deceased Woman's Blossoming Yard

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## Recommended Citation

McPherson, Sandra. "In the Deceased Woman's Blossoming Yard." *The Iowa Review* 10.4 (1979): 28-28. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2518>

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In the Deceased Woman's Blossoming  
Yard · *Sandra McPherson*

I stand to the back of the bidding circle:  
The buyers' raised fingers speak, and their nods.  
But the auctioneers talk best. *Foster & Sons*  
Hawk a clutchful of canes, a hall of her mirrors  
Walled up outdoors, one long-reaching butterfly net.  
Beside a cool blue fir tree a sprung orange chair . . .  
Unsellable! But when the portable mike  
Leans into the yard's last curve  
And somebody hauls the mirrors off  
A reflection will still persist:

back of a casket

A shovel leans against a tree.  
Yes, there is work to do and meantime  
Grass-cloth covers the hole. We group around.  
Prayer circle, as the minister says, and he finds  
Speech first and easiest of all.  
Inspired, my brother finds too much to pray.  
And aunts, my grandmother's friends: loud thanks  
For the stilled one. I agree,  
Unable to speak for all that I want.  
So I lift my head, for I can hear  
The choretime whistling, loud hums and chuckles,  
And even my own patter so late on the sleeping porch,  
So hot we couldn't buy a night's rest.  
She'd tell me to keep still.  
My whisper could wake her.