Two Camellias in a Vase

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2656
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The scent is everywhere, a slow weight of sweetness. Languor at first that hangs in the quiet of this room. Now, soon, the sweetness is your own breath until you can imagine the heroines of Late Movies and Bette Davis sends the letter to Mr. Hammond. 

I absolutely must see you, come at eleven. Smooth white blooming in a crystal vase brought from England to Singapore. Bette Davis works her lace and waits. He’s been her lover for years. The perfume in the room is a frenzy now. He prefers the Asian woman who powders her face to a mask and wears gold chains. The camellias go too far, deep curl of the petals, a drug of scent like making love. Later she lies about why she killed Mr. Hammond. She has fired six times in all.