

1987

Monkshood

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Recommended Citation

Boruch, Marianne. "Monkshood." *The Iowa Review* 17.2 (1987): 67-67. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3504>

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MONKSHOOD

They have their vows: emptiness and clarity
and disbelief. In all their immigration
greed is a country
they never enter. Ancient as chant
in single lines they hunch
their small blue heads
above the garden too rash with yellow
anthemis. Monkshood never equates envy

with desire. They envy nothing, not
the sultry peony too rich
for its own stalk, bent down with the lurid
possibility of a Chinese screen luminous
with wings. Enough, they say,
cut back to shroud.
Then it's camera quiet. Shady. Deep now
with other lifetimes, bees
a sudden narcotic. They glaze the garden.