

1991

Washing Up

Selwyn Pritchard

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Recommended Citation

Pritchard, Selwyn. "Washing Up." *The Iowa Review* 21.1 (1991): 26-26. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3943>

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corner of a private psyche
that is forever impenetrable by
market forces daylight
birds singing plangent as

poets in wartime.

WASHING UP

In green garden's shade
wind pushes my grandsons' swings:
they are far away.

Flowers fallen, lawns
long, his garden bolted: my
Dad died in dismay.

Secretly I watched
my Grandpa dying, lying
in sun slants alone.

Before him? Nameless
shadows flying like seasons
on tumbled Welsh stone.