

2011

The Sister

Kimberly Burwick

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Burwick, Kimberly. "The Sister." *The Iowa Review* 41.3 (2011): 30-30. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7060>

This Contents 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.

THE SISTER

And the underbelly of convection clouds
become blossoms in their benumbed geometry
and the ground-blooms are roughhoused in the wind.
Scrub beardtongue crackles with no sound
and I use my straight nose to touch them.
And where the birthing grass is raised with white
flowers, I toss my soiled clothes for good.
On a day when wrens are perfect carriers of light
am I wicked, I ask, am I wicked?