In the Deceased Woman's Blossoming Yard

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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 firtree 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.