2007

Was a Woman

Laurel Snyder

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

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6325
Was a woman

Once upon a time was a woman. In the night it began to rain milk. From the corners, from the eaves. Once upon a time was ago, gone.

In the morning, the baby wakes. In the afternoon, the baby wakes. In the evening, the baby wakes. Me from my day and I lie down.

My hair is falling from the braid. I put my hair in a braid to keep it. My hair is falling and with the back Of my hand I push it back, keep it.

Hair is falling baby is falling milk
Is falling and I am catching them all
And into the day they go and the day
Is smelling like milk. I want to keep it.

There is a thin crack in the roof and so
The wall rots a little each day, softens. The wall is softening. There is a hole And I want to keep it. I’m sleepy.

Once upon a time was a woman who
Began to rain, soften. Once upon a time
Was a corner that began to crack. Once
Upon a time was ago, but ended sweetly.