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Iris

Carey L. Fries
Western Michigan University

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Iris

Carey L. Fries

You will wilt several times
before I grow fond of you.
While placed in this vase,
be neglected,
victimized by immaturity,
delinquent of nourishment.
Your stem will fold
and disintegrate into the bottom
suffering in stagnation,
but all flowers
this vase has held before
withered
as does tenacious beauty
when most unnaturally plucked.
You, my brilliant blue iris,
will similarly succumb
to your confinement.
So drink
to sliced raw throats
and fading flushes of radiance.
Drown yourself in this intoxication
until you are inebriated,
bloated,
and bleak with pallor.

I will then realize your rueful existence,
grieve,
and hang your frail remnants
to shrivel upon my wall.
For once I had intentions of purity!
And seeing it within you,
attempted to preserve a dying grace.