

1-1-2000

Transfusion

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Recommended Citation

Maclay, Sarah (2000) "Transfusion," *Yalobusha Review*: Vol. 6 , Article 13.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol6/iss1/13>

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Transfusion

SARAH MACLAY

Green is too calm a color
for these wild spurts
of growth in roses,
shouting like new
 ags, stems
swollen as the folds in my pink satin
blouse as it hangs down
from the doorknob
after I've gotten such a crush
on the way the inside of your wrist
flows into your palm,
the way your eyelashes
seem happy to belong
to your face,
and the nearly visible
curtain of charged air like an aurora
borealis strung between us
urges me to turn
the mushroom over,
let my fingers wander
into the pleated brown
gentleness of its skirts,
brush it against my cheek
like moss and breathe

I drink your stain
in everything I sense,

so what can I do but accept—
when every morning
the morning glories open like blue trumpets?