

Masthead Logo

**The Iowa Review**

---

Volume 30  
Issue 3 *Winter 2000-2001*

Article 18

---

2000

# The Blossoming

Tom Wayman

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Wayman, Tom. "The Blossoming." *The Iowa Review* 30.3 (2000): 77-78. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5330>

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](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

*Tom Wayman*

THE BLOSSOMING

*. . . I realize  
That if I stepped out of my  
body I would break  
Into blossom.*

—James Wright

Icy air  
drawn sweet into my nose and throat  
as my skis pump and glide  
tracking the valley

between spruce and fir, some cedar where a creek  
trickles past humped white cornices  
banked on either side of its flow.  
And the cold on my face

increases as I pole and sway  
out of the woods onto an unsheltered  
white meadow or marsh  
open to the wind

so the wax under my boards  
stutters a little in the increased coolness  
and then breaks smooth again  
where the trail returns to the forest.

But as I steadily traverse a straight run  
sheltered by evergreens on one hand  
and on the other an unbroken expanse  
above a pond,

a red-gold ovoid  
expands within my chest  
to fill the body cavity: I sense the rounded surface inside me  
layered with glowing leaves

like scales, or overlapping  
feathers, or small gilded ruddy plates  
of armor. The ovate object  
transmits, incarnates, an exultant

happiness: not sensual but kinetic,  
an ecstasy of motion,  
of function.  
This delight is the pleasure

provided to an angel by  
its body: nothing of soul  
but the blessing of  
an unearthly corporality

suspended now within me  
—a ring of petals  
merged tightly around their core,  
a taut mass, with short tendril-like extensions

that insinuate their way  
into my four oscillating limbs.  
This manifestation proposes  
the flesh of a peach

—that sweet, sun-warmed, juicy pulp—  
were desiccated, wooden,  
compared to the teeming fluid miracle  
of its stone.