

tiger lilies

Courtney Worley

poetry

she's here somewhere.

climbing the iron spiral staircase made my heart pound to the soles of
my feet
my presence heralded by dull clanging and the stench of dead ladybugs.

once, i ran down a hill too fast.
when i fell, tiny rocks lodged deep in my knees.

there was a fountain with spitting fish
murky glass and an old ice cream maker
wild mushrooms and kittens
a statue of a proud native american man with a feathered headdress
who guarded the front door
and whose eyes followed me.
she wore silk and maroon glasses.

she smiled when she cried. sometimes, i thought she was laughing.
she spelled my name wrong in my birthday cards.
she drove a sports car and made mac and cheese with noodles shaped
like seashells.
her handwriting was loopy. she was proud of me.
i didn't see her often. i didn't know how to mourn.
still, she is here.
she lives in tigers and lilies and the color red.