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## Petunia

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## Petunia

When we thought in whens,  
ifs and hows, I knew  
that far away  
would undo us.

Possibility clings  
to doubt. They are  
twin sisters, children in their bereavement;  
their obsession, the future,  
uniting them forever.

What is the past  
but a season gone, a sadness? It looms  
bigger than our lives. The present  
is always early, which future becomes  
so softly we don't notice until  
we're in the moment we feared.

The flowers by the windowsill  
fall to frost. Tending them no longer  
makes me happy. I try to cook, I make up  
dances, I nap. Their deaths  
echo, but I refuse them, I will not hear  
their slight sounds. Every window  
that I close out of idleness reminds  
me of what I have ignored.

Each morning  
I wake with pillow marks on my cheek, branded  
by sleep, dreams I cannot remember.  
They are but echoes, petunias  
dying in the frost, their fluted shapes  
foreign and blank, the funnels endless

silhouettes of the impossible future, they  
round back on themselves. In  
the end, we could never be as we were.  
We went back to the beginning.

*Sarah Bishop, '06*