

Irene Koronas

Emily and Sue

crocus are coming through the winter ground. "don't you love the lavender with a speck of yellow inside?" Emily dare not speak until all the warmth in her thoughts dissipate to her usual nonchalant voice. instead she nods and picks the dry weeds grown through the hard path; at the same time kicking a rock ahead of them. they take turns, making sure the white rock rolls in the direction of their footed aim. Sue has been careful not to mention the ministers visit last night. he stayed until midnight and she knows her sister in law is fussy about time, keeping her knees tightly knit, locked in position like a sentinel guards the palace doors. the minutes move when Emily moves. Emily knows Sue will try to corner her, trying to get her to talk about the night guest.

all who know Emily think of her as a proper, pure and chaste woman, but not even her journals or her hand sewn books are open to her hidden behavior. no matter how Emily tries to keep a puritan stance, passion spills out. when he touches her skin, the wrist bare of all material, he discerns her pulse and she races backward against her chair, afraid of the rush. she cannot prevent what happens, nor does she want to. he slips his hand beneath her gray skirt, touching what he often touches when the house is asleep. his fingers write sonnets and she copies each stroke, each couplet fills a page. page after page written in the shadow of her family living room.

"some days retired from rest
in soft distinction lie,
the day that a companion came"

"yes. this year's color seems special. usually the crocus are pale lavender. there must be a chemical mixture in the soil that creates such a bloom. so intense."

"oh Emily you speak so eloquently."

it does not matter what Emily says, her friends' envy is palatable, making reference to her language skills or her ability to deduce. Sue is faint in

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/1

reason. she stumbles over the obvious and expects answers to all her frivolous questions. Sue's marriage to Emily's brother has exhausted the whole family, with her constant need for attention, flaunting her aging body like a young supple girl, her eagerness to be considered ill, ill at ease, ill equipped to take responsibility of the every day task of living within a home.

their understanding of each other, the wide expanse, the solitude each woman worships. their connection, a walk in spring along the woods and river bank.

"her bees have a fictitious hum,
her blossoms, like a dream,
elate us till we almost weep"

Emily receives, entertains many male friends, staying up late drinking wine and verse-ing with each other.

– Irene Koronas is poetry editor for Wilderness House Literary Review, and Ibbetson Street Press. Her full length book 'self portrait drawn from many,' Ibbetson Street Press, 2007. Her chapbook, 'Zero Boundaries', Cervana Barva Press, 2008 with a book expected in 2009. Koronas's poems appear in anthologies and journals