


Aftermath



Poetry
Fiction
Creative Nonfiction

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LIKE NOTHING IN THE RAFTERS

Again, *the jonquils* they woke me at 4 AM
Grandmamma in Texas, fingers swollen,
busy dividing her mother's bulbs
in an almost
unfamiliar yard as stems rose into blooms
from criss-crossed purple veins
in the tops of her hands.

Bury them deep—tips to sky,
she & my aunts taught me
in the sandy loam
then came the flowers
almost too pretty for us, but nice enough
to cut
for our closest neighbors.

I've longed for this perennial miracle—
in San Juan, two thousand miles away,
twenty years gone, without yard, & no garden,
but their flesh is dry now, shrinking
inside paper sacks rolled up

Don Edward Walicek

like nothing
in the rafters of a stranger's garage.

This morning I heard whispers
downstairs from the courtyard
as soft rain blew in from the west.
I reached out in my dream
to small bulbs, wet, pulsating against my fingers.
Their roots grew in the humid air
then yellow happened before my feet hit the tile.