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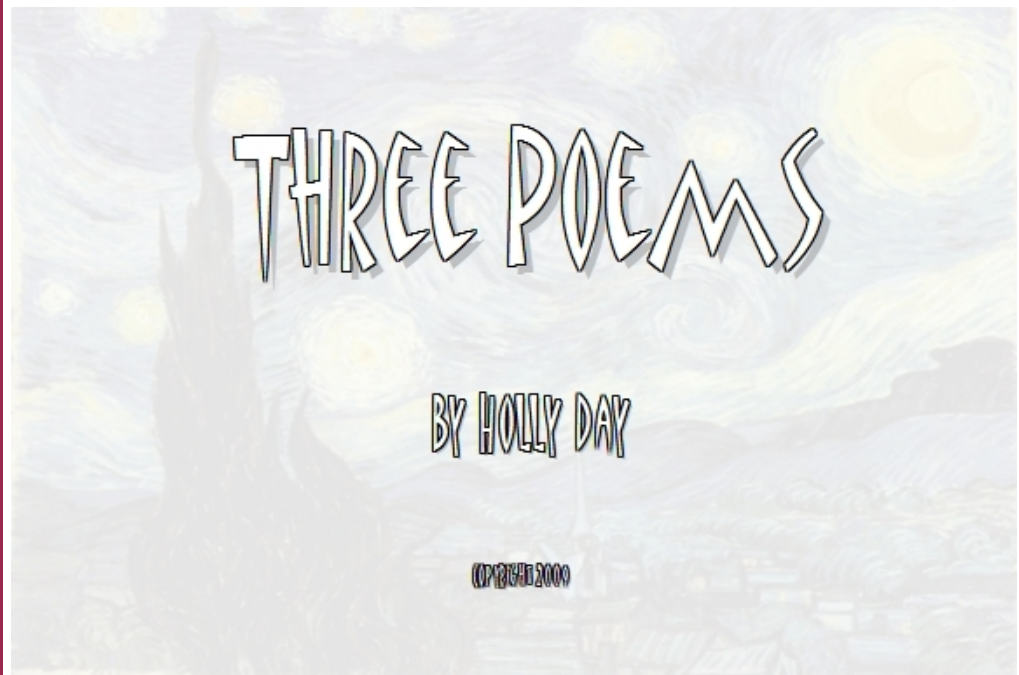
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Lilies and Violets

the flowers come in the mail
with the cards, the letters expressing sympathy
for our loss, I smile
thank my husband for his kindness
call relatives to explain
I really don't need anything
I'm doing just fine. I arrange
the cut flowers in vases
repot living plants, display the serene cards
on the coffee table and by the bed.
My husband compliments me on my strength
I reply with a smile. I am carved out of stone.
at night, I find myself talking to the missing baby
hold my hands
over my empty belly, protecting nothing.
it hurts to sleep on my stomach
only because nothing stops me from lying that way.
I shuffle through these days
find comfort in routine
turn inside myself, hold back everything
but the same, placid smile the mailman sees
every single day.

Living Inside

I can find a match in my body for
The mushroom blooming in the basement
For the mouse chewing its way into my kitchen
I can find cancers to match the spots in the living room window
The bits of unidentifiable snarl in the motor of the dishwasher
It's all a part of me and because
This house is sick I know
I am going to die

Llama

sometimes I think the real ticket
to making it
is to just live longer
than everyone around me
become
the high lama guru of some group of
starry-eyed kids, transfix them
with stories
about all the real stars I knew
I knew and outlived.

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Holly Day lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota (USA) with her husband and two children. Her most recently published books are *Music Theory for Dummies*, *Music Composition for Dummies*, and *Walking Twin Cities*.