

beautiful conspirators like Lola and Sonya, for their earthly sins? Was there room enough in heaven for Mr. and Mrs. Singer, Mr. Singer's father, Sonya and their killers too?

*Carol Lipszyc is currently an Assistant Professor at State University of New York, Plattsburgh, teaching English teacher education and writing arts. Her book of lyrical and autobiographical poems, Singing Me Home, was published by Inanna Publications in 2010. Her short stories and poems have appeared in Room, Parchment, Midstream and on jewishfiction.net. Her collection of short stories, The Saviour's Shoes and Other Stories is forthcoming from Inanna Publications in 2014.*

<sup>1</sup>Open up quickly.

<sup>2</sup>Open up. Did you not understand?

<sup>3</sup>Low four-wheeled open carriage.

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## TARA KAINER

### Late Bloomer

You took all summer.  
Potted flowers I bought  
in the spring sat  
dormant on the fire escape  
through gentle rains  
and hot, hazy days while  
all around trees burst  
into leaf, and below,  
in the garden, tulips  
and daffodils, peonies and  
cosmos rushed headlong  
to glory.  
You sat still  
unperturbed,  
your ragged foliage  
upturned and smiling  
while fruits withered  
on the vine, leaves  
browned and curled,  
you emerged, round  
tight buds at first,  
then a steady unfolding:  
tiny white petals,  
luminous centers, a  
plethora of suns  
fringed by a blazing corona.

Now grey day crowds in  
around you, punishing wind  
rises. You hold on. Wintry  
nights press close,  
time is short, but oh!  
so precious, you  
white queen of the moonlight  
bearing your white chrysanthemum  
truth ancient as Confucius  
ubiquitous as the wind  
are rooted to your place  
high above the garden  
of those blackened, impassioned  
flowers.

*Tara Kainer's poetry appears earlier in this volume. This poem appeared in her poetry collection, When I Think On Your Lives (Hidden Book Press, 2011). Reprinted with permission of the author.*