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?

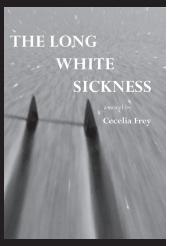
<sup>3</sup>Low four-wheeled open carriage.



Spring 2013

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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.