

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 14
Number 1 *Seasonal Dreams*

Article 9

Fall 12-1-1994

Potential Spaces

Hillary Tindle
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Tindle, Hillary (1994) "Potential Spaces," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss1/9>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.



Poetential Spaces

by Hillary Tindle

My reflection is smooth. Even small hands
could run their tips over these curves
oblivious to the lision refusing to bulge into view
choosing instead the quiet places
between cells

Fingers move over my abdomen
rigid with blood rushing to digest
memories of the meals we shared
but my kidneys swell, unable
to filter you out.

In my lungs, air we breathed in the same room.
And blood still surges beneath the spot
you cracked a confetti-filled casacarone over my hair
at the Santa Barbara Fiesta when I was nine.

Every cell in my body has a backyard
in which you are buried.
Cells that die tell their daughters
to remember you with Bluegirl roses
like the ones which bloomed in January
on the east wall of your house.
I see them sometimes, like young girls,
their tanned arms trimming the buds,
breathing in the fragrance with asthmatic gasps.
Terrified to exhale you completely.

They bend over you, hunched
like the wheel I mistook for a cat
on the field this morning. Eye
big as the bolus of blood in my heart
that beats for you. Beats for you.

