

Winter 3-1-1994

Whispers of the Golden Rod and I

Louise O'Donovan
College of DuPage

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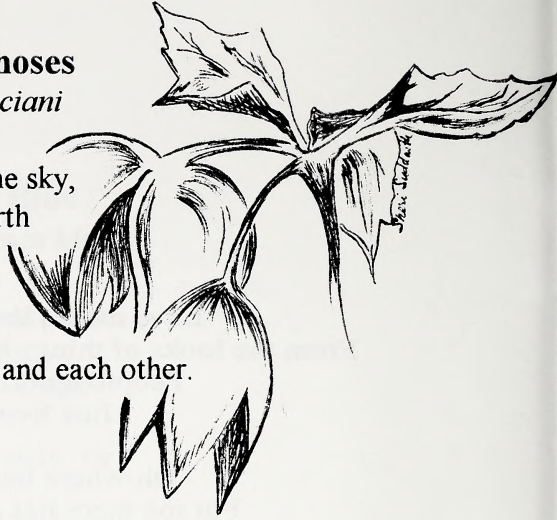
O'Donovan, Louise (1994) "Whispers of the Golden Rod and I," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 13 : No. 1 , Article 27.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol13/iss1/27>

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Clematis: Metamorphoses

by Donna Pucciani

Bright, busy galaxy of the June sky,
Your shooting stars fall to earth
In white-hot flames that
Turn to purple velvet
And cling like velcro
To the wrought-iron lampost and each other.
A shower of violet meteors
In orbital plush.



To bury one's face
In your tapestried pillow
Is to suffocate in thickest lavender.
The smoke of your interplanetary fires
Burning the skin
In a thousand starry tattoos.

**Whispers of the Golden Rod
And I**

by Louise O'Donovan

To what intent, autumn,
Do you wear your red dress
Flaunt your warm essence
Seduce me with a blue cloud?
Beneath that facade
You plan my demise
Singing your song loud
Sewing with invisible seam--
The stitches of my winter shroud