

# GRANDMOTHER'S GREENHOUSE

BY LORRIN WILLIS

She sits silent as folded linen,  
her eyes the color of rain,  
her life sad, but safe  
as mild detergent.

Usually lucid, ambulatory,  
she would watch television,  
but sometimes her mind went awry –  
the black telephone receiver, left off its hook.

Now she is tended by nurses  
crisp as Dixie Cups,  
and ever on the *Qui vive*,  
who one day may wrap her

in whispering tissue paper,  
carefully, like my good doll  
in its cardboard box, or her  
gloves, in the dresser drawer.

This plush place is her last resort,  
with nothing for her to do but wait  
until her blood is no more than water  
poured from dead flowers.



Easter by David Terry

**Shannon Tyson** designed the layout for all of the poetry in this issue, including the Outer Banks poems in the special feature section. A graduate from East Carolina University with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree concentrating in Graphic Design, she also designed the poetry layouts in the 2004 issue during her senior year. Currently she lives in Raleigh, working as a Graphic Designer in the Marketing Department of Stock Building Company. Contact her for freelance design work at [tyson\\_sm@yahoo.com](mailto:tyson_sm@yahoo.com).