

Transformation

Jerrilyn Black

I had wanted your wife
to be born to the graces,
elegantly muted
in dove-gray and gloves,
to take tea from fine china,
walk perfumed in silk.

Instead, you brought one
reeking of wrongness—
flawed in her nation,
her speech, faith, and home.
Ungainly, unsmiling,
too small for my height.
How could I seat her
by you, by my side?

Now I watch her fingers
with delicate sweeps
fashion fabric birds flying,
sew black hills
against damask skies,
satin peacocks lambent
on velvet fields.

She hums, enchanted by her art
among trees of twenty greens
in her luminous world,
casting jeweled lights
as a prism
on silk.

JERRILYN BLACK is a retired teacher of English. She lives in Logan, Utah, where she writes intensive journal, poetry, and prose.