

Black Angel: Scripted, Never Shot

(Oakland Cemetery, Iowa City, Iowa)

Two: sisters, pasts, and halves
of a just cut pomegranate.
Close up of red wicking into snow

ribbing angel's hem.
Splice in the Iowa River by night.
Globed lamps of path

on black stems, juxtaposed with columns
linking student studios to Art Museum.
Face her. Take her hands in yours. Spin

weaving the span of pillars, identical
raw cotton skirts beveling against bare shins,
then close up of v of fingers

interlocking without interruption,
centrifugal motion
of two fused beings

against black backdrop,
a persistence of the continuum of whites:
Perseid meteors

of late July too fine to catch on film
at the crossroads of their slimming
disappearing as they arrive.

—Tania Pryputniewicz

November Butterfly, Saddle Road Press, 2014
(Originally published in *Soundings East*, runner-up for Claire Keyes
Poetry Award)