

5-1-2011

## The Red Spider Lily

Beth Turner Ayers

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### Recommended Citation

Ayers, Beth Turner (2011) "The Red Spider Lily," *Forces*: Vol. 2011 , Article 13.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2011/iss1/13>

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## **The Red Spider Lily**

Beth Turner Ayers

Once a year, every year,  
I watched for it,  
Never quite sure of the  
Exact location until  
Tiny, pointed, green spears  
Tore through dry, brown grass.  
The spot was revealed and  
I reveled in the knowledge.

The memory waited,  
Wanting clarity  
And confirmation that  
Wisps of bright red satin  
Bloomed into organized chaos,  
Changing past into present  
With expectations for future  
That must also depart into past.

Many years now  
Have relied on mere memory.  
No empty patch of winter grass  
Calls for observation but  
Nostalgia nudges bits of brown earth  
Erupting with Spring and  
Once a year, every year,  
The Red Spider Lily still blooms.

## **Redline Heading North**

Karis Strannemar

Superficial whispers  
sounding at the back of the train  
“She has nice teeth”  
As if the woman was a horse  
Future Frat boys plan their lives around the  
Court of white bright smiles  
posing half said truth  
always starting with  
the obsequious  
interjection of  
“Cool”  
And sleeping long  
With the movement of the train  
Rocking in its womb  
The brethren  
of regular people sigh  
their tired sighs  
without bright teeth or  
Saying “cool”  
We sit in the same air  
But the imaginary place  
Makes the car seem separate in  
Each world  
And enters the Hindu Goddess  
Nirvana dressed in crimson  
Flowing scarves with long dark hair  
Her bridegroom Neru following  
They sit clustered amid us  
Smelling of mystery and curry  
And silencing the peanut gallery  
In us all.