## EVERYTHING LUSH I KNOW

I do not know the names of things but I have lived on figs and grapes, smell of dirt under moon and moon under threat of rain, everything lush I know an orchard becoming all orchards, flowers here and here the earth I have left, every brief homemaking, the lot of God blooming into vines right now, then, and always.

KIMBERLY BURWICK



31

University of Iowa is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve, and extend access to *The Iowa Review* 

www.jstor.org