

## INTERIOR LIFE

Our geraniums dream of winter  
dozing in heavy earthenware pots—  
the ones with clay trays  
that grow furry patches of green mold  
in the summer humidity—  
relieved of their showy responsibilities,  
unstressed by weekly feedings of Miracle-Gro  
and rounds of deadheading and pruning,  
they prefer to rest on rusted plant stands  
indifferent to shedding flecks of snowfall  
that mingle softly with their red petals  
when they drop nightly on floorboards  
and lean lazily towards  
cloudy panes of cracked glass  
webbed in weak sunlight,  
while we watch the forecasts  
for the overnight lows,  
dreaming of the final frost  
and their spindly return  
to the front porch.

—Elise Chadwick



Childe Hassam, *Geraniums*, 1888–89.  
Summer 2022 • Issue No. 46 | 99