

At the Y

by [Mary M. Brown](#) in the [August 31, 2016](#) issue

Iris, at 92, is more bird
than flower, more wings
flapping than bloom
unfolding. She is not still

life, not slow motion,
but mid-flight and atwitter,
elbows and knees
in awkward poses, fragile
neck gawked in the lovely
way of a small crane
or a young duck.

Only her lavender
pants suggest a plant,
a blossom of early spring—oh,
and the way she looks
toward the sun, stretches
as our instructor tells her to,
her back a tender stalk.