

Julia Anna Morrison:

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Primary

I need the drowning

I copy my brother's flowers  
How else can I tell  
him I'm sorry

The tree left the fruit at an odd-number  
hour, coherently

Our long flowers went primary in the mixed light:  
white-not-transparent

He kept disappearing by reduction  
In a squint I could match him to any larger flower  
which is an inaccuracy

I am reacting to him where you kiss me

This doesn't mean I can't hear anything else  
but water is a distraction

I have no other romantic comparison

## Normal-Sized Stars

So I offer you this pit from the plum—  
an indentation in the snow  
I've mentioned what stars above it  
I'm so drowsy I could drown  
about the middle-  
eastern water drenching the gley  
projecting the carbon-stars in a style  
I have no sensation about. I don't want to go  
nearer to disappearing than I have to go.  
We watch normal-sized stars low  
on hydrogen spam the sky, you turn  
around an emotion you associate with snow,  
with the way your father put his legs in the hole  
so willingly I can't respond to  
the beautiful part I see I'm alone