

# Iris

I am an Iris in a field of violets  
I stand imperially amidst delicate fairy whisperings  
My coarse leaves are seen first  
Touched with a velcro crunch  
Protective, utilitarian  
But stand above me,  
Peer into my sacred blossom where  
Fertile stamens rest  
You see the goddess  
Wisdom in purple syrup swirls  
Generosity in yellow splendor sparkles  
spread in gusts of late summer breath on flowerings below.

Stature does not equal power  
Imperialism does not create equity  
This is simply how you manifest me  
I could be a violet.  
Low to the ground  
Gently embracing the dirt  
But I was made a different kind  
Not better  
Just louder  
Propped up by deep roots and a rod-stem  
A misplaced step would thoughtlessly decapitate my fairy sisters;  
Freshly sharpened garden shears would struggle to cut me down.

Marris Opsahl

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**BROADSIDE**

Goshen College  
Goshen, IN 46526  
032118 V41 NO2

