



# Dyed Carnations

By Robyn Schiff

There's blue, and then there's blue.  
 A number, not a hue, this blue  
 is not the undertone of any one  
 but there it is, primary.  
 I held the bouquet  
 in shock and cut the stems at a deadly angle.  
 I opened the toxic sachet of flower food  
 with my canine and rinsed my mouth.  
 I used to wash my hands and daydream.  
 I dreamed of myself and washed  
 my hands of everything. Easy math.  
 Now I can't get their procedure  
 at the florist off my mind.  
 The white flowers arrived! They overnighted  
 in a chemical bath  
 and now they have a fake laugh  
 that catches like a match  
 that starts the kind of kitchen fire  
 that is fanned by water.  
 They won't even look at me.  
 Happy Anniversary.

Source: *Poetry* (December 2014)

## Poet Bio



Poet Robyn Schiff was born in New Jersey. She earned an MFA at the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop and an MA at the University of Bristol. Her work frequently treats objects and historical figures in virtuosic lyric detail. In an interview with the Poetry Society of America, Schiff stated, "more so than a specific practice in one of the other arts, curation as an art form in itself has most informed me. Of course at museums I'm moved by so many individual works—but it's the crosstalk between seemingly disparate objects that really inspires me." Schiff is a professor at the University of Iowa and lives with her husband, poet and filmmaker Nick Twemlow, in Iowa City.

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By Rocket Caleshu

I hate how I can't keep this tremor inside, this mute  
matter of being made extant, this shiver in being, in...

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By Willie Perdomo

We used to say,  
That's my heart right there...

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By Ada Limón

I like the lady horses best,  
how they make it all look easy,...

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By Katharine Coles

It was like climbing a mountain to those of us who'd climbed one. To the others, it was like, I suppose, something else. In other words, we let everybody find her own figure of speech....

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