

# New Poetry from Virginia Schnurr: “Touchstone” and “Valentine for Lewis Carroll”



VALENTINES IN ME / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## TOUCHSTONE

My child's fairy-tale quilt is frail:  
the wizard ripped, the prince bald,  
the fairy's wing clipped.  
Only the wishing well and frog prince survived

camp, college, the conception of my grandchild.

My eldest daughter wants the irreparable  
repaired for her daughter, Maeve Arden,  
named after a Shakespearean forest.

No longer willing to stitch painted pomp  
I sketch a new quilt: a forest where the snake waits,  
the dark trips, death lives behind every mushroom:  
reality feelingly persuades me what I am.

My cataracts removed, I have a grander vision for Maeve's  
covering.

I add the fool with his  
books in running brooks, tongues in trees.

Absolute in my giving  
savvy to the darker side of things  
my needle pokes the sweet uses of adversity.

### **VALENTINE FOR LEWIS CARROLL**

Purchased by an old woman  
for her grandniece  
I'm a blue plastic Valentine bag.

I have on me  
a rabbit from Wonderland  
whose creator liked  
little girls without pubic hair.

I sit all year  
on a doorknob  
awaiting the day of hearts.

I'm singular,  
not a carelessly covered box  
but reusable.

My child places  
her carefully labeled  
valentines in me.

Unfortunately, this year  
will be my finale.

My rabbit will hop off  
offended by the onset  
of hair.