

Arrogant Magnolia,

by Nonnie Augustine

ARROGANT MAGNOLIA,

the first to open all, poised ten feet above our fuss.

As far as she's concerned... well, she's not, is she?

Her splendor cows me.

On this Tuesday morning I feel aged, dry, critical, although
I've used my potions.

Slept badly. Awake at 4 a.m., 5, 5:30. Sweaty.

And I feel short.

"Arrogant" comes to us via Old French from Latin— 'claiming for oneself', from the verb arrogare.

Soon the fraying, browning, finishing. Disarray happens.

An old record plays. Mother and nuns scolding:

"No one likes a complainer."

"Wipe that look off."

My bright dog's done her business and here the poor bloom (soon to die) is again. The magnolia deflects my murky sensibility. Flowers, leaves, trunks, weeds, grass—all of it—brush me off.

Of course.

Home and somewhat smoothed, despite the visit
from my scolds, despite the niggling moans from death.

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