

As night falls

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1

a rose of memory; everyone who knows
mainly they floated in

vigorous climber, it is an

for

very

I dream of roses; it is how I know that he is still with me.

What's here: this bed in this small room. The funny old chair. Is there a light? There must be a light, somewhere, for him to read by. Or not? I don't know.

What else? Sound. The sound of the hot water running along the baseboards. The sound of his voice.

capped well, on a decrepit bridge.
Rosarian Peter Beales recalls

form from which they were taken. The plant responded

beloved, departed relative. Many

Also known

cushions for this purpose. He

4

rose, grown as a labyrinth of red

induce sleep,
but to cause

The names have stopped now.

Schumann again; he's out there now. Is that how it will be, an empty house full of Schumann? Eusebius.

What else was there besides flowers and you? We've been each other's lives. Did I need anything else? Should I have?

Inside was a magnificent rose garden, with long winding walks, arbors, trellises, and pillars.

Let me tell you: I dreamed that I was dead last night. I barely remember it. I was still here, though. I must have been a ghost or a spirit of some kind. I could move freely among everyone.

Who was there? I don't recall. Maybe Mom & Dad; And her, too? And you? (I hope so) I don't even remember what I did, just the sense of astonishment at it all.

6

single gate.
yellow in the

("Sleepiness"). The odor of this rose is a powerful location,
the magnificence of

the French Revolution; in fact

7

of a velvet crimson.

The latch to the gate
as “parentage years.”

most exquisite deep violet color

fragrant tea rose. The flowers are pure white, delicate,
As night

and see where

All who entered soon fell asleep somewhere within
the same dream. In it, a crow flew

they knew that this was futile, it

I showed you the picture of it in the catalog and you said that it looked just like a plump, comfy pillow: so soft. So I grew it outside of the bedroom. Who knew that you'd remember? That you were actually listening and not just nodding, tolerant of this other world laid out next to yours. Your world; my world.

wherever it is planted they hover nearby. While

I remember that footstool, there on the waves of boxes she left behind. Pop-Pop made it and I refurbished it, made a new cushion for it. She used to sit on it.

[She moves her arm over her head]

Water: rising again. Now I'm in the surf, chest-deep, trying to save this memory. But I can't reach it; I must leave it, tossing in the waves. So forlorn and abandoned.

she noticed another woman sitting on a bench
in the cool fragrant

Desprez

Souvenir de la Malmaison

that it is named

It's all come down to this; everything else is melting away. All that's left is him, his voice. How I love that voice! To hear him tell stories forever, to read to me forever.

At times I dream that this bed is flying through the air. He's flying alongside, book in hand, all mine.

Continue, dream: don't end! Let me go on and on with him, flying through sleep, remembering it all.

could not be the
Reine des Violettes. She dreamed

cuttings – these just produced static replicas

Perhaps tomorrow it will be warm enough for him to open the window a bit.

What was it—two in the morning or something? Very late, I know. It seemed endless then.

for many years. "Every so often
the woman could not

the remains of Pembroke Castle, with clusters of
small, semi-double flowers that are the color of

that all specimens were to be destroyed.
Heartbroken

They're all going away from me, slowly washing out to sea. I may very well never see Henriette or Meg again. Or the Count. And her, too: where is she now?

[She turns over]

I so want you to know how much I love you, that it really did mean something—everything. Look, I'm wading out in the current to save it all. Where are the stories, the poetry? Floating away, bits of your voice.

I got caught in the riptide and thought I would drown, so scared, struggling.

[She turns over again]

My heart is lost, but bears your mark.

attracts fireflies. No one knows what
thick branches. It performs particularly

The
rose. Most books list it as hybridized

They talked of many things, and shared

He's fallen asleep. He's so much better at it than me.
No—just paging through the book. I hear them turning
through the water.

Turning and reading.

What are you looking for? Can I help?

admirably with
the original name. Its sweet fragrance is
pools and streams, and everywhere there

effect

You used to read to her, make up stories. Frightening, some! When did you stop doing that? She won't remember. I remember. We remember together for her.

When did he start reading? It seems as if he has always been reading to me (or her). There's a point at which I'm not even listening, but he does it from love and I can't bear to tell him to stop. What happens when he reaches the end of the story?

years.

I'm just so tired. Tired. It's funny that you think that I can't sleep; it seems like that's all I do sometimes.

So for whom are you making up all these stories? Me? Yourself? Her? The crows?

[She smiles]

a small boat
nearby, and the woman rowed in it to the island.
When she reached the

The roses in November seem so intense, so concentrated. Why? Is it the cold? The dark? The lack of competition, now that everything else is dead and gone? Or are they remembering summer?

All those Norway maple leaves would turn a clear yellow at the end, making me forgive them for all their weediness during the year.

fireflies sleep
preserving some memory of

hold on

itself is imprinted on their hearts.

and ultimately

Noella Nabonnand

existed in medieval times

and the woman

of an encounter with a
particular specimen. Although at times

It's all just so sad sometimes. Remembering those long walks in the bad weather. Rain, or snow maybe. You laughed at me, all hunched down, like I could escape it. Those lines at your eyes, crinkly cute.

Distant: *Wie aus der Ferne*, it says. He plays it like that, all soft and blurry. Sometimes it wakes me up. I'm in the dark and he's not there, but the piano is there and then I know that it's him playing it. *Wie aus der Ferne*.

You know that I get so dramatic at times, like in a movie, feeling the sea, the storm, and the danger. Or is it just disappearing, like she did? Perhaps that was the best: yes, not to know, not to see the line marking *here* from *not here*, no door opening and closing. After that phone call, you barely budged.

[She shifts her right leg]

In dreams I see her again; we both listen to your voice. All is not lost. There are dreams; there is memory. Stories, too. All taking us from here to not here.

Going to the end of regret.

dreams of flowers close slightly, the insects awaken

had seen before. This time, hope
that one will follow him to me. Until today, no one

the scent of roses. In spite of

So many *souvenirs*. *Souvenir de* this one, *Souvenir de* that one. Memories of great people, friends, secret lovers. I'd make it a fragrant one. You'd come home and stand out there in the driveway, inhaling memory.

25

long as you

mildew-free with a bushy

Snow now. The first time we saw snow together.

I remember we stood at the window—silent. Did we hold hands? Maybe. Hold on! I can remember the white flakes falling, but there was movement on the ground as well. Sparkles shifting slowly across the white blanket in the streetlight.

Is it still snowing, I wonder? I have to remind him to protect the tender ones. Himself, too.

Milkmaid
you fly every night; take me

island, and bid the woman
night, as she took the

they live to this day.

We are slaves to our stories.

He's told that one before, several times. He keeps changing the ending, thinking he'll get it right.

Oh, dear one. Is that where you think she went: off to a magical land?

beautiful of the Bourbon roses
Pre-16th century. Parentage unknown, but

Niphetos (1843, parentage unknown)

unknown) A sprawling Alba

quickly fade to white in the sun. The flowers are muddled and indistinct, but

Henriette

to believe that

She must have thought, “is that my mother standing here next to me?” It didn't seem possible. How did we get that way?

What's the word I'm looking for . . . I don't remember.
Chasing words and people.

will show you

for she wanted the dream to continue

Every time the ending changes, or the setting. Is it an island? Or a lake? Sound of water. But always a crow. Sometimes it ends happily, sometimes not.

I like the happy endings best, in the garden with all those roses. We've been to so many together, here and in dreams.

You'd play that same Schumann piece every night before coming to bed, different every time, too. Tempo, phrasing, pedals.

What are you looking for? I never thought to ask.

Different

the violet rose. They visited

protei, the so-called “shape-shifting rose”. Often
discounted as mythical

to put forth a flush of blooms

and abandoned places: the corner of

“And everywhere the sound of water.” It's so cold,
that's all I hear. That and the wind howling in my ears.
Your voice, too, coming and going.

emerged from even dreams of the gardener who
tended it: a delicate pale

yourself appears. I send my friend

The only thing on this island was
Reine des Iles Bourbon

The garden in its heyday, magnificent, full of teas and
ramblers, color and scent, alive with bees and Japanese
beetles. You'd stand at the window and scold me for not
wearing gloves and a hat.

it died outright
various times, been claimed as
great beauty. There was
impression

That feeling is getting stronger and stronger. I can hear the wind and the surf. Where am I? What cliff is this? Oh, that one. My hair stands out and thrashes in the wind. Now my ears are full of roar.

Some within

sharing her most favorite roses, including the
huge bush

she instantly awoke. Every
impossibly fragile porcelain.

awaken. Please, stay awhile,

