

UTSA Featured Poet: Stephanie Schoellman

Doilies

This house is haunted by doilies—off-white,
tightly knotted, intricately stitched,
too thick to be lace, too thin for warmth.

They hide beneath the heirloom candy dish, under
Grandpa's ivory elephant from the Pacific Asian Theater,
tucked away in Mom's hope chest with her hippie albums.

They spread below the cornucopia filled with plastic
fruit, a crocheted corner peeking out with disdain
for exposed countertops, indecent mock marble.

Deceptive, their loosely looped openwork seems
like a veil, rather than a shroud, gracefully ensnaring the
background in their nets with blanched, demure diligence.

Yellowing, they linger. Great-Grandma's leftovers, thousands
of counted hooks—slipping, chaining, doubling away
the evening, while listening to pretend wars on the radio.

In the corner of my eye, they float like white noise
after broadcasting hours, or prickly vinyl static,
or the crackle of a fireplace from three generations ago.



Stephanie Schoellman is an English doctoral student at UTSA. Her passions include Gothic literature, creative writing, theater arts, dachshunds, and coffee.