

1970

Heaven

David Salner

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Salner, David. "Heaven." *The Iowa Review* 1.1 (1970): 13-13. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1010>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

H E A V E N

Heaven is ruled by the stuffer angels
sliding the rubber of their feelers
over a longitude of benches.
They phrase imperious questions like, "Salner"
meaning my workgloves rolling a cigarette
blue T-shirt in the NW corner
"do you want to work?"

To swat flies, to work in heaven?
My gills suck in diaphanous mud
I try humming somebody's worksong
I'm a workhorse angel

I've discovered this much
I'm an evil salt angel
my tires, my sprawling bones
would clog up the shaker
of somebody's army.

To stare thru the windows seriously
pretending that I want to work?
The gum of life sparkles on the sidewalk
where a human being was recently dragged by.
The dust increases on the machinery.
My soulful artifact is on the earth.