

1970

Love-Life

John Wieners

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Wieners, John. "Love-Life." *The Iowa Review* 1.1 (1970): 108-108. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1030>

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.

Love-life

John Wieners

Chains are a terrible thing to wear,
Unless of one's own making,
and even terrible to bear.

More fierce the cunning of the mind
That invents its own breaking
To seek and then resort to blind
Oh, who's choosing this kind—

Hopeful burden to share
Without recourse to party or to fair.

How I hope release might ease the pair.
But as it is, I see no desert
Of challenge or care; to go on this way

Unsatisfied and near the raking.
Naked to love's own sword or sorry speech
Each to each unto death sooth the caking.
Perhaps take the partner by force

But on what course to proceed, rhymeless
Confined and continuing the commitment

By one's words condemned
To love the person, no matter what slaking
Or taking of curse off by proximity.

Still that anger hurts, that agony apart.
How to slake this burden together.

Though the gift has gone.
The handwriting changed.
And the mind broken in two.
By such aimless arrow.

Of lust, of must
Of pest love lingered.