1981

Two Poems: Long Distance Bickering (Day Rate); Weather at Sea

Jim Simmerman

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/ijls

Recommended Citation

Simmerman, Jim. "Two Poems: Long Distance Bickering (Day Rate); Weather at Sea." Iowa Journal of Literary Studies 3 (1981): 52-52. Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0743-2747.1031

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

Jim Simmerman

LONG DISTANCE BICKERING (DAY RATE)

Preposterous to brood so late into love and at such distance ("falling" thirty-two feet per second per sec—). A few uncalled-for words hurrying across the continent via Schenectadys of circumlocution, already outraced by a punctual globe, a handspin shy of darkness or the long face of rain (whence breaks a rumbling, neither of disconsolate god, nor arpeggio come tardy of illumination). How far into notion the words spill, tailing the lightning stab of innuendo across a protracted gape—infinitesimal bones to pick, infinite points of departure riddling the heart.

WEATHER AT SEA

—for Donald Justice

The night is black as only night can be, And quiet, like a rain that's ceased to fall. The fishing boats go out upon the sea.

A boatman turns his salt-burned face alee And blinks his eyelids, eyelids of a doll. The night is black as only night can be.

The night is black and dreamlong like a key Turned, and turned again, and then let fall. The fishing boats go out upon the sea.

Dark the corridors down which they flee. Still the water, weary sleeper's shawl. The night is black as only night can be. The fishing boats go out upon the sea.