

1970

# Bringing It Home

C. K. Williams

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Williams, C. K.. "Bringing It Home." *The Iowa Review* 1.4 (1970): 7-7. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1111>

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](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

## BRINGING IT HOME

a room all the way across america  
and a girl in the room and the plastic fattening her breasts  
starting to sag o god  
she thinks they're going o god o god  
I would do anything to help her  
I would take all of her secret pain onto myself if she'd let me  
my best darling  
it is your soul melting it  
it is the fire in you

I remember fire  
everywhere in the world  
boys scratching two sticks together so proud of themselves  
houses going up in spontaneous combustion or somebody using his  
lighter  
and the girl locked in in back still touching her fearful body  
(you too my best darling)  
and furnaces men with sweat stung out of them  
faces cooked broiled smoked while they make things for us

and in america  
in her breasts the two fires  
like gods the two fires without flame  
and her voice this flame rising out of my throat  
it says **FUCK YOU I DON'T CARE**  
it says **UP YOUR ASS TOO YOU WEIRD FAGGOTS**  
my best darling my best darling