1972

The First Poem

Lee Harwood

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1346
THE FIRST POEM

the soft dawn it's light
I mean your body and how I ache now
yes, tremble the words? how can they . . .

"I fuck you"

somehow the raven flying through endless skies
that ache too much the unbearable distance borne

Across the valley the sun catches the white silos
of these scattered farms
Up on the ridge
I mean following the creek . . .

As we lie in each other
dazed and hanging like birds on the wind

. . .

dawn—light—body—words—raven—skies—ache—distance—valley—sun—silos—farms—ridge—creek—each other—birds—wind

. . .

walk up the ridge west of the town—the minnows darting in the creek. The rock bed, and the currents. The smell of young ferns as I walk up the hill through the beech woods.
Go up to the wild strawberry patch again, squat down and eat some. Continue up along the road, the pine woods by the crest of the ridge—"see for miles".

. . .

felt so good this morning—as though I woke up beside you.

Lee Harwood