

1972

The Feast

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Recommended Citation

Amorosi, Ray. "The Feast." *The Iowa Review* 3.3 (1972): 11-11. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1374>

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REPRIEVED

those stubs in the cornfield
are really your fingers
rising out of my hair
but I can't wait any longer
paper hands drift through the barn
a pail hangs in the window, cold stud
last year's target
I want gray light from the careful brother
stone, I swing up the loft and count
the cat bones my owl dropped; one more
it's so clear I can steady on
a man cutting leather, flannel shirt
hunched neck a mile away

THE FEAST

I was in the trailer where
there's no water, heat, or light
I moved to a loft in a Flemish barn
I have all your rings here
an occasional leaf swept up reminds me
of that strange dot near your ankle
I always began there

Now the candles make me dizzy
I pace to the brown edge and back
it's too cold even for the simplest confession
I hear nothing of it
I'll jump down to the last pile
of loam and bury it
you're a spliced hand, an empty bowl