

1972

The Buried Sword

Frank Stanford

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Stanford, Frank. "The Buried Sword." *The Iowa Review* 3.3 (1972): 22-22. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1387>

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.

Loved a little blackbird
heard she could sing,
Martha in her vineyard
pestle in her spring,
Bessie had a bad mouth
made my chimes ring:

*“Can’t you see what love
and romance has done to me?
I’m not the same as I used to be,
this is my last affair.”*

Michael S. Harper
(copyright by author)

THE BURIED SWORD

at the place where two rivers meet I am alone
I am always by myself
I am like a captain dancing in the night sky
saying aye-aye to himself
I am like a mourning ship in the waters of dead horses
my blade is a mirror where no one stands
I open my eyes and I see a cavalry of ghost riders
looking for their ring fingers and feet
and the boots falling out of the stirrups at dawn
and the plumed hats of battle drifting away
I only led the dead
the brave that don’t sing
know not to pick me up again
I only want to sleep where there is no saluting
the moon is a bullet the night is a pistol
and death is a horse and silence the rider

1962