1973

Driving One Mile of the Distance from Iowa City to Chicago

Rick Cannon

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

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.
TAKING STOCK

It is your own darling you confront. 
You take the offensive 
groping for words 
your hands nearly inflections. 
There is little to say. 
Of course you have a father, a grandfather, 
a machinery of ancestors. 
You are the hound beneath the tree. 
You are the treed cat, cutting your shape 
from the moon.

DRIVING ONE MILE OF THE DISTANCE 
FROM IOWA CITY TO CHICAGO

On my left, slowly from the dusk 
like pepper flakes, a flock of sparrows drifts 
a beat, a beat, dispersing.

Ahead, ponderous trucks pull together, 
mate with a flashing of lights 
and divide.

A small plane moves noiselessly toward 
the changing horizon. I watch it become 
small, become one bright pinpoint, 
hoping it will explode.