



1973

In Sleep

Stanley Plumly

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Recommended Citation

Plumly, Stanley. "In Sleep." *The Iowa Review* 4.4 (1973): 91-91. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1579>

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as in the cradle of myself, until my body
let me. Then I rose
and walked the water, like a son.

1.7.72

IN SLEEP

So finally you float to the surface
full of dead fish and the half-moon of a lung

and slowly, as in waking, you begin to open
all your body, bob, and with both hands
wipe the water clear

and with all your weight holding you up
at last you begin to see what it was

the earth drifting, your parents dead
and face down, drifting, like a bird
towing a wind

your sister, like the past of all flesh, drifting

and one wife, one wife, one wife
every one tied to the planet

all your dead drifting
the cloud of your body tied

but the blue eye of the earth
looking out

at silence
at the absence of earth

the moon
on the waters of your face
shining back at you