

1975

Storm

James Den Boer

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Boer, James Den. "Storm." *The Iowa Review* 6.3 (1975): 39-40. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1893>

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.

concern of late. Days are short. A full moon illuminates our suppers, casting a cold, hard light on your forehead, giving your face the appearance of dried bark, warming us through the night. So large and bright a moon the mornings are grey by contrast. My hunger grows. I feast you: love me.

POETRY / DEN BOER, HANSON, DOW, OPPEN,
MARKS, ORLEN, ST. JOHN, WITT, STEWART,
SHAPIRO, SWIFT

Storm / James Den Boer

It is just after the New Year;
we are in the third day of a storm
from the west, from the Pacific,
and the eucalyptus roar louder
than the surf. The slough fills,
the herons standing deeper
and deeper, to their locked knees.

Hollow jointed reeds rattle.

I haven't seen a bird flying today.
They are all huddling, fluffed feathers
under the eaves, against cold brick.

Even the telephone whines
and crackles; voices in the wind.

Sometimes the air is so full
of voices, so loud with power
and the sound of the great throat
of the world, its huge rushing
pitched exactly to the clash
in my mind, the tremendous whisper
that continues in my head,
that I feel I am only well
in a storm, only a part
of the world when together
we roar and batter toward
some reluctance, some peace.

We are released. Storms end
against the mountains and the sea
settles to sparkle in the sun.

But, in the warm following breeze
and light slip of jacaranda blossoms
along our street, among the steady
thrusting of new shoots and tendrils
answering the winter rain, I go on,
still not still, still lashed,
still listening within
to the interminable muttering.

I bow my head and lean into the wind.

Up Bear Creek Canyon / James Den Boer

Out at dawn again, after the storm—
why do I wake so early?—
the creeks are rushing and turning
the clicking rocks in their beds.

I walk the fire road,
across the three canyons
which divide our ranch,
away from the creeks' mumbling,
toward the old stillness
of high ground, toward sacred
still places in the stands
of bay laurel, where ferns are cut
by thin hooves of small deer.

Deep in Bear Creek Canyon,
where the laurel's sharp leaves
drift around my boots, I hear
the tiny mew and snarl
of cougar kits playing in sage
a hundred yards above me—
they are hunting each other,
shaking drops from the wet branches,
rushing from ambush.

The mother, small, brown-gold,
a touch of white and black
at her throat, stills them,
and takes a few steps down
the slope, looking for me.