

1976

# The Bight

Philip Booth

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Booth, Philip. "The Bight." *The Iowa Review* 7.1 (1976): 21-21. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1969>

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](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

## 1943 / Sandra McPherson

I was born the year of the gray pennies.  
They'll find me in another layer, the skull  
Above the deviating Lincoln heads

Worth ten or fifteen cents by now.  
The smile won't be in the bone,  
So they will think that I've depreciated.

But that money didn't last. Gray did  
And camouflaged our war,  
Woodchucks, catbirds—

The year of our birth sank beneath us.  
The bank was rock.  
On top of me are falling all the saved.

## The Bight / Philip Booth

*for Guillevic*

The clouds clear out.  
The sky levels. The waves

of your forehead climb  
the long beach of your skull.

By how tides change  
we weather. Even love.