

1976

Another Twilight

William Stafford

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Stafford, William. "Another Twilight." *The Iowa Review* 7.4 (1976): 93-94. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2126>

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.

They carve their shadows in this
glass growing thinner every night.
A spark's ignited at the center of
my skull. Soon we'll all be free.

For You / Daniel Halpern

You are not going to say any more now—
we are in bed and your fingers are closed
between your legs.
My hands are in their chambers.
We are talking with a low-watt bulb burning.
It is not sordid. It is raining.
There is unfriendliness between us
and your long white men's flannels.
For too long there has been cloth
between us.

Later the cat
will move down your length a warm ball of fur
between us. My 800 pound arm
is sex, all man between us.
It is late. It is raining.
Others have conspired in this taking apart.
Objects have kept us
from each other.
In the front room there is an Eve all male.
The feeling here for you is mine
and you are lost,
powerful, unsure—your angry renegade head . . .
You are not sure.

Another Twilight / William Stafford

Sometime you will be in a store,
some evening. The lights will come on
rippling forward, and the shelves
will wait, their still way. Nights

empty as big dark windows
will line up for you.

Like that, I was here, and I stopped too.
Somewhere in stillness the lights
came on, for their own pale being,
and I listened with all my life
for something else, quickly, the way you do.

Happy in Sunlight / William Stafford

Maybe it's out by Glass Butte some
time in late fall, and sage owns the whole
world. Even the obsidian chips
left by the Indians glitter, out of
their years. Last night's eager stars
are somewhere, back of the sky.

Nothing where you are says, "It's me
only." No matter how still the day,
a fence wire hums for whatever there is,
even if no one is there. And sometimes
for luck, by neglecting to succeed that day,
you're there, no one else, and the fence wire sings.

FIELDS OF ACTION

The Poem as a Field of Action: Guerilla Tactics in *Paterson* / Paul Mariani

A plan for action to supplant a plan for action:

In those dark days of December, 1940, with the German Stukas dive-bombing over London, ringing the city with fire, T. S. Eliot, from his fire

Previously unpublished material by William Carlos Williams copyrighted 1976 by Florence H. Williams. Published by permission of New Directions Publishing Corporation.