1977

Bartram's Ixia

Robert Morgan

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2152

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.
Bartram’s Ixia / Robert Morgan

To find in the deep swampglow a blue light near the ground between pools of stagnant ink, bright as a fly tied with lasers, a kind of antilight lost for nearly two centuries revealing itself a few inches out of mud. The color takes root in the retina and drains into recognition—as the ground will in a few days draw this special candlepower back down the stem.

Canning Time / Robert Morgan

The floor was muddy with the juice of peaches and my mother’s thumb, bandaged for the slicing, watersobbed. She and Aunt Wessie skinned bushels that day, fat Georgia Belles slit streaming into the pot. Their knives paid out limp bands onto the heap of parings. It took care to pack the jars, reaching in to stack the halves firm without bruising, and lowering the heavy racks into the boiler already trembling with steam, the stove malignant in heat. As Wessie wiped her face the kitchen sweated its sweet filth. In that hell they sealed the quickly browning flesh in capsules of honey, making crystals