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Bean Money

Robert Morgan

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homosexual, but *destructive*, a force which is capable of inspiring the soul to create, but which in the process exacts a terrible price. The goddess is no longer one of love and sweet verse, as the early comedies certainly suggest, but an embodiment of the evil which shackles the lives of good men in the tragedies. Scabrous and near death, WS perceives that the disease which has come of his love is a metaphor for the evil that dominates all mankind, that “. . . the great white body of the world was set upon by an illness from beyond, gratuitous and incurable. And that even the name Love was, far from being the best invocation against it, often the very conjuration that summoned the mining and ulcerating hordes” (*Nothing*, p. 231). In both novels then the movement is away from this form of inspiration, and toward deeper and more personal wells of creative energy. Sexual love reveals itself to be far more destructive than it is procreative, and the division between man and woman, so alluring in its promise of synthesis, yields only to the confluence of the protagonist’s art.

NOTES

1 (New York: Norton, 1968), p. 267.

2 *Ibid.*, p. 268.

3 *Ibid.*, p. 265.

4 *Ibid.*

5 *A Vision of Battlements* (New York: Norton, 1965), pp. 7-8.

6 *Nothing Like the Sun* (New York: Norton, 1964), p. 8.

POETRY / MORGAN, SCHMITZ, PASTAN, PAPE,
CLARK, HOLDEN, SMITH, BENEDIKT

Bean Money / Robert Morgan

Back from the market late with
a watermelon and his bib-pocket full
of cash my father shoved a fist of back-pay

for the summer at me, the yield from
digging holes and tying strings,
lugging hampers in the mud with heat rash,
stings and blisters. In my room I'd sit
with dirty feet and sweat-ripe skin
on the clean sheets and unwad the damp bills
to press in stacks like pages of a ledger
of the hot days, the green and gray ink
more lasting than sunburn or callouses,
and telling of my labor with a one-eyed
lit pyramid. I collated
and banded the leaves in bundles
and counted out the coins like next year's
seeds into the old tobacco pouch.
That consecrated metal was an abstract
drawn off the soil and sweat and
cast into a jewelry of value.
I meant those struck emblems to act
as compact fuel, like nuclear pellets,
to power my long excursion out of the sun
and beyond the ridges, and put
them all in a paper box above the closet
door to trade later, the young summers
become signs to be translated
again into paper, ink and paper,
in the cool timeless leisure I saw
while washing my feet on the back steps
and spitting melon seeds
into the cricket haunted dark.

Walnutry / Robert Morgan

When walnuts grew in stands like oak
or hickory in some mountain coves
and the timber market lay
over trails and feisty creeks,
some cut their big nut groves the same
as pine, and sawed out planks for