

1977

# Turning Back

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## Recommended Citation

Sheridan, Michael. "Turning Back." *The Iowa Review* 8.4 (1977): 65-65. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2284>

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Like a starfish like many tunnels  
Which go on infinitely  
In these several directions  
Embracing the damp  
The drunk  
Holding on  
To the waves  
To the earth

## Turning Back / Michael Sheridan

*for my brother*

We were born in a town no one famous came from.  
The planet just dragged us around.

Often there was a deadness in the air—  
the stench of mayflies rising

from the Mississippi, smoke from the paper mill  
riding any wind that strayed near shore.

Children grew older, married & multiplied.  
No one said anything new.

We've left that town a hundred times for good.  
Anywhere we go the sun comes up the same

and in the same old place,  
like a woman used for years unfairly; the wind

still runs from leaf to leaf; we've seen other rivers  
turning in their beds & other lives going on routinely.

Sometimes we stop & touch each other, then reflect.