

1985

## A Close Call

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### Recommended Citation

Gilbert, Jack. "A Close Call." *The Iowa Review* 15.2 (1985): 76-76. Web.

Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3219>

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## NOT GETTING CLOSER

Walking in the dark streets of Seoul  
under the almost full moon.  
Lost for the last two hours.  
Finishing a loaf of bread  
and worried about the curfew.  
I have not spoken for three days  
and I am thinking, "Why not just  
settle for love? Why not just  
settle for love instead?"

## A CLOSE CALL

Dusk and the sea is thus and so. The cat  
from two fields away crosses through the grapes.  
It is so quiet I can hear the light air  
in the canebrake. The fair wheat darkens.  
The glaze is gone from the bay and the heat lets go.  
They have not lit the lamp at the other farm yet  
and all at once I feel lonely. What a surprise.  
But the air stills, the heat comes back  
and I think I am all right again.

## SECRETS OF POETRY

People complain about so many moons in my poems.  
Even my friends ask why I keep putting in the moon.  
And I wish I had an answer like when Archie Moore  
was asked by the reporter in the dressing room  
after the fight, "Why did you keep looking in  
his eyes, Archie? The whole fight you were  
looking in his eyes." And old Archie Moore said,  
"Because the eyes are the windows of the soul, man."