

1992

Journey Six

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In the serious dark sleeks between
The bonfire islands of leaves,
Small trout rose like green rosebuds
And faded in the eye before they faded.
I turned to say to you,
“Beauty is not persuasions of light;
Neither color nor absences of color.
Beauty is the intense movement of solmemnity.”

I turned, speaking, to wake in autumn
To see the world could no longer see you.

JOURNEY SIX

Where I motor now, giants of an older world
Emerge with miles. Perhaps they were once magma
Squeezed into the chimneys of a softer stone. Perhaps
They were once enlmed water hardening in sockets of sandstone.
Chimney or socket gone, they stand here now alone
In the mere, bleak colors of pain.
Wind has all but worried their faces away.

Vague as they are they seem curious about me.
Arched over slightly, their arms,
Where the hands are fading, crossed over
Their loins, they stand like children who are
Waiting for their parents to do something monstrous.
But since I am stranger rather than parent, they
Murmur shyly to each other, “Look, there is that
Creature who believes in us. He makes us beautiful.”

No.

None of this is true. That is how
They stood and murmured when my love journeyed
With me, when my eyes were not my eyes

Seeing, and hers were not hers, but our
Seeing was what we saw
Through the other's eyes.

I journey with strangers now.
The giants out there know there is no longer any love
In me so great it must move out and touch
Them, touch the world. Those old towers and I
Peer in each other's direction. True, we see
Something. What we see is
A dead world that stands,
A dead world that moves.

JOURNEY SEVEN

High above earth in this long exhalation of a plane
I keep thinking I can say goodbye to you.
There is nothing of you here. Nothing of what
You loved. Nothing of road, nothing of garden here.
Above: just sunlight as simple as cruelty.
Below: just cloud as devious as pity.

Or so I think until I see how the cloud bank
Is really a landscape where sunlight makes
Rainbows. I see white valleys whose
White streams flow into snow meadows
Where pearly cattle drift. I see pale
Mountains where ghostly eagles fly.
Clouds made from cloud arise.
And all that I apprehend is a spectral assonance.
Of earth's veriest shapes.

Sweetheart, peace, matter are but the iterant
Simulacra of whatever is prime.
That being so, you, too, are here,
Oh celestial nimbus of the terrene bride.