

1994

## From a Work in Progress

George Angel

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### Recommended Citation

Angel, George. "From a Work in Progress." *The Iowa Review* 24.2 (1994): 25-27. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4673>

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## From a Work in Progress · *George Angel*

WE RISE. Were there but two things, to hold in each hand. We know that we speak, I to the face of the clouds where I have drawn your voice, slipping the drawer back flush with the seamless world were I we. Holding first I within then I within, lift this we lift just once. The trees are filled with birds and it is time to write this. Where am I? I am here, out in the tall yellow grass that is a sheet. It seems that it is possible to slide down the sheet and that the hillside itself will give a little beneath my weight. This is important. Standing at the bottom of this valley talking up through. It could be any place I have exhausted with walking words. Making ladders out of the distance between two mouths. Pulling clouds along. Whisper and then the breeze. If we make. In it moving my hands as connective tissue between moments said and making the mouth mouthing like some somber stupidity. Ladders made of the shapes of bottles and the word mandolin. Make a simple detail, crushing it like the stone mouth. Make words to make words. Slice the crushed bits of nothing into objects and movements. If we move. The day continues to diminish in the stone world of grass.

A black ball, pincushioned by yellow sticks pointing out then back in. A ball of pins on the blue. The green became the glare pressing. It recedes just beyond the face, leaving the world the color of mustard. A man's body is the letter u beneath this ball, my body is. Such is starting to look, planted. Lying down walking and the knowing of things in white ordinary cloth. Away toward leaving to the small black marks on the ground at some distance, their walking and mine up through impossible trees, their branches. When waiting moves branches occur. So I approach what I would ask to turn with my hand. The miracles are modest and asking is lost. This word that carries its weight: lost. We are lifted to humility. The roads braid, all walked at once. Things are filtered from me, there is no denying this. The discovery of walking is relentless. This small stream has hidden a song of praise under its movement. The generous seed of things seems but a few steps away. Brown has become green and the blue reflected from the light. Healed by silent ordinances, I would remain in silence. Small words lift the dialogue from its bed. Simplicity and complexity are two steps which follow each other endlessly. The stone mouth has let the stream slip from its lip.

Light is pulled along the surface of this stream. It is single and insoluble and as it skates is twined about rocks splitting the water. Carapace, or anger attic anguish, dear peace. Cuticle and face, the blood beneath the light shown ordered, the armored crease. Rocks and numbers line the bed of the stream. Creviced sevens, curl gone beneath the lie of light. The loss in the pleasure of mysterious pulp, enumerate its flicker. My imaginings take shape in the soft mud and then recede shapeless.

In the cradle of my distance from things, the body is turned over and receives the gift of unintelligible sounds. The secret tendernesses of a web of sounds. Movement so small. The source will not belittle the caress and rather becomes entangled by it. Mystery is carried by small bodies dispersing in a mystery of circles whose impoverished light renders even their faces inscrutable.

O spiral. Silver voices broke away from me and became like buttresses to you. The broken body wanders unable to find your base, while I have woven a thicket to embrace. Mouth of branches I have made, sing! Sing this space between and lifting. Wings will catch upon your face and stay. Risen to the artifice of things of themselves generated. The dark shapes of birds glide across a cloud backlit by the fallen sun as it gathers its light. Two of them break away while the other four slip silently to the ground. A figure in a tree near my name. In its mouth a stone. The light has touched the ground and cleared a space as it devours shapes of trees and animals and voices along the horizon. A figure spreads its wings. One is of flesh and one is of water. I have made these trees bear hooves and fins and hands. This cloud begins to wrap its wisps around the light. A figure has spread its wings, one is dirt and one is dissipating steam. There, a sound. This cloud has covered the sun, and what is touched is lost. Amid the specificity of leaves in the darkness, my figure is lost.

Live light hidden between the fingers of cones fallen to the ground. Not here. But hand means. The sun and I grasp at things through walls. Empty arguments, principality gathering. The broken weather drops its gifts where every moment feeds. Walking beyond them to the edge of an unburdened sound. Lurching, lifted, worded, my mere imagining of it stands unseen. I know that there is a sum of things and that it falls. Arrowing, emerging, gardened presentiments. Drawn together, a flower's firm walking, in a crown of seeds.

I am standing on a small rise beside a stand of trees and I apologize.

Walking, gathering steps, I'll disperse them to where they were. There is no gold in light and I can only take three or four steps toward the dark. It holds me until I clothe myself again in trees that are no longer perfectly blind. I can't hear what they say above me at night. I knew the breeze moved in the open mouth of sight. Talking, until I saw their branches realigned. Where I slept, beneath, the air was filled with bark. Lit by nothing I knew, I saw things stir. I walked here again, the trees close their ring of arms and memorize.

Day will destroy the eyes of delight. Red will cut two leafveined lids from joy. New words will play and lack and undo. This last read stay will unhook away. Bright blooms return and spoke each rim's ray. They dim to stand burning a blind height. A dome where lipped light lifted to kiss. Blue incline black distinct birds flew through. Employ the leaves to seed what was said. Sight was likewise spread and could not say.