

1998

Lamp

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Recommended Citation

Craig, Michael. "Lamp." *The Iowa Review* 28.1 (1998): 142-142. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4967>

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LAMP

In a neighboring meadow my neighbor wrestles with the grass.
I force out a tear
and stand up fullsize. I am bigger than mansize.

At the center of the meadow
is a little paper pinwheel
that turns the millstone, that makes the flour.
So we can have our flapjacks.
And at the center of the pinwheel is the pin,
which no one can get at because our thumbs are too big.

If I wait long enough the day irons itself out.
Night slams down like a feather on the water.
I put my hand to the window; it is cold
and out of sorts, which is not exactly true.
It is cold to the touch and dark through it.
But the day is still out there,
will be back for us tomorrow, a chain
of meadows opening onto meadows.

Outside: the trees at night.
Inside: my water glass with water.
Outside: the trees at night.
Inside: my fork, my phone, my plant, my sleeve.

Tonight is a night for speaking plainly.
Let me say that my lamp
is lampsize, which makes sense.