

2000

Sounds of the Resurrected Dead Man's Footsteps # 16: Oneself; One's Other Self

Marvin Bell

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bell, Marvin. "Sounds of the Resurrected Dead Man's Footsteps #16: Oneself; One's Other Self." *The Iowa Review* 30.2 (2000): 1-1.
Web.

Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5227>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

Marvin Bell

SOUNDS OF THE RESURRECTED DEAD MAN'S FOOTSTEPS #16

1. ONESELF

A story told over the shoulder, a memory foreign to the touch.
A visitation, a meteor or the idea of a meteor.
Not having had a key at that age, or a voice from outside.
But there were heroes up the road, and a bicycle.
He was myself and can't use all the words.
It was often after midnight in those days, with a heart on one's sleeve and
dreams under one's hat.
Tiers of identity, activity badges, certificates of merit.
A lopsided planet, in that he was not another person.
This disadvantage, not being another, meant constant defeat.
So it was necessary to eat his words.
Our eagle was a gull.
Our orchards were the potato fields.

2. ONE'S OTHER SELF

I want to understand.
It was a town where watermarks meant the moon.
An island where the tides took men's lives.
A quarry was our Grand Canyon.
We lived for the end of the line, the tip of the peninsula, the
deserted beach.
And a girlfriend, we lived for someone to live for.
So a book here and a book there, and then you're talking to yourself.
I walked in the gas of the dead fish and the algae.
I failed neatness and penmanship.
I learned that language can think for itself.
I needed to stop myself from thinking everything at once.
Our ocean was the ocean, but our England was just tea.