

2000

# Sounds of the Resurrected Dead Man's Footsteps #62: Model of Death with a Bow; Our Lives End up in Sawdust and Smoke, but Oh That First Kiss

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 #62: Model of Death with a Bow; Our Lives End up in Sawdust and Smoke, but Oh That First Kiss." *The Iowa Review* 30.2 (2000): 2-2. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5228>

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](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

## SOUNDS OF THE RESURRECTED DEAD MAN'S FOOTSTEPS #62

### 1. MODEL OF DEATH WITH A BOW

His dingy crooked teeth the skill of a scavenger.  
His teeth the eternal yellow that dims the stars.  
His museum teeth scabrous, chipped, askew aslant his lip.  
But his black habit the pure finality.  
His pose on one knee, and the long arrow a grand gesture.  
And the arrow aimed upward to knock down an angel.  
Angels who fall by death's side and only then.  
And did they think they were going to hide in a tree?  
His Roman nose, his bedeviled eyes long surrendered.  
He is that friend who looks at you disinterestedly.  
That friend waiting for you to die, you know who.  
These miniature Grim Reapers are funny to the young.

### 2. OUR LIVES END UP IN SAWDUST AND SMOKE, BUT OH THAT FIRST KISS

Age has its secrets, starting with the new lucidity.  
The devil, you say.  
The young can never know how it feels to be old.  
As those who someday live forever will wonder what it was like to have  
    been dead.  
He expects to grow older who has stopped waiting.  
That time we used a shoelace to tie our muffler up.  
Who still thinks art a gesture, a heartfelt cascade of litter and sawdust?  
Tell that to the one using up the tissues.  
My face my father's a lantern ferried into the past.  
And the grave essays proclaiming life to be smoke and mirrors.  
Tell that to the one using up the tissues.  
As a child, I split my head open which may explain it.  
The crab can't swim straight ahead so he rows sideways.