A Solitary and Semi-Musical Confinement

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I found a bird skull with a yellow feather on it. Beak’s the same bone as skull—I didn’t know it. *(O she wore a yellow bonnet)*

This calls to mind when every night on channel 63 was “Hill Street Blues,” rerun episodes my only family. *(I’m looking over a four-leaf clover)*

This is how (with oblique refrain and over and over) I noted my bones came close to going to serve or at least to lie under the useful soil today while I waited in the crumpled metal egg of car for The Jaws Of Life to chew me out of there. *The better to eat you with, my dear.*

I’d feel better if I thought I was peanuts for some observer or reporter or promoter of the spectacle to buy for a quarter and swallow me down, salt me away, or even if I were a peanut, sunk in a sandy ground branching off from a crowd of peanut kin—this is missing Mississippi homing in. I reckon.

O Mr. Shelley, *when weary meteor lamps repose* and I (Jane Doe, a dear) go and go and go ever in hope of finding home I think of you and darkling hum *You’ll never walk alone.*