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Grafting

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Lana Moussa

GRAFTING

Between me and this wall something naked exists I have wanted to see formed

*

I have been heard approaching
saying Mozart strengthens
pathways We could have
a mathematician come of us

or

There cannot be any lying here

A child comes out Her dream has been of walking The space between her
room and her parents So she does it Walks the hallway down Stands just
outside the doorway

*

Everything not of the walk between these rooms watches her arrival She
knows this Her fear is part performative She knows this too

*

There is the air
come from out her father's throat
like the transverse beam of a cross against its stabilizing post
(to locate it—to make it sound airy? It is wooden)
It hits the uvula hard

The wireworm has entered the garden
its hard yellow body loves the plant
as God loved his Lucifer so much
as to make him always stand just outside the doorway
Everything not of

You haven't finished

Our listening fascinates

What the savages want is to kill

us

*

I was amazed

*

I had to look at the river

*

a snag in the fairway

*

Sticks, little sticks, were flying about—thick

*

striking behind me

*

against my pilot house

*

All this time the river, the shore, the woods, were very quiet—perfectly quiet.

The child returns to her room
She is aware of the difficulty in
approximating fear She digs
deep into the covers

*

Click beetle grub, this wireworm makes what it loves sick. Spade to the ground. Let lie fallow six weeks under covering of lime $\frac{1}{2}$ lb./square yard [see notes] or sow Mustard and a little rape, say 2 oz. of the former and 1 oz. of the latter.

This may do the trick Asking Can I Be Patient?
Motes are ruled by gravity too
I say How do I continue this

*

Crossways float?

*

All this time the river, the shore, the woods, were very quiet—perfectly quiet.

*

I could only

*

being shot at

*

Arrows

*

The heavy splashing

*

You haven't finished What allows you to leave the wisteria roots
exposed in the well-

drained loamy soil? I

*

see them

firing firing

*

They are undoing My feet are burning from the lime What nonsense
are you watering?

I step in quickly to close
*
the shutter on the land
*
Green! I smell the earth of your side
The pathway has not one synapse firing
The wireworm is leaving the spurred garden

*

I can't

*

The sticks are flying

*

it is all so quiet

Notes:

Lines on the second page (and partially repeated in the middle of the third page) beginning, "What the savages want is to kill" through "All this time the river, the shore, the woods were very quiet—perfectly quiet" adapted from Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, 1902. Recipe for treating ground against wireworm attacks on third page adapted from W.P. Wright's *Illustrated Encyclopedia of Gardening*, 1911.