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Prelude for Penny Whistle

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Prelude for Penny Whistle

for D.

Since then, no day is silent, or only a rare day has enough forgetting in it to be silent enough to keep me from calling you back up out of water or sunlight.

I have a bridge but it is not the one you stepped from. Nor the one you used to move from key to key.

I learned it from the spider who expresses her beautiful hunger in one strand.

If you play the fat black note of her body anywhere upon her intricate staff it only sounds like her.

And her and her.

And her-and-her-and-her.

Other notes she handily devours in their brief casings. And so she has no you that lasts. But still she hungers.

Subject, you are subject to these, my spinning whims because you will not leave and because you will not fill me.
Mind, our favorite house,  
is just a kind of body, not,  
as you thought, a body  
of thought  
that reaches the utter end  
of sucked-back silk.

You'll feel it, this spin.  
(Forced grin.)  
Let's begin  
to tinker on your old tin  
whistle with a tune:

Water and sunlight.  
Water and cloudlight.  
Water and dark.  
Dry dark. Dry dock.

Tick tock.  
Dark clock.  
It's time  
you knocked.