Variations as Cosmic Vessel Failing toward a Loose Line

Kevin McFadden

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
VARIATIONS AS COSMIC VESSEL
FAILING TOWARD A LOOSE LINE

O behold the cosmos! It woke so
slow, stood. "The Book, he is come—
the womb chokes loose." I stood
to look. It'd become who. She's so
he. (It's OK.) So cometh blood, woes.
(Welcome, hi.) The Book stood. S–O–S,
Booklet echoed. "S–O–S?" I—who most
blossom to ties—choked. Oh, woe.
Shoot. So, belowdeck sit Homo E
to Homo S. S–O–S. Oh, we be locked, it
be code, lookit: S–O–S. Whose? Moth
to the web (Om), loss (Oh), dice (OK). So
helm the bow. O do toss cookies,
choose bloodshot weeks. Omit
home (O the dock, O ties). S–O–S, blow
the doom. Shock is (Ow) obsolete.
The code book, somehow, is lost.