

2001

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Recommended Citation

Revard, Lawrence. "Incantations to the Summer Trees in Missouri." *The Iowa Review* 31.3 (2001): 165-165. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5474>

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Lawrence Revard

INCANTATIONS TO THE SUMMER TREES IN MISSOURI

1.
If they don't scream, they explode.
 Their swelled brains
bust up horizons in my county.
 Sublime hell.
It is a long movie! A montage
 of a million arms!
A silence of punctured ear drums.

 The folds of gloom.
The forests disgorge a local's tale
 of vanishings.
A mulberry night. You can't sleep.
 Green beetles
take quick walks on your eyelids.

2.
They burst cyst upon cyst of earth.
 Their mesh greaves
handle the air like a barbaric weapon.
 Observe silence
like invincible plums. Osage oranges,
 such horror-eggs,
are festering without an audience.

 Molasses gargoyles,
you might exclaim. Articulate blobs.
 Our balcony, suspense,
now that the hour is late. I lean out
 to whiff the sweet rot.
Flesh not of my flesh, and blood of light.