2001

Incantations to the Summer Trees in Missouri

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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 vanishing.
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 gargoyle,
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.