

2002

Words and Licorice

Taj Jackson

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Recommended Citation

Jackson, Taj. "Words and Licorice." *The Iowa Review* 32.1 (2002): 156-156. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5552>

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TAJ JACKSON

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Final edit: At the window—Night's ice.
You want a small fig from a random tree,
despite chill. And again. From Greek, *glykys*,

sweet; *rhyza*, root; sleep's yen from licorice.
Figs sans thistles, and the fig-birds set free...
Final edit: At the window—Night's ice,

poems' lode, fig-seeds, greeny beaks, black rice.
Rose wings in the inks of calligraphy.
These fronds. And again. From Greek, *glykys*;

rhyza; how Ionic an edifice?
Flights are logged, a Contents, a slavery.
Final edit: At the window—Night's ice,

in darkness, on glass. A book a honed voice.
Paring error, I'm axe, I'm reverie,
focusing. And again. From Greek, *glykys*,

rhyza; from language aping paradise...
Ferns, reptilian quicksands, dawns, ore, choice.
Final edit: At the window—Night's ice.
A threshed harvest. A taste. From Greek, *glykys*,

sweet.

(on helping to edit a literary journal)