The World of Noise

Nick Moudry

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

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5694

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
the world of noise

The landscape was full of newsreels, a thin film of dust settling over them. I could no longer sleep, but lay always awake

& dreaming while awake I dreamed the newsreels weren’t real. The landscape was full of newsreels that told us something bad had happened, but we refused to believe it. Refused to sleep, but lay always awake

& dreaming that the sound of the newsreels would someday cease rattling its bones across the landscape. Full of newsreels our dreams reeled, we woke up clicking, a thin film of dust settling over us. We could no longer sleep, but lay always awake

inside the newsreels that told us our worst dreams. Told us this landscape was the new real. Told us we could no longer sleep & we lay always awake.