

2004

Daybook

Dan Beachy-Quick

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Recommended Citation

Beachy-Quick, Dan. "Daybook." *The Iowa Review* 34.3 (2004): 136-137. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.S916>

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DayBook

As if the poem, as experience grows,
Must add pages—as days
Into decades add—into leaves and leaves
Into chapters, add daylight into books
And each book bind between dark nights.
Thinnest light, the unread page's edge
Curving as it's turned—add patience—
To midnight's pages self-illuminate,
Self-bright, that book
This moon in monthly palindrome
Speaks and speaks backward the sky.
Yesterday wrote a line in shallow
Envy this evening the lakeshore must
Struggle to solve. Spray from waves
Last winter sheathed a stone in ice
Inches thick: the dark letter impossible
To believe, worse to read, in ice—
Through ice—frozen still in June's
Shadow, the budding rose, and colder
Now in darker shadow cast by August's
Last rose full blown. That blossom's scent
Is crimson ink—so thin, that petal's edge,
It quivers within my breath, a red line
Pressed through a page onto a page below.

Years below the humming
-bird's wings, could that hovering erase
My guilt in the snapdragon
On which it feeds, turn the petal, turn the leaf
Past that Spring in which my anger
With the ferns unfurled?
The hummingbird perched on a branch

And never moved. The sun at noon
Casts none save a turning page's shadow
When the page is done. That year with each
Note the robin sang through shards
In its throat its breast grew redder.
I hear those songs wound the day
Without tearing this page. The sun sets
In a corner of the schoolboy's page—
That schoolboy I was—a red circle
Flaming around my name.
“Draw me yesterday,” the teacher said.
Yesterday I opened my eyes again:
A page blinks open upon a page
Written yesterday, ink blotted dry
By merely breathing, without choice,
From the margin, unutterable
Only once, under medicinal lights
Not the moon's, those lamps unfolding
The eye into the daily expanse
Of the world's blank page
Unthought and holy
Ruinous with wonder and no end.