

2005

The Everywhere

Julia Story

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Story, Julia. "The Everywhere." *The Iowa Review* 35.3 (2005): 49-49. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6025>

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.

JULIA STORY

The Everywhere

Instead of thoughts,
I have a whip and a bottle
of pills. My head would
look good on your neck.
It's not a thought, but a fact
that exists for everybody.
Coats on other people open
to show us clothes and torsos,
then close and become other people's
coats. A cloud-colored bird
is a cloud. I clear my throat
purely for the effect. You can't
be nowhere and you can't be
everywhere. This is the everywhere
where you're not gone: you've
been replaced by a paper bag
full of bottles on the curb in winter.
One bottle for each type of coldness.

Instead of words, there's this
soft thing, something dark
under a fingernail, or a cake
I can sleep in. My tongue
doesn't work the way it used to.
Sorry. Underneath me, the plastic
horse gets tired. I'm somewhere:
your porch, empty. I'm singing a sand
song. There's a squirrel here instead
of you. A place instead of everywhere.