

2007

# How I Write My Love Poems

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## Recommended Citation

Brown, James. "How I Write My Love Poems." *The Iowa Review* 37.3 (2007): 145-145. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6326>

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JAMES BROWN

*How I Write My Love Poems*

Dry rain: all day I break rules.  
First, the rule of law, then  
the law of diminishing returns.  
Finally, confounded by grammar,  
I head for the hills.  
Maybe there are no obligations now.  
Veins inhabit the mind like supplejack.  
There's a point where your exertion enters  
its own personal funnel, and sound mummifies,  
the way a shell presses the sea to an ear.  
Is it not truly something how you can hear  
small points of light emerging from the brightness?  
The law of combining volumes  
is rewritten as we speak.  
Chance fattens like an ambulance until,  
breasting a widow's peak, the heart upholds  
its tall story. You're on top of the world  
—hair you can upbraid, personal  
pronouns you take for your own.  
And, further into the zone:  
sudden delicious Braille, a ribcage's  
brimming xylophone, the unwritten  
rules of engagement  
making a home.