

2001

The Butterfly Effect

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Recommended Citation

Nichols, Laura. "The Butterfly Effect." *The Iowa Review* 31.1 (2001): 95-95. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6596>

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THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT

Night passes through the window like a string of gray pearls.

A fluorescent bulb casts silver
over rain spattered asphalt.

Tonight the moon is full
and seems to remember
when she pulled her torso
from the 25 cent slot machine
at Santa Ana casino.

The doorknob is island sand in the fingers.

A monarch flaps its wings,
polar caps sheathe ice,
the tides creep forward.

The Pleiades throw down a peninsula of shadow,
I reach for the almond sliver of Orion's belt.

Boot tracks in arroyo dust
may unfurl rivers in La Plata county.

A moth's wings tear a patch through rainfall.

The broken rhythm of sleep;
dark land within its own borders.

I want to live in speed and chrysalis
as wind breaking
on the withers of a race horse.