

2009

Song

Laura Kasischke

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Kasischke, Laura. "Song." *The Iowa Review* 39.3 (2009): 93-93. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6747>

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.

LAURA KASISCHKE

Song

The floor of the brain, the roof
of the mouth, the locked
front door, the barn
burned down, a dog
tied to a tree, not howling, a dark
shed, an empty garage, a basement
in which a man might sip
his peace, in peace,
and a table
in a kitchen
at which
the nightingales feasted on fairy tales,
the angels stuffed themselves with fog

And a tiny room at the center of it all,
and a beautiful woman the size of a matchstick
singing the song that ruined my father:

his liver
his life

The kind of song a quiet man
might build a silent house around