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# Song From Out Of Ur

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ROCHELLE OWENS

SONG FROM OUT OF UR

Speak to a configuration of stains  
even a silk shirt of the man from Marrakech  
even a configuration of stains will be  
made to speak sublime yellow-green  
smears of avocado pulp the man from  
Marrakech enemies at his feet the son  
of a Macedonian his peach porcelain chin  
its cleft pierced by a thorn pierced  
is the man from Marrakech the son of a  
Macedonian he crouches over a vanity sink  
dappled with mother-of-pearl bearing  
the weight of a nightmare a nightmare  
about iron stairs about a long row  
of embryos luminous organs fibrous pits  
Narcissus purging  
jabbing his two-inch pinky nail evil it feels  
into the cleft of his chin  
a Levantine hook on a rampage  
from out of Ur into the hotel his private  
quarters red hot mosaic tiles hooks for  
every hang-up made by master craftsmen  
the man from Marrakech  
eyes of pale gray-green pale gray-green eyes  
son of a Macedonian  
mummified is his code of honor

101

In ancient Phoenicia  
a woman holds a sublime yellow-green  
fabric smeared with avocado pulp  
years later her unmarried humpbacked  
son will unfold the cloth  
Even a configuration of stains  
will be made to speak

\*

An urge for rhythms of Marrakech  
gilded the row of upper teeth of the schoolmaster  
listening to American jazz smiling at a man  
from Sudan an engineer wearing a necklace  
and a diamond stud in his ear  
The man from Marrakech rises from the  
Greek revival chair feeling the rays of the sun  
resurrecting the dead

102

The false door of lust opens  
frustrates and disappoints  
famous the false door of lust  
slamming the head breaking the nose  
cracking the jaw splitting the gums ejecting  
the gilded row of upper teeth teeth  
of Cavafy Donatello Pasolini Versace  
short dark solid men mavericks  
with spleens of hot lava  
orbiting the Mediterranean sun

\*

A djellaba is a djellaba is a robe a robe of roses  
sings the man from Marrakech  
letting fall around his ankles purple roses  
the djellaba its distinct parts is like a fluid  
a fluid of roses is a chemical analysis—proof  
le bien et le mal  
drop by drop its sound distinct  
le bien et le mal  
And he sings to pierced nipples nipples  
on the sculptured torso—a man from Sudan  
And when he sings the words

the words are pigment cells vegetal to vegetal  
cooling the skin the words are hairs  
pushing through layers pushing through  
layers of skin scalp armpit bones in a sac  
words of a song from out of Ur from out of Ur  
from out of the throat of the man  
from Marrakech

\*

The children always crawl to golden coins  
golden coins draw the children  
whispers the man from Marrakech  
And he grants wishes to a man from Sudan  
and desire breaks its molten outer core  
then drawing upon his economic advantage  
whispers I am the Alpha and Omega  
world without end

103

\*

In the picturesque Medina  
two old men are trading photos  
cruise ships voyaging to America  
Inside a galaxy a cloud of dust and gas  
gas and dust inside a galaxy  
Two old men are smoking water pipes  
in the picturesque Medina  
two old men are playing cards talking politics  
sipping coffee  
hearing the call to prayer  
the man from Sudan an engineer  
wearing a necklace  
and a diamond stud in his ear  
the man from Marrakech

eyes of pale gray-green pale gray-green eyes  
son of a Macedonian  
an athlete whose stamina was tested  
with javelin hammer and discus  
smiling and remembering a silk shirt  
smeared with avocado pulp  
hammer and discus are thrown  
and the weight of the athlete  
spirals in as dense as a star

\*

Come see what has been called  
the poignant picture—a father bearing  
twin sons in his arms—poignant the chanting  
Aramaic words and they were born  
from frozen embryos  
Forced deeper the weight of a dream  
about a gold ostrich egg and shining through  
the shell the form that you should put  
your money into—a two-headed child  
two pairs of pale gray-green eyes  
colors and patterns of the iris painted  
with a fine sable brush  
And dread is a light transparent veil  
over the eyes of the man from Marrakech  
smoking a water pipe eating sleeping reading  
playing computer games  
then feeling for his wallet for the accordion-fold  
interior credit cards driver's license bills  
receipts coins and photos  
of the winged cherubim their halos  
glittering circling red orange yellow  
the young always crawl to golden coins

then chanting in Aramaic a prayer  
“And they are the winged cherubim  
with the faces of children”

*“Song from Out of Ur” was first published in The New Verse News  
([newversenews.blogspot.com](http://newversenews.blogspot.com)) on November 10, 2008.*