

2014

Mirages

Michael Tyrell

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Tyrell, Michael. "Mirages." *The Iowa Review* 44.1 (2014): 109-110. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7448>

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.

MICHAEL TYRELL

Mirages

1

No children for me
except in stories, sister
& brother lost in the forest,
never aging of course, & no forest
near my flat, only hollyhocks
& sick Dutch elms, an eyesore
shack, a crippled blunt thing,
burnt like the woman
the children hurled into a kiln
to get free.

2

They're never free,
the ones with children.
They never sleep,
but must scare
the children to keep them
home, a made-up
forest that every year
seems more fiction
than the hag
in the eyesore shack.
It's a mirage;
hunger makes it
look like sugar.

3

If I can't be tracked
on the machines,
I don't exist.
Near landing, the flight
circling the lit-up map

we live on now.
How dainty
the city's circuitry,
the plane also—
like an egg
handled by children
pretending they have children.

4

Children,
I write to you
from the city
where in winter
the only green's
the go signal reflected
on storm windows.
The mothers and fathers
bring you, girl & boy,
neighbors in the alphabet,
to life for their
young insomniacs,
& your stepmother's husband
who promises
he'll collect you,
tells you you're
too big to believe
in witches, spares
them a story about fate—
how, with crumbs, without,
collected or otherwise,
we all come to harm.