

2014

Unofficial Confessions

D. A. Powell

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Recommended Citation

Powell, D. A.. "Unofficial Confessions." *The Iowa Review* 44.3 (2014): 40-40. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7521>

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Unofficial Confessions.

D.A. POWELL

I shared a rig with a cowboy at the junkyard. We sat on a freezer door. He was a jagged can and I got ripped.

Some creatures grow in darkness. Some flowers bloom at night. I am willing to be inappropriate. But not when it's light.

Across the way, a man held Jupiter and his twelve moons up in a single glass. One was a boy moon. Oh, that astronomy.

I stood by the throne and gave that thirsty man my cup. He lifted it with one hand and tied off with the other.

Later, he come at me with a knife. I had to keep my sharp eye out. I did not sleep.

They asked me why didn't you leave. Why didn't I leave? In a word: his horse was the last horse in town. He put me up.