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Sharp Things

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The boy who sits patiently who in alarm realizes something of the danger of the netherworld edge the boy with cotton in his mouth a thin film between and his father across the room turning for a moment his face away traffic passing outside school buses headed home each wriggling thing disgorged or disgorging earlier his friends asking where is he as the bus moves up hills and down but someone saw his father take him early the boy with suction hooked inside the mouth and sound drilled straight hot and ashy into cerebellum you will sleep well tonight you are a brave one the person who says it masked and moving away from him boy who finds analogs for drill and needle wills himself inside bright yellow blur as if to move a body out of a room past reception were to meet invisibility his own were to consider the not-return-return scenario its many doorways the something on its face that doesn’t tell what it knows bus number eight headed under railroad trellis Tucson loves you bannering where it’s been left in all weather familiar as the turn by the diner toward home
sharp things sharp things in the mouth and sharp the voice
that says what’s about to happen