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Messenger

Mark Levine

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Perhaps I've gone on long enough so far but I'm a willing subject who savors a threesome, some trinity, you say, a wind trio culled from the local conservatory, a triplex topped by a nest of defunct wiring, a three-legged dog. So, I was daring to say when hastily I halted, I had pulled to a three-way stop, my throat in my heart, when a small tractor rammed me from behind into a Harley, whose rider parachuted through my moonroof into my sticky glass-encrusted lap with force to make me new. Does that ring false?—It's false-false-true. For truly, on an August afternoon much like today in 1994 I arrived on Second Avenue from far-off parts in my man-child's suit at the very moment a bicycling messenger came upon a stopped-short taxi and missiled through its rear windshield. At least his head did. The rest was meat on the hot ground and a passenger with a goring stain in his midsection who washed the pavement with tears and vomit. There was no man to hold. I stood in place beneath the flashing sun and turned away and turned watching and stood turning and here you find me staring you down across the meridian having given up all permanence to speech. Listener, onlooker, dim-starred crypto-pornographer, I cannot hide from what I witnessed that day in my throat and mind and in my hot vestigial self.