

2015

# Poetry Man

Liza Wells

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Wells, Liza. "Poetry Man." *The Iowa Review* 45.3 (2015): 191-194. Web.  
Available at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview/vol45/iss3/34>

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](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

## “Poetry Man”

*after Phoebe Snow*

*To recall the cull of this life.*

That one must harvest by selective annulment  
the body they will wed

and the body they will hustle  
from dress to tongue on the sly

for days  
I lay as a flank in my lover’s maw

swathed in wine while warm  
winds frisked the wisteria.

It was innocent.

He lashed my wrist to the mast.  
He tied my blind because I wanted

to be battered in the swell  
and blossoms purple still  
any place he pressed his mouth  
any place

I asked for it.  
By now I know, I begged:  
relieve your mouth its bland aperture

*Talk to me some more.*

~

*Home's that place somewhere you go each day*

In absence of his finger I have conveyed to my teeth  
a relentless procession of corn chips, zoned out

on the bedroom wall.

Little my tongue does for the hole it circumnavigates.

It was a clear day, sun jiggling figures from the leaves  
on the alien green of College Park

I was ocular in his arms

an enormous pupil, blown open.

We knew the hour had come  
by the way the light collected

raptured to several heavens  
there's no need to choose.

~

If choice is obviated “Le Paradis n’est pas artificiel”

his letter begins, anxiety of what is  
in back of each long note.

He compares me to a garden “Why weed what winter will kill?”

Fidelity is perennial, survives the cold cloaked as a peony.

He wishes me a grand carouse at the local dive, a dry  
bottom bun for my rubber burger  
and another man’s sex *bashful boy*.

~

do not touch the stove you will

fuse to its element    slaver over  
the burn.    *You don't have to go.*

*You're hiding something sweet*  
from this swollen thumb

and from these glossy welts derives  
the suspicion that I am truly sick.

Monstrously wooed by these  
reports of injury, he admits  
    "its invocation of parts. You have a thumb! Eyes!"

Instruments of agency. Logic divides  
pleasure from having

*give it to me*

All Medea's remonstrations ended on a blade,  
downed in the poisoned mug, draped in the tainted gown

but she never howled  
when love departed

she muscled out to meet him.