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2016

## [To lie down in still waters of erasure]

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### Recommended Citation

McSweeney, Joyelle. "[To lie down in still waters of erasure]." *The Iowa Review* 46.1 (2016): 10 Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7678>

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*[To lie down in still waters of erasure]*

To lie down in still waters of erasure,  
rinsed in noise. Static from old landlines  
debrides the air, plastic phones in dumps  
revise their toxic compositions. 300 feet  
rise from the factory roof, 150 souls  
are exported from Earth ahead of schedule.  
Phone rings, wrist lifts, eustachian fluid tilts,  
a vector communicates, one cell  
answers, one white note  
folds up in soft tissue. O when  
will it come to light? My medium  
is air, O lung, I am your morbid bride  
in white veil, white wreath, white ceremonies,  
a flower, a novice, and an infiltrate.