In This Square Room

Kenneth O. Hanson

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1113

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.
IN THIS SQUARE ROOM

I listen to a round rain
falling on the anarchic trees.
A car or two is stitching
its mechanical progress
up the hill. The wheels
sound like zippers being
opened. Athens I hear
has put up a papier maché
figure of a discus thrower
in Syntagma Square
assembled slowly from
the ground floor up—
the thighs, the crotch
a flying penis pointing
toward American Express
and there it stayed
three days exciting
tourists to photography
Greek women to their private jokes
and men to say it’s time
they put a prick on a pedestal
in Constitution Square—
three days and then
the project was complete
the head the torso and the disc
the whole thing painted bronze
three other copies
in the squares in town—
and slowly slowly
rain came down.
The orange trees
in Athens bore their fruit.
The windblown flowers
in my yard hang on.
The slow cars zipper up the street.
September 5, winter began.