1971

The High Pasture

Donald Hall

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

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1171

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.
THE BEAUTY

Your small curved thighs
billow, a sail
of summer days. My hand follows
the delicate swell.

You are an airplane.
You run at the air lifting yourself,
uncertain if you will fly
but sure that you are beautiful.

Yellow cat in the sun.
When you take me in
there is a sigh from your skin
and we rise from the grass together.

THE HIGH PASTURE

I am the hounds,
I am the fox.

I wake reassembling
torn muscle and fur
to run again
over raw fields
to a corner of stone.
I twitch
awake with the crazy
intolerable scent
of me in my nostrils.
Yet I am also the leaf
that breathes slowly in sun
by the wooden bridge
at the end of the pond
in the high pasture.