1974

The Commonwheel

Jack Myers

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.1645
THE COMMONWHEEL

I stepped outside the circle,  
tired of being pinched and bruised  
by the emotions our family used  
as telephones to say don’t change.

For years they yawned while I pushed out  
my suspenders like empty wings.  
I heard them name things and they’d harden.

So I sleep inside hunger  
like a grain of rice and wait  
for the cold to tear its shell off.

I live like the wrong answer  
among neighbors with heart attacks  
and cancer. They damn me, slam their doors  
and collect pride from bitter labors.

I should step inside and make believe  
the things they’ve bought can hold me  
like some force carved out of living things.

Then I will load myself down  
and exchange faces with these strangers  
who complain of seeing twice, not deep.

Jack Myers