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Well Water

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for TGB

The ground has seemed to know more thirst than the short hair on its back called grass, ruffling to it more now, suspicious of drought and whispers through it, wind, closer to a pet of wet feathers, when the ground gets more than the grass.

The swallow would like to help us all.
He watches us walk and has never mistaken a path for a river.
But it seems that excitement makes him sad; that he has a troubled memory; that he is too happy about flight.

The stone fountain, deep and hollow, is a shady green mystery by a path, made to be entered by a face.
This is how it was in winter.
This is how it was in spring.

A large puddle has already drowned some of the yellow weeds, and night has hollowed out a darkness we remember too often, ghosting it with headlights, water witching anywhere, anywhere, and with a turkey wishbone.

What you took in apples I took in handfuls from a watering can, the well water meant for the flowers.
The smell of the gravel is as it should be.
The rain is ahead of me already on the path.

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