The Proof

Russell Edson

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a head that does not settle  
in the cup of my palms like cloudy water  
a head I might strike  
on the smog-brown backside of night  
and set the blue tongues singing under my soup

The Proof / Russell Edson

He looks from a window, leaning his elbows on a windowsill; and he is  
like the head of a turtle peering from the body-house . . .  
Then suddenly, before he can know, the windowsill goes soft; his elbows  
dent down as if into fresh dough.  
The walls begin to swell into melting breasts and drooping eyelids that  
slide to the floor.  
The ceiling weighs down, and the light fixture is the umbilicus of an ex-
tended belly; a pregnancy smiling the happy, if not foolish, revelation.  
The windows sag into closing ovals, as though lips of people whistling  
whose lips are becoming earth even before their songs are done.

Out of the tracings of windows and doors, the corners of rooms, that  
shimmer on the surface he emerges as from a pudding . . .

The Shuttle / Russell Edson

I think of a village where the dying are put in automobiles . . . Where  
the dying slowly lift from the ground in automobiles, rising over thatched  
rooves . . .  
. . . The old man begins to feel a little better. He yawns almost refreshed  
—yes, quite refreshed; he’s getting younger!  
The automobile changes into a four-poster bed.  
He becomes a little boy sailing through the clouds in a crib.  
And then, what seems a spot no bigger than a distant bird, develops into  
a tiny village, like those seen when traveling in snow-covered mountains.