1978

Fragments

Stephen Dobyns

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2379
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Now there is a slit in the blue fabric of air. His house spins faster. He holds down books, chairs; his life and its objects fly upward: vanishing black specks in the indifferent sky.

The sky is a torn piece of blue paper. He tries to repair it, but the memory of death is like paste on his fingers and certain days stick like dead flies.

Say the sky goes back to being the sky and the sun continues as always. Now, knowing what you know, how can you not see thin cracks in the fragile blue vaults of air?

My friend, what can I give you or darkness lift from you but fragments of language, fragments of blue sky. You had three beautiful daughters and one has died.