Three Secrets for Alexis

Jane Miller

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Eliot's lesson from Dante
that the poet be servant
not master of language
that he attend craft
and stretch
his emotional range
omits how to
begin the awesome
first draft.
Here technique
and emotional veracity
count but
like young wheat
we care less
for an act of mind
than a good
wind and countryside.
Birds pipe supper
and through the note
pleasure somehow
translates.
Good and good in itself,
I have two lovers,
one slower than summer
another like a sea comb,
empty and full.
I hear the old
habits of speech, for ex.,
in this country we say no
for yes
we bite into
a taco at the same time
slugging a beer.
Alexis,
eyes dreams lips and the night goes
was Pound's only line
I heard for years
because in heat its meter
undressed me. In empty space
magnetic fields exist
for no reason. How to use ideas
while living
a line, happy tension!
Turtles, quail,
a downpour
and two hailstorms
in one day are equal
access to knowledge.
Writers who work
in their separate mornings
join the woodchuck
and the missing cat
in the beauty of an act
you spoke about,
placing a candle in a tree.
Light

in a gravitational field
falling turns bluer,

the spruce’s new needles
greener

for a poem in the form of an axe.
June, July, August

three secrets
whose time we use

as in sleep
differently to imagine

our sprint and the thrush’s
fear when the tree falls,

your idea
about the candle catching fire.