Mist

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2627
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This quick intelligence that only knows
distracted, blind,
poking like a nose,
forever trying to finger the distinctions: the rose
that opens in the rose,
that opens in
the mist,
its geography

much quicker than
its history.
I live in it, it lives in me, whore to, heir to,
I am the one it does unto. . . .
And this is its shoreline: the edge of the continent, of the whole
idea, the ragged rocks
becoming foam,

where the sky drops this low each day to fish for us.
*It should burn off,* they say,
yet see it eat
the bony rocks,
its fog-flesh making everything
part of itself until

I am the fish that ate the fish that ate the littlest,
in thought,
in afterthought;
swimming the one world deaf, waving, goodbye for motor,
fish that can’t hear
itself swim, its hum
in the water;
swimming this other as
the rose inside the rose that keeps on opening; and then
this other still
wherein it is a perfect rose
because I snap it
from the sky,

because I want it,

another, thicker, kind of sight.