1981

Epithalamion

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2681
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Our mound of earth dug up
for a new sidewalk
is as graceful as the dunes we drive to see
The seen
dwarfs our scale we feel it
tugging at our brow

and bow
like guests in it yet we
for bending are allowed to
sing
some blond dune’s surface
We believe what we see

through the image is the song
at its source
and so assume the world
love shares our intelligence
of heart the natural
hug the quick kiss overturned The smug

like their smiles more than what makes them
smile
white cows in November meadows
in the galactic ravines
Venus enters the Bull at birth and again at will
A door shuts twice

The twelve rings of the night outposts
reefs pockets of great abandon what
we expected poetry to be
as children yield As women
we are beautiful for remembering
how to relax all force
in an unmeasured field
  The moment heals
Out past where the shale you think is
going to hold and doesn't
silverfish leap from the water
  Tears are worlds not seen