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Keeping the Heat Down \textit{Frances McConnel}

He would have liked this floorplan, 
my father, and our desert night-chill. 
In winter no matter the heat 
in the rest of the house, one hustles 
down the long hall to a brisk dip in the sheets. 
In their bedroom in Alaska, they kept perishables— 
apples so cold they snapped when you bit them. 
In the morning, the water in the glass 
on my mother’s side of the bed was all ice.

I used to iron in there; I liked the hint 
of perfume in her sheer blouses, the iron 
nosing his sweat from the cuffs. Mother teased 
that he bathed like the Puritan farm son 
he once was—when necessary. It meant 
doing the bed clothes twice weekly 
and some implied indelicacy 
I didn’t want detailed. I breathed 
love and authority in the loose steam.

In bed in the cooling darkness, 
I dreaded his coming in to open the vents 
under the thermopane windows with their stout 
brown curtains sealing out 
June’s all night twilight, 
December’s pin-pricks of ice. 
Then he went out and I pulled them shut.

When we were little, to catch us 
up to no good, that is, reading 
after lights out, he licked his thumb 
and tested the bulb—a small hiss. 
Little criminals—my brothers and I. I still shrank 
from his step, though too old to spank. 
He didn’t argue; he just came back and redid it.
When I was fourteen, I decided to sleep raw like Tuesday Weld. My boy friend quoted an article about her from Coronet: her skin like the breath of Winesaps. My first defiance, though kept under covers; and I, whom my mother used to shake five minutes to rouse, would spring awake miraculous, when anyone's hand touched the door. One night I woke screaming, and he surrendered forever his rights over my nightmares.

What did he want, keeping the heat down in our veins? He certainly didn't get it. What did we learn from him? Not to argue but to sneak out, warmly dressed, to our undoings, tiptoeing in from the entry toward morning, clods of snow stuck to our wool socks. Sliding into snow linen, we heard the boards knock under my mother's feet as she turned up the thermostat to his daily allowed maximum that was never enough for us, not even tucked into our enormous sweaters.

After he died, she turned it up permanently. Called home from my family, asleep next to her or, rather, matching my breaths to her faked breaths—as close as I could come to a caress—I began for the first time at night to swelter. I stared at the phone on the night stand, still the only one in the house. My father ruled the phone was not an instrument of pleasure. We watched when the coast was clear, on the alert to zip on our parkas and go call our sweethearts. We had a reputation for passion then, my brothers and I: the way our voices shook saying goodbye.