1984

Anniversary

Judith Kroll

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We stayed married too long.

Now this lovely baby beams like an elf
in his nest of toys,

fruit of confusion
who lives in perfect sounds.

What happens next? Drifting in mist,
we pull in all directions at once,

away from that airy gallery
with its brooding models of the true and good.

Look—you are running one night
up those steep hundred steps to the temple
where Mother Kali lives,

and four drunk boys, smirking like cinema hoods,
nudge and abuse you.

You have a crazy temper and you fight
so they do, and soon
their pooled cowardice inflames them

till you lie in front of the temple
smashed like a stone dog.

They leave you now
to the deep enchantment crashing down,

silence a part of the darkness,
the temple monkeys drowned in sleep.

Tell me. What is really important?
What is the last thing you think of?