1985

Sunset over Hand-Made Church

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Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3155
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Like, people get emotionally tied to the first person who fucks them up the ass, god willing,

we were driving toward Biarritz & stopped to call Alexis, exhilaration in our voices as we described the scenery, an emotion akin to Carlos Williams’ man swinging a shirt over his head or Hass’ shouting hello to an empty house,

& as the one pleasure of the traveler holding a lemon to his nose on a windless day is to know he can leave,

the week we saw Arles we enlarged everything out of our minds, Arles exactly as painted by Van Gogh, the goldenrod, wheat, apple trees, no one tending them in all the hours we drove, for the French, odd, not a soul,
the difference being
we had each other & were still
believing in a god,
menage a trois, the next day slept between mountains
where the proprietor caught trout
& we ate in the poised and spirited
style of women alone
among men in the immaculate
dining room,

like a picture of a country dining room serving rose
pears.

What a night in a featherbed
in a room with a high ceiling,
life has been good, good, finding
our empty purse & providing
the wine we drink under a quilt.

I did not want anyone to see that my face was so happy,

because I had slipped into the face of my dead,
who know so precisely what to relive
with their heads calmed
like a unicorn in the lap of a virgin,

& through me drive through
France

with you, this gentle self Jane who
buys a paper & crosses the square for a beer
in Tourrette-sur-Loup, scaling the terraces of the olive
trees after lunch

to play the wooden flute.

It's this distance from you,
this freedom we have to forgive,
that keeps us on a tether

like goats, exactly like

ghosts.