Recipe for Night

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All the ingredients share the same purpose. Put in the stars where the darkness was blinded by light. Their sighs can be heard from great distances like a flavor.

And put in the moon when it is a full cup. That pure light is better than any milk.

You can see your dreams with it. You can hear what the sun whispers to it. What the other side of the earth won’t yet tell.

What else can we put in? Don’t forget the darkness hurrying to be remembered. It leans into this stirring like a close shadow, like a wind out to make trouble for the leaves.

So put in a pinch of darkness, spoon of darkness, dash of darkness; it’s all the same.
Night turns out the same, 
even if the moon closes 
its eye, even if 
the stars shine breathless.

**MY GRAVEYARD POEM**

Plenty of melancholy. 
The little plots 
so neatly trimmed because 
the dead like it that way.

And the pots of flowers 
that perk up the scene 
with their need to bloom. 
And a few birds, the first

visitors, to break the solitude. 
Let them perch and peck. 
They seem to be the only ones not so afraid

of one or two ghosts. 
And the caretaker, who makes the rounds, for whom time has not yet stopped.

All those who doze 
in their underground beds 
cannot dream the world back. 
Only the granite headstone,

cold and leaning, comes close. 
And on it those markings that shrink life 
to the pause between two