Fixing the Window

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I want to believe the teeth still chatter,
from winter cold or summer passion.
I want to believe in an ardor as keen
as the homing pigeon's, who reconnoiters, banks,
lands, and coos like a fool in the dark.

**FIXING THE WINDOW**

It is the way some vandal left it,
like a spider's web askew—
a spin of shards, the spaces themselves
all hunks within the piecemeal shatter.

I tape the lines of it, follow them
as though they were the window's silver bones,
edgy in the sunlight. Then
I cover all the pane,
cellophane row on row, horizontal,
vertical—inside and out.

Serviceable window, light shedder
of slanted rectangles, kerosene rainbows,
and out of which I watch the school children
at play, rough-housing, tumbling,
half unclear through the distances
between us, the wishful scrim of repair.

**THE CHORE**

The night we arrived home from our trip, father knew
something was wrong in the root cellar.
It was September, very late, tomorrow would do
for us to see, but I saw his light later
on move quick across the yard,
down the low near slope, and disappear.