Paragrams

Edward Kleinschmidt

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Paragrams

In a manner of speaking: a man here, a woman there. At the table with blue napkins unfolded, the steam from coffee unfolding, the black sky, the streetlights on and on—this is the construction, this touching legs underneath the table, elegant and primitive talk. The message is worked in for tomorrow, that funny word cartwheeling in spring grass. When the thermometer tells the truth and the wristwatch will wake us for it, we will be called off the monkey bars back in to science, old subjective science held together with gyros. After the rope-burns from too much pulling have healed, we're ready to become truly anonymous, for the better, for each other's sake, the opposite of enormous, greedy, one-up. The world has gone kind of hypnotic, the drug of the elevator, the shiny eyes, change of address, the crowd-pleasers: backgammon in Bedlam, breakfast tea in Bethlehem, one hundred year old coffee still on the back burner burning up. It's a blur, a being dragged around town tied to the bumper. It's a war: so-and-so knocked down so-and-so's fence, freshly painted. Finely died has double meanings. Some mornings the mourning doves sound insincere. Who knows, the cat patrolling the sidewalks rolls for strangers, we're all friends, we're harmless. The night sky with braids of light, dressed, undressed, dressed. The rest of us here forget. Forget the man falling off his horse, the pine cones falling, the easy gallop of light in the trees, the slow line past the baker's, the rooftops conversing and angular, the wildness of leaves painted on the Chinese elms. The message of the tea-pot is not only drink, it's has drunk, will finish, will drink, will sit in
the sink afterwards. It's the will do this, will do that, picking up the obvious stone for another ocean, bending over, leaning into what appears to be a second light after the first has finished.