Doves in January

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DOVES IN JANUARY

Long o’s, long o’s, long o’s, and then a pause, a whistle more like someone’s voice than song, as if in a moment a day could pass from nothing’s grief to some becoming grace. You want to hear it longer, then it’s gone. Long o’s, long o’s, long o’s, and then a pause.

The morning’s dove-gray too; it carries us to some deep corner, to an attic room, as if in a moment a day could pass.

Sometimes the difficult, tired child in us refuses to hear any other sound—long o’s, long o’s, long o’s, and then a pause—a momentary wish, this tenderness at the window, not too close but human, as if in a moment a day could pass.

Light rain coming down the color of keys, a daybreak’s flawless stillness, cold yet warm. Long o’s, long o’s, long o’s, and then a pause, as if in a moment a day could pass.