1992

Lawn Mower

Michael Heffernan

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4161

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
LAWN MOWER

When I came out on the far end of the swath exposed by the five-blade push-reel lawn mower I had aimed in one direction till it reached the fence that keeps my yard from my neighbor’s woods, I stopped and looked around at the green sea with its wake of cuttings, and I asked myself Why would you want to do a thing like that? and then I stood the mower against the fence and walked back up the path to the garage where the boxes on the shelves along one wall kept magazines and toys and hand-me-downs and the open sack of cow manure on the floor held promise of more grass I would not mow, and on the windowsill the radio played Copland’s “Fanfare for the Common Man” amidst a rubble of wirenuts and flathead screws.