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On the Note of the New Terror

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Proximity to your hair is the butter next to the cat’s tongue.
Proximity was once the watch word, so close to the eye.
Right after the word sex, a person appears in parentheses at the beginning of the sextet.
That is the type of proximity that I adore.
Sun, moon, weather, clouds, grapes and seasons. One after the other.
One year I flew to Japan 21 times to be the father, the mother, the violinist, the tourist, and the gentle physicist. The peanut will grow curling its roots around the red yarn. That too, is a type of proximity. The engineer flourishes as he writes the words notes for terror on a napkin before he sleeps with his cousin.

Back to the seduction of the dentist’s wife. Washing her feet before I put them in my mouth. Everything I do is a balancing act if you think of the water in the tub running to block out the muffler’s roar, one pear on the nose like a seal of your approval. Proximity is everything like that adage about location. Local, local local local I love how the I’s would touch or could be me becoming loco. This started out not to put too fine a point on it.
But it was perfect weather for a police boat on the third river and to scatter my father’s ashes.
I had my father’s ashes in my eyes, on my skin and it was all treated matter of factly. My twin sister demanded to read a poem and pointed to the sailboat on a collision course with our laughter.