The Image in a World of Flux

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The Image in a World of Flux

As black as tropic heat on a windowless night, black as the center of poison, black as the scorched edges of an old prayer, the cat sits upright, tail curled around her paws.

She's the only consistent being here for as far as anyone can see, surrounded as she is by shooting and sinking pellets of plains, by fields that startle in rattles and coughs, rivers that mend in curtsies, relinquish in spells, reclaim in gales and graveyards.

Yet she sits, a composition of bone and bevy, throat strumming, satiated, oriental, dozing. Her reflection on the sky in the swarmy sea is split open and sealed constantly, copped and bound, snatched in hooks of salt, rocked by pistons and wheels of water, fang and whisker drawn under, yawning and licking lifted up.

Her reflection rests serene in puzzled fragments on the glass dome smashed and glued together again and again.

As still as a marble saint in a vault, as stopped as 12:00 midnight spoken aloud, she's the measuring rod, the magnetic pole, the spine, the axis around which the rattles of the surf strike, ameliorate, reverse themselves, define their exploding equations,
deny their names in fog and ice. She’s the base
tagged and abandoned repeatedly.
Watch out. Watch out. There’s a sudden
conflagration. A flame catches hold
at the corner of this picture beginning
to crisp and curl under, smoke and ashes moving
rapidly in a diagonal across the world
toward my fingers.
But see, she’s leaping, leaping,
white now, invisible, up and out, escaping
to clutch a bare branch as real and definite
as this network of black cracks we see spread
in its steady place across the blank,
blank ceiling over our heads.

TRIAL AND ERROR

The right prayer might be a falling
prayer spiralling down in the throats
and raised wings and white warmth
of tumbling pigeons, the joy
of a beseeching abandon, or a crossing
prayer in the fingers of oak branches
over themselves, their display
of a hopeful wind, or a drifting
prayer in the cerise petals
loosed and dropping from a stalk
of wild betony, a proclamation
in dissolution.

It may take two every night, maybe three
every dawn—prayers offered of one fact
against another—milkweed against winter,
reflected face against water, rapid
barking against fear.