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The Soda Fountain

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One thing you could do, the druggist declares
is to move your road
so it goes by my soda fountain.

He pushes the brush aside to reveal
a counter hidden by the vegetation
covering the back of his pharmacy.

Your road is the only aisle
that doesn’t lead to the row
of mushroom-shaped stools.

The druggist peers at my sister and me,
his face pink as bubblegum
above his white whiskers,
   his suit
a perfume made from cloth.

My sister and I pick stools capped with red,
   and sit . . .

A knot of grape vines twists around a tin
as Ponce de Leon IV—for that is his name,
snips it in two with a pair
of shears taken from his belt.

This vegetation is worse
than the water was, he proclaims.
And since, obviously, the two of you
can’t have children,
you’ve got to settle some people here soon.

We already know that, we say.
But none of our advertising
seems to have worked.
A fan suspended from the ceiling
by a long pipe
slowly turns the air over
as the druggist ponders our unspoken question.

I can't sell you time, he says finally.
Somehow, you've got to turn this flood of vegetation
to your advantage.
He points to our seats—
you see, these are real mushrooms.

THE LIBRARY

We can't give her books away,
I tell my sister.
The library is all we have left of our mother.
From it we should gain
a deep and varied understanding of her mind.

As we wind among its shelves,
I clean the plaster from a book at random.
Inside—
our mother's name and address inscribed
in faded ink above a map of Pompeii.

Do you think we should even be here,
my sister whispers.
What if we find something we don't want to know.
She stares at a shrine to Priapus.

I'm not sure what you mean, I reply
rather stiffly.
Oh stop it, she says. Here's one on gardens.

Where does this passage lead,
my sister's voice booms from ahead—