How Odd This Landscape

Vicent Salvador

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.4265
where in the galaxy, whether you are spring or winter, whether your body blooms or ages, or is sheer mind grooved by the paths of knowledge. Mention your sex, adding plentiful details, and any other coordinates that may help locate you in the sideral magma you depart from.

Nobody’s words will be yours, and the inner walls of the cave will resound with strokes, the answer to a voice in the void, not resting until heard, remaining forever said, proud words spinning on the reel of a poet.

**How Odd This Landscape**

How odd this landscape for death, where our memory—knives on fire—dictates with which fingernails by which murky waters we once made love.

Lunar trees defeated among the rocks, too exhausted for love, and fearing the woodcutter—we hear bodies creak by night.