January
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for Karen

She calls me by my first name. I am up the hill. In the moonlight all the land is black and white. No majesty like the one before me burning, every step into the forest. Away from the house. Matthew. I can hear it like the bells. She opens honey for her hands. In my nose I can feel her. Matthew. The brook repeats and repeats. My body is timber against the cold. Earth is quiet between my ribs. Her mother is buried here. Next to a harpsichord built from fingernails. Play each melody twice, once in its own heartbeat, once for the dying things come out of it. Matthew. I am up the hill screaming at the brook. I know you. The snow is blue. A bell fills up a child’s stomach. This is one dream when she opens the honey jar: her mother’s breasts knocking against the door. Like this. Like this. Tidal waves in the jungle. Near the red logger’s tractor, Matthew. From the harpsichord, a breath old with snow. All these lives too. Where the branches snap. I am in the hill. She is calling: Come inside before your tongue blows apart. All these lives. I hear them. In the trees. When my ears dissolve. Her mother twirling twigs on a knee. Each angel born quiet.