1996

After the Wedding Party

Matthew Rohrer

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.4647

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
Matthew Rohrer

After the Wedding Party

The sun set early on the forest
of coffee-stirrers,
on the cold-blooded buildings,
churches among them.

The light bent back the branches,
where a mockingbird purled
like a hack on trombone.
I was involved in a physical act
I was unable to understand
—in love, but also walking back
to the dining car on a train going 80 miles an hour.
I strongly believed the Truth was a fixed point
in the trees, watching me travel
through the southern nightfall
backwards recklessly. I misunderstood.
My lover cradled a camera
to her weakened eyes—“I want
to take a picture of where the night
just was.” Common decency forbade me
from expressing my love
down her shirt under the mothering eye
of a town’s watertower.
The tower said “Smile America”
and “I plugged Heather Griggs.”