Resurrection Update

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Six Poems · James Galvin

AGRICULTURE

for Richard Borgmann

Tonight the rain can’t stand up straight, but once,
Watching over my shoulder, the ten wheeling suns
Of the double siderake rolling new mown hay
Over and over and over and over
Into the windrow like a thick green rope,
I was nothing
But a window sailing through the night,
And once when twenty horses wild together
All winter, galloped towards me down the road
With Harrison whooping behind them and
The little stock dog barking at their heels,
And me there to turn them into the corral
From the middle of the road, their eighty
Hooves a roll of thunder in the earth,
Me with a stupid piece of rope in my hand,
I was nothing
But a window sailing through the night.

RESURRECTION UPDATE

And then it happened.
Amidst cosmic bursting and booming
Gravity snapped,
That galactic rack and pinion.

Trees took off like rockets.
Cemeteries exploded.
The living and the dead
Flew straight up together.

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Only up was gone. Up was away. 
Earth still spun 
As it stalled and drifted darkward, 
Sublime, 

An aspirin in a glass of water. 

**TWO HORSES AND A DOG** 

Without external reference, 
The world presents itself 
In perfect clarity. 

Wherewithall, arrested moments, 
The throes of demystification, 
Morality as nothing more 
Than humility and honesty, a salty measure. 

Then it was a cold snap, 
Weather turned lethal so it was easier 
To feel affinity 
With lodgepole stands, rifted aspens, 
And grim, tenacious sage. 

History accelerates till it misses the turns. 
Wars are shorter now 
Just to fit into it. 

One day you know you are no longer young 
Because you've stopped loving your own desperation. 
You change *life* to *loneliness* in your mind 
And, you know, you need to change it back. 

Statistics show that 
One in every five 
Women 
Is essential to my survival.