Provisional

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The prospect seen as false: the listening breeze a fountain echoes, the puckered lips of poppies planted in rows three deep to set a boundary. And then this calm. (I leaned against worked granite of philanthropy, watched passersby flicker as on a screen. I was a momentary flaw in one Monday’s flow to another office Monday, a lapse in the week’s work.) This thrush says surrender sorrow, his song a small aggression taken for joy. Soon I will repent one early regret, not to have heard his first cry take the day. (The male bird claims the branch he clutches in his claws, and thinks he owns the scene.) Today what can be asked for can be had, late sleep in a fall of sunlight through closed blinds, and then the sound of water arching with no consequence, the leisure of an aimless walk. (The men who own this afternoon make sense of Sunday cities, their parks strung like a noose around the margin, crabtrees with their inedible burdens stationed along the paths. Money like late spring forces everything into flower.) Here I am falling asleep with just this life, my spendthrift days given away willingly, the bruised and fallen apples only fruit.