1994

Poem Ending with a Stanza by Rilke

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4772
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.