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about this snow I’d say
little,
less than necessary,
it’s so
readily available for metaphor or melting
which is not the same as transcendence or transformation, erosion—
we’re not sure what it means,
who we might be without these—forms
define us whether or not we willingly conform, assert some
desperate arrogance—

and speaking of moons: I don’t believe,
necessarily, there was one:

for example;

. . . when the narrator says he’s lost consciousness or is dreaming of his mother maybe his first memory his birth—I tend to doubt his hazy reportage.

He says and now a word about . . .
but obviously means more than one.
He says a fake ceiling and means
a real ceiling made out of something
other than what other ceilings are made out of.

    The snow is not going anywhere
doesn't mean it isn't coming down and
even if I knew what color exactly
the sky blanked out to doesn't mean
I'd tell you
    or could tell you
except by way of saying
    something
else—saying something
    close to what I mean—
something,
    not like a mirror to my soul
and not like looking at but seeing
    yourself, the backing painted not plated
silver, worthless, altogether—

this doesn't mean I don't remember—

    ( the snow a window the child we did not conceive that night
    I saw you then this is another winter that's still my picture
    the harsher elements of our beginning to love and love) you
probably remember it differently—

    Whose place is it to say what happened?

The snow is not a symbol but literal.

You happened
    and happen to be here—
where I am—
    which changes and is always,
from my point of view, first person.
I'm not the narrator or speaker.
   I make a mess of omens:
   This snow
   doesn't mean anything;

   I suppose
   you're sleeping and may be seeing
   something else entirely
or nothing—
   sometimes, you say
   *don't make too much of it.*

It is just snow.

   I try putting lilacs in your dream but can't be sure you'll see them;
   they're so far out of season. I can't make them make sense.

About this snow I'd say
   you're sleeping and are
as beautiful this night
   as that night and that night and

that night in New Haven
   when the snow came down
and I didn't make too much of it—
   we were, in it

the moment
   I made a picture of
   to look at later—
   now
   you're different—here— (I never imagined)
   three winters later—