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The Stars beneath My Feet

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the event of melody played rapidly
in counterpoint by masters
of guitar, oboe and horn.

This comes closer: glass chimes
and one cymbal with soft brush
create the night sky quietly
restless with stars, just as
the still surface of a pond
restless in slow rain creates
glass chimes and one cymbal
with soft brush.

To simplify—you and I side
by side in bed on the blue-
checked quilt mean: place fingers
on these strings, hold bow
at this angle, draw easily.

THE STARS BENEATH MY FEET

Not the burrowing star-nosed
mole nor the earth roots of the star-
thistle nor the yellow star flowers
of stargrass, not the fallen webs
and empty egg sacs of star-bellied
spiders, not blood stars nor winged
sea stars tight on their tidal rock
bottoms, and I don’t mean either
the lighted star-tips of the lantern
fish and angler fish drifting
miles deep at the ocean’s end
of their forever good night.

I mean those actual stars filling
the skies directly below me with ignited
hubs and knotted assemblies combusting into the waves of their own momentum, the same stars in kind as the ones above—gaseous blue clusters of clouds expelling hot super stellars, fusing galaxy upon galaxy of old histories and reverberations. Those stars.

Were the earth made of glass, any of us could look down now and see them speeding away deeper into their vast eras of math and glory existing immediately beneath us where we stand suspended.

Even while marsh rains slowly fill the hoof prints of passing deer, even while flocks of lark and longspur fly across the evening with accordion motions of fracture and union, even while you, fragranced with sleep, draw me close or send me out, stars and myriads of stars possess their places, surrounding us as if their facts bore us upward from below, sheltered us in matrices of invisible canopies above, as if they graced us with a balance manifest in their far numbers extending away equally on our left and on our right.

They are the designated ancestors of our eyes created in the lasting moments of their own dead light. They keep us on all sides bound safe within their spheres and apart from that great dire and naught existing beyond the known and measurable edges of their established dominions.