Lustrum

Carl Phillips

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Not less; only—different. Not everything should be visible.

Wingdom:

do\v0es. Not everything can be. There are many parts to the body. The light, like

I said. Gratia exempli, per person more than one heart. As, of hearts,

more than one kind. As coin. As thrust. To begin counting is to understand what it can mean, to lose track. Is there nothing not useful? Anything left, anymore, private? Ambition, like they said: little torch;

having meant to. Doom is always in style somewhere and, where it isn’t, will come back. Bird in the bush, take me. Splendor: nothing priceless. To believe anything, to want anything—these,
too, have cost you. Flame, 
and the beveled sword, set

inside it. This one,  
this—what did you think 
body was? What did you

mean when you said 
not everything should 
be said? The light as a tipped 
cone, searching. The body
that breaks
finally, routinely faltering

before that. If a sword, 
then without patience; if as 
water—pearled, swift. What else 

could you have thought, 
when you thought 
love—having known

the torch, having more than 
meant to. Just watch me. Not 
grand; only—distant. Weather, 

and the bleachable skull, 
set inside it. Locust-wind, small 
through-the-yellow-sycamore

fingering wind, 
Carry me, 
let the prayer—valiant, up—

go. Some bright and 
last thing
should.