2002

Roger on Guitar, 1969

Carol Potter

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5620

This Content is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
CAROL POTTER

Roger on Guitar, 1969

I didn’t mean to walk out of the apartment without a word. Roger was playing his guitar and it was raining outside. I was in the alcove on acid. Roger playing his guitar. It was treble. It was three notes and it was the same three notes and it was going to go on being those three notes.

I couldn’t speak. I walked past the secret service in the hallway looking for Dave gone awol. He had narcolepsy. What did they want with a sleeping GI? Asleep on the jeep and the mines going off around him. I stood in the rain over the black water—traffic at my back and Coca Cola sign on the surface of the Charles breaking apart in the rain. I saw I was in the world now. Not in my parents’ domain. It seemed easy to go beyond them.

To walk away from Roger’s apartment. To have no idea where Dave went.