The World of Noise

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5694
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The landscape was full of newsreels, a thin film of dust settling over them. I could no longer sleep, but lay always awake

& dreaming while awake I dreamed the newsreels weren’t real. The landscape was full of newsreels that told us something bad had happened, but we refused to believe it. Refused to sleep, but lay always awake

& dreaming that the sound of the newsreels would someday cease rattling its bones across the landscape. Full of newsreels our dreams reeled, we woke up clicking, a thin film of dust settling over us. We could no longer sleep, but lay always awake

inside the newsreels that told us our worst dreams. Told us this landscape was the new real. Told us we could no longer sleep & we lay always awake.