Some Roads in Iowa

Jill Osier
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He lived down the street, on a dead end known as Boulevard. A quiet boy I grew up drawn to, he grew lean, curving hard and away like a good pitch or trout.

We are never loving what we think we are. Never simply. The first thing we loved we don’t even remember: a corner of fabric, some handle. When we loved again, perhaps a sound, we were actually trying to hear fabric. We listened for corners.

What toy, looking back, taught me wrong? It said to pull apart its hemispheres, let its insides tumble out. It said to fill the hollowness again, matching pieces to same-shaped holes. My many-eyed pumpkin. My few-starred sky.

Good reasons, beyond this, loomed for every shape, for North Fifth turning onto a boulevard, for the chance that we too would turn into something else—ourselves—or touch.
I was still a girl. I watched my left foot step
into what would be a shape, saw hips
then hands follow. I left sleep for concrete
outside his basement bedroom window,
sat at the screen for the sound of his breathing.

The hollow
more than shape is certain,
unfinished as some roads in Iowa
—or childhood, where the sounds started,
where we listened hard.