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Dottie and the Plymouth Rocks

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Now it’s dark, and our imagining is easier.
The single bulb is burning in the chicken house.
Don’t touch that wire. Electricity will seize
hold of you, Dottie; the current will seize
hold and melt the metal buttons off your blouse.
Now it’s dark: imagining is easier.

If there’s a lion in the chicken house, it’s sire of our trouble then; Detroit Edison cannot rouse the beast. An agency is coming out to seize
the stove. The rooster’s wild, with rapier-like spurs. Please, don’t try to corner him! Use common sense; then, imagining is easier.

The hens are brooding on glass eggs: four-year hens: They’re all laid out.
Such ammonia would unhorse the lion’s roar, but it’s immune to seizures.

The lion hasn’t any lungs. This bare wire lion. This bad ground lion. This meter counting up bad debts: Imagining this dark is easy, the lion eating hens, glass, light, everything it sees.