Echo

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Echo

Talking picture: silent poem—

the entire world is at work
Tonight. I work in a silence

that prays the rare turn to sound.
I make nothing. I am fracture.
I walk in the dark egg

of another September night
that is cool, that is
cool, as though the moon is a mouth
that blows on its wound.

We are early in the life of the poet.
He knows so little of light,
so little of shadow. He knows down
town as a metaphor. He knows
that the constellations are at work tonight,

whoring again their stories of strife.
He is in search of a friend. A poem
is in search of its body. Down
toward the river, the skyline
broaches its phalanx of broken teeth.
Up above, in the crueling sky, sky.

Up above, in the crueling sky, sky
broaches its phalanx of broken teeth.
Toward the river the skyline
searches for its body, downed,
dammed in, beached, like the end of a poem
walled up against competitive life.
The constellations are at work tonight. 
Beteleguse. Bellatrix. The hunter's bow 
in elegy graffitied across the endless black gate. 
We know so little of light: it dies, 
though we are early in the life of it.

A beautiful night. Its large, lambent moon 
lets down a 
light 
that only happens in 

September. Say it. September. Fragile 
as an egg now. 
Teetering. Parabolic. Broken teeth in the mouth 
that prays the rare turn to sound.

Tonight, I work in a silence. 
The entire world is at work 

—silent poem: talking picture.