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No Wonder

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We were sitting in our Adirondacks high up in the Appalachians, sipping margaritas. Our dog Bigdog chewed spikes of grass, worried perhaps we’d again get out the suitcase, and time immeasurable and those nights with strangers would commence. But we were staying put. The clouds had moved on, multiplying the stars. Though we missed the penumbra around the moon and its curious shadows, not to mention the feeling that we might be concealed, we welcomed the suddenly omnipresent sky, toasted it with those margaritas. No wonder so many before us dreamed an existence up there. Before electricity. Before science and its more verifiable maybes. They didn’t have suitcases to pack. They weren’t lucky like us to have an animal they didn’t need to eat. Hear that, Bigdog? I said, your worries should have a little more historical perspective. This world is ours. We’re going nowhere tonight.