Brick Dust

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*Brick Dust*

Whispers between rooms,  
or not. Just the sock basket  
midair, swinging from pins  
and embroidery floss. Was  

there a river? Are we still  
under two layers of raw blue  
flannel, reading instead of  
the obvious? Someone told  

me that flour on the calves  
is a sign of missed chances.  
But what about Wednesday  

morning, in the hall under  

Boykin, your corduroy to  
my cinderblock, shuttle bus  
idling in the bay. They now  
call blankets *warming* instead  

of *electric*. You might find  
me in a bathtub full of chalk  
and glycerin one day, asleep.  
Why not say we planned it?  

There’s a church of cat hair  
and thread under our table.  
Go deliver your slides, sign  
all of the desk rosters, stall  

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the service elevator for two minutes against the garbage and button-pressers. I'll be in the corner, like fifth grade only meaner. Tapioca, resin, steel wool. My back against a screen door. The damp tang of mercurochrome and nettles.