

2007

# Captivity

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## Recommended Citation

Witte, John. "Captivity." *The Iowa Review* 37.3 (2007): 122-122. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6286>

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## *Captivity*

She holds her breath  
she's sick of the goats my daughter says  
if they mean so much to you then you feed them she cannot

stand the darkness  
in the small barn her father built  
the spider webs heavy with dust hanging like torn velour

the slick path  
and sloshing water bucket bad enough  
the goat thrusting his nose between her legs and now this

wasps' hive  
droning in the rafters the gibbering  
swallows swerving into their mud gourd nest a rustling

fleshy commotion  
inside the stinking billy wagging  
his member the brown berries of shit on the straw

once she forgot  
to close the gate fearful  
they'd run away but there they were contentedly browsing

once she  
found a rat fallen into  
the plastic grain bin frantically digging in the foot

of food trapped  
in its heaven she heard it  
squeal scuttling up the sheer walls and falling back.