2009

Of Doves and Madness

Julianne Buchsbaum

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

This Content is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
Of Doves and Madness

Come errors, come seasons, these vestiges into the air. Teach me ancient Greek and logic, teach me hints, teach me to emerge tighter in the night, covered with ink. You for a while on oil-colored wings.

All around lost sparrows, dusty old town logic; we retry, enter terror, try harder, and the dead lost world rolls bickering beneath brackets that backslide into atrocities. We sleep on hard cots as lexicons and primers start the day and no one owns this snow. You with your sultan desolations are what menaces: over pylons jays tilt like drive-by machines. You wrong the dead with your boredom, pondering odd vestiges of autumn. The mind sees itself as the body of autumn, its axis of lost creatures, its germs, these brown leaves of the body of me and all this physical.