2009

Onset of Winter

Anna Lowe

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

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6767

This Contents 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.
ANNA LOWE

Onset of Winter

Red morning. Leaves plastered
to the sidewalk like the footprints
marking dance steps in beginner’s
ballroom classes. How else
will young couples know when
to step together, when to turn,
step apart? The city is cold, strands
of Christmas lights meandering down
and across houses like creeping vines,
enormous hanging scars. Men
and women are still asleep, pressed
very close to one another, two
lashes under thick white sheets.
They come to the city to learn
to be quiet, to be swallowed up
by noises not of their own making.
Men wake to the awful sound
of other names on their lovers’
lips. Or they do not wake. Or
the sounds are not names at all,
but something else altogether.
Some other music completely.