Hang Up

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HANG UP

_after the sculpture by Eva Hesse_

A thin bent rod comes of the frame.
There is no painting
in the frame,
just space penned in
scarce and hardly there
which is our awareness of it,
white-knuckled, narrow, concealed. There must be something else there—
some current visible in a more electric realm of filling lungs
with big gulps of air to withstand the rising shock.

An inside

out world of drenched skin
the full length of the whitewater,
the viewpoint both emptiness and “dependence upon the support.”
The crumbling schist at the confluence of rich salt springs,
where the artist,
abandoned,
knows deeply the demands of her work,
stretches her frames to over life-size,

winds cloth over wood and steel
to wrap them
in the configuration
of mind
where the materials accrete.
Not a bench,

just a couple
of slats of wood
nailed

into a rusted girder.
Not a drawing, just lines
without shape
beribboning a page.
Not a self, just gradations of light and dark derived from the combinations.

The quiver in your voice over the line as I lean in listening for something,

hearing it, not hearing it in my ear—beating of the drum oscillation of the hairs, ridged from having held it.