Closet Vision

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CLOSET VISION

Holed up behind the whitewashed wooden slats
slung like ribs above the greed-begotten candy, plaster
papered nowandlaters, holed up and far
from witches in the woods’ evergreen fringe,
horse chestnut brews, parents’ crow commotion or
robin squabble haranguing the fat
wide open always out there, I read for hours
on the red shag rug hearing market cry
and grave slope, caught the men through ages
of flint and full haggle in my 2 by 6 chamber,
my heart hooked on Blue Beard and the dead wives’
skeletons cantilevered to a door hook. Later,
hunkered down with amputee hangers,
catalogs, the bottle stash and jug wines,
Jim Beams too hiding with air, no air,
plus a stolen Joy of Sex circa 1974,
its pell-mell positions and crouching
women, with the pov going scaup and rattle,

some theater of being a little less bright.

Saw one night the million paired eyes

swinging upward, the hand me down generations

spelunking in caves, fine lineaments braved

by way of cream curd and lust and dictatorial DNA,

felt through overhead squib and carpet warp,

some full squat before the slate rock hearths,

more buried in strata of granite, igneous,

limestone, ash, the mind’s eye leveled

to one rectangle of light around the animal

who wants to know that it knows and say so,

lumbering down the long path to vanishing.