Fall 2012

The Lakes

Alice Miller

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.7182
THE LAKES

The lakes were incapable of being owned. They turned wild. Their phones rang noon and night, lines curled round and lingering off bright cliff-faces. And the lakes, they kissed those faces; they dangled their voices off precipices. The lakes always remembered their mothers; they could will any dry eyes wet.

They did not stand, as we do, trying to turn street corners into wetlands by spitting.

* 

During the avalanche, you stooped under an awning to suck the light up from my ankles. You bent low, under slapped-down snow like a paperclip,

but as it turned out, anklelight wasn’t suckable and you couldn’t clip the ground together. So, we fell well short; well, so what?

*
It was late when we learned
we ourselves were hungry lakes, waiting
to burst our own stiff banks, waiting
for the world to crack
right across—just so our mouths
might slip, so we might slide
and tip
our liquid bodies
till one poured into the other.