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From In The White House

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MARK CONWAY

from in the white house

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dthis house is like a face  
I live inside, windows blinking  
on the neighbor’s yard.  
my sister lives  
inside my version  
of a face, her life  
has nothing to do  
with mine, we just  
live here at the same time.  
still, she drinks with me  
beneath the eaves  
from where we watch  
the neighbor boy  
blow up  
the evening frogs

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the neighbors live  
in fear of me  
and my incessant garbage trips—they say He’s out again!  
I come out of my face in day  
after I put my time card down, barely make it  
to the curb. there, I say,  
that’s waste’s fate:  
away.
I love the car I live in
like a muscle
variant of myself, I live there
strictly
when I want to move,
I don’t have to hire a stooge
to help me
get away. the car
begins, it’s bored-out,
restless, I like gas, used to sniff
it till I passed
the point of getting any
higher. my girl and I
were crushed
to learn there’s no point
after that.

and I went down to what
they call the Pharmacy,
bought some “blood” and by
and by she and I lay
defenseless
we were enormous stretched
out beneath
the entire sun.
the birds torture us at noon
turning into gulls.
we’d prefer if
they changed
into hawks or owls, any
sort of more major bird.
they caw
and dive and morph
but only
into crows: that is,
themselves, again,
this time in black;
black and bored.

I am not myself
today, my face smashed in
by winds,
the selfsame
winds that pick
the garbage up and bash
my windows in.
rain falls inside
my face
others danced to make it come.

my house is most alive
when I’m inside,
my face moves
when I’m dreaming.
the neighbor kid
frappes frogs in
a stainless steel
blender. he’s a hybrid
of some sort, that crow,
can barely fly
but sings like
Leonard Cohen if Mr. Cohen
were a crow.
we’re going to stiff
the neighbor kid so bad
when he collects for
*The Evening News*
he delivers on some half-
go-cart, half-pet, he makes it run
on olive oil and methane
gas he manufactures
in the guest
bathroom.