Elegy

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ELEGY

I realize a dream but come to settle in reality.
Here, where I stand.
Here, where I ask you to make your amends.
“You were eye of my eye, you were hand of my hand, called me mother.”

We couldn’t distinguish ourselves from ourselves.
Already we’d improved upon the nature you had given us.
Before that, there was thee and thou.
“A different hour, a world ago, the day you were born, my bed bloody.”

What was it, Lord, that made it rain?
A lazy Sunday afternoon.
I did not wait beside your bed.
“They bundled you up in a christening lace, while I wore a hospital gown.”

Until we found depth, we would walk through tide.
Here where the earth meets the sea (but under the ocean is earth).
Here where the hearth meets the weeds (and yet we set fires, our hands burn).
“You said it was a marble, but I said it was a ruined eye.”