Dissolution

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DISSOLUTION

What things are vapor? Not the air. The nightstand and the buckled mattress, not the sheet. I take my time. Brass knob my wrist must turn to leave, its tendons torqued stems to the long bouquet unfolding livid colors out there on the other side, the future, what you could have done, you could have gone and seen when you have not left, have yet to leave. Someone tell me why “an unassuming aspect of the gas that afterwards we came to realize was.” This life, how to put it down past the sprayed-on yellow edge like a lit streak under the door beyond which people carry on dropped voices. Here in whose studio. I always wake before. Don’t stir. Dim silver bough the length of me is kindred to me, sprawled across cool air outside, my best friend. The window’s fogged yes everything does have to be seen through again again again again I run my finger down to
make a clear strip, hypodermic. Some days
plucked from extinction by a sharp detail. A bird
in the hall I didn’t try to help, what things are

for. The sheer
green skirt I lost, I left
a mark, faint whiff of sulfur so the aether caught, a man had

half an earlobe gone, his torso broad and blank as a door and ticking
on the other side I held my hand up to the door to test
and the door was hot. I was just going
to say. Quiet. Is it Nobody there? Tell me
how many flights we are
above the world. Can’t you

force me so then I could be forced
to admit invulnerable live bounds, no threshold to
cross. Not the voice. The floorboards and the ribbon wire. The

sky stale white of a corrective
brace for the street’s evacuated
spine, it seems to me I’ve already gone

a long time. Did I ask to go

I lay down in an olive grove because
the grass was gold and nobody there and some

with a blue rope tied about their girth
width of a girl’s thigh for what
reason I don’t know. My long hair was a net unraveled

If the thought evaporates. If the thought there isn’t any room for when a day slides off and the hissing trees, touch always pulls me back up to the skin, hand the fish know, vague through the scrim of the pond and mindless as they are. Slim light daggers about. Put your head down. Do you recognize yourself? I was trying to get to the other side of love. I had no way to go. I was standing on a platform riddled with black holes, stamped-flat ancient gum somebody’s mouth had worked the pink from. P.A. told how far things were away. Put my face down, back against slick milky tiles sealing off the end. I was standing barefoot on dank air between the railing and a drying sweater. I was standing several inches higher than myself pitched on blue neon plastic heels. Glass necks glittered down at me from marble shelves. I was standing still. Is that what I believe? I was on something I long lay fingering the tall coarse reedy shore. It felt like candor. His throat clicks. Nobody move. Firm limit to your will you’ll never meet who were for them such slender interruption of the atmosphere I watched the sash I wanted to be
held down so there could be no
brute space left to
breathe, why didn’t you

look, why didn’t you look up and seem
had you no pride
weren’t you free?