

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 70 *CutBank* 70

Article 17

Winter 2009

Iowa

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Recommended Citation

Deweese, Christopher (2009) "Iowa," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 70 , Article 17.

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CHRISTOPHER DEWEESE

Iowa

Hold on to a tree
when the country air blackens.
O my sleeping children,
an unimportant platoon of you
waits until after nine
to place a trunk call home,
and the weather fingerprints basements.
But I am the child, children.
My thick lisp is asking me
what mores are really important
by solidifying when I wake,
distant as a land line.
I'm breaking out the flares tonight.
Finally, I'm invading the sky.