

[Ron gone, released]

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Source: *The North American Review*, SUMMER/FALL 2020, Vol. 305, No. 2/3
(SUMMER/FALL 2020), p. 123

Published by: University of Northern Iowa

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/10.2307/27152606>

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WYATT TOWNLEY

Physics Lesson

for Grace

Behind the green undersides of leaves
the sky is swathed in clouds. Behind
the clouds, blue, behind the blue,

stars. You in a bed in Brooklyn breathe,
your baby a planet turning in the dark
heaven of your body, drawn by light

to move on. She will turn away,
moving from your belly to your arms,
then again away, to another's arms,

turning from your steady gaze
to the nearby lamp, from lamplight
to sunlight, sunlight to moonlight.

You will learn the back of her dress
like a well-loved poem. Departure
is the hardest half of return.

TED JEAN

[Ron gone, released]

Ron gone, released
in some presumably
state sanctioned sooty furnace
to hydrogen, discredited carbon
and feathery blonde ash
in an unsealed gray shoe box

in the passenger seat
on the silent drive home

on the mantle over a
wine fueled fire with friends

on the desk by my elbow
at the midnight window

as sleet through street light
appears to rise in flames

ALEX MOUW

Aubade as Prey

A mourning dove does its tragic morning thing-
not outside the window to my left,
where I could watch the alto swelling in its chest,
but westward, behind me, through the
apartment's brick wall.
She startles me like the preacher does,
sometimes, booming from the church stage
Who is it that you're looking for?
yet raising the hairs of my neck like a whisper
or a threat. I swivel my head to blankness.
Everything outside is gray and the sound
has slipped within me like fishing line.