Ecoutez

ecoutez, whispers july,
the days of this month are accounted for
and there is one guard left to us,
in the hollow of the vowel—white horse,
rains receive the beaten grass,
the east glints, a blow above midnight,
we are driven till the reins draw blood
by the red word of dawn, the hand
cannot reach this flower,
ecoutez, but we have no ear,
and again reaping in the dew the scythe is sharpened
and again the honey of earth flows over us

Sand Sphinx

hot rocks, through slippery shadow
the voice dives into august,
wind splashes in sails, the citations of day,
and I speak from the palm: sand pours,
building a bridge to the sun
on your shoulder,
                only in this hour
can one read the handwriting of summer

University of Iowa
is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve, and extend access to
The Iowa Review
www.jstor.org