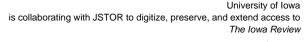
IF YOU ARE A BEGGAR THEY LOWER YOU SOFTLY

Truth is, the marshes are not filled with blackness only. Absence does not whiten the grass. Death will take each of us separately, and the finer threads of sweet flag which grow on hazel and rise above the surface will keep the other here where earth graduates to perfection and moves on. What is it but the specificity of the bloom, red maple keys, land that fruits and fruits again. What harvest offers before the harvest. It's a long way to hide the dead bird inside your heart.

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