

CHRIS NEALON

POEM (WE FILE LIKE PILGRIMS...)

We file like pilgrims through the Richard Serra
Calling Mexico for help

“Ringed by the magical Necklace of Lights”
In debt up to our ears

The spiral has a navel for reflection and three discreet surveillance cameras

To crease, to fold, to bend, to crumple—
“He delights in the heat and violence of steel production”

Oh I bet
Try this: “Tonghua steel riot”

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Triumph for literature! The guards keep peering at my notebook
Making sure I’m only writing, not sketching

Counterclockwise through the galleries,
Down into the underworld...

a vesica piscis where
we can always be two places at once

Loaves and fishes!
Tossed from a white limousine

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