

ROALD DAHL TOUCHES JESSICA MITFORD ON THE ARM.

One day the child is there, and then he—or she—is gone.

Transparent in having arrived and disappeared.

In the great roil, the secret language, of relations, we

never account for this.

The term for the head would be skull and inside the skull

is a mind. But who can account for a thought? As for thinking,

179

how like the mind is a peach, with the spigot we implant in it

so that we may drain it of its fascisms, its excess of sweetness,

all that we sometimes call “juice.”

Never speaking of this run-off again, we

are buoyed above the fruits of ourselves, just as with all effort and progeny.

The family of the journey: that is all. It is mute.

Turning the tap on the mind so that its sugary excess runs off.

Where the traveler sometimes disappears, unaccountably, or

otherwise crashes into a great sea of nectar.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

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

www.jstor.org

