

ANOTHER IOWA HOMAGE

after Angelo Ray

MICHAEL ANANIA

He remained certain of
unconditional love,
and confession, syllables,

in theory, naked. Silva
runs down the hall
[I thought at first,

*it was "saliva runs
down the hall," a more
interesting, if some-*

what surreal, figure],
the bus window stretching
like clouds and gestures,

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the courtyards of Ottoman
houses, playful until
the last engine takes refuge

amid acorns and oak saplings.
Something grows immense,
her fingernails suspended

in thin air. It must have
been a Saturday. Someone
put out an arm, dusty

with sleep. On Sicilian
shores, an undergraduate
writes and stars in innovative,

insightful theater. She is
where she is, mourning
her first love, poetry.