

2015

Climbing a Grain Tower

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Recommended Citation

Clark, Lindsey (2015) "Climbing a Grain Tower," *Exile*: Vol. 61 : No. 1 , Article 19.
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol61/iss1/19>

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Climbing a Grain Tower

By Lindsey Clark

Last time he was here was four years ago
with some other girl,

tonight I'm wearing his Christmas sweater
in October

and his old team tennis shoes,
but I'm already warm from amaretto sours.

We decide to dance
on three levels of grated metal.

25ft

Headlights splay across the slightly rusted metal trunk
I freeze

in my borrowed black dress – what belongs to me tonight?
– no one can see you all the way up here.

50ft

Slick with the yellowed pages of seasons passed
I slide around, one hand on the railing,

the other playing with air gushing between my fingers until
he catches it. Why? He has two of his own.

75ft

The entire village is cracked open,
pricks of light are braille to the mountainless Midwest.

He smiles like we're rewriting history
and presses close, my spine against little bolts and crisp metal.



I don't shudder, but the tower thunders
straight up to the cardinal's nest

as a welcome, a goodbye, a warning.