



2016

We Arrive from Other Writings

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Recommended Citation

Mueske, Steve. "We Arrive from Other Writings." *The Iowa Review* 46.2 (2016): 28 Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7727>

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We Arrive from Other Writings

Let us come to other faces, reasonably.
Let us be a box of three.
Let us be astonished by the difficulty. Plaid or puzzle,
Separately. Simply. In cautious movements.
Seeing a bell, a teacup: a violent languor in recognition.
If I say *cloud* I really mean something like *organ*.
Or *carafe*. Carapace. Caprice. More than this
A kind of vague yellow, a likeness
Between meadows. In rooms there is
A center, a serenity of small bridges
After battle, at certain hours
Of inattention, when blue is an equipoise
Of sky and river. Frame, urban
Extract, syntax: an alleviation of pattern
From the noise of ubiquity. The word, without.
The word around, only. Traveling
In grains, like clouds of locusts. An interruption
Pioneering through minutes advertised as *Now*.
The eye is an organ, a camera. Mounted
Like a fish on spider legs. On closed-circuit television,
All these things oblige like a tablecloth
Or a turntable playing cake.
The world assembled in a garden of folders.
Music for elephants. Confessions. Separated
By interglacial events. Did I say church?
I meant to say the opposite, weightless, from my tether
Above the Earth.