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The Iowa Review

Volume 38
Issue 2 *Fall*

Article 62

2008

The Annunciation

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Recommended Citation

Auchter, Amanda. "The Annunciation." *The Iowa Review* 38.2 (2008): 180-180. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6534>

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AMANDA AUCHTER

The Annunciation

I dreamt your question
was an open invitation scrawled in

the air, the moon's yellow light. Sometime
in the future I might undress and find
the small voice inside mine. My skin

stretched and torn into the shape
of a child's arm or a foot, and then

a mouth, an eye. His incredible blue
breath. There was nothing for me to say

but *all right, yes*, with your hands on my hips,
your lips to my ear. Here was the secret

entered into through your touch—
flutter of trapped wing beats, tower
of birds filling my ribs' cage. Look

now at the proof lighting my flesh:
a pact kept under my cross of arms

and gown. My heartbeat doubles its red
drum, its bramble of veins. You pull

from me. My sweat darkens and stains
each place we have touched.