

Masthead Logo

**The Iowa Review**

---

Volume 19  
Issue 2 *Spring-Summer*

Article 30

---

1989

# Ahh. He Is the Pear of My Nose

Peter Waldor

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Waldor, Peter. "Ahh. He Is the Pear of My Nose." *The Iowa Review* 19.2 (1989): 122-122. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3760>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact [lib-ir@uiowa.edu](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

## Two Poems · *Peter Waldor*

### FUTURE

Singers will abandon words,  
people will say "I smell" for "I see."  
Before all talk is banished  
they will say "Amen" only.

The cabins will be built.  
The fireplaces.  
I'll be destroyed before the beginning,  
the struggle still a forgotten dream.

They will rip me apart,  
I hope I get a hand on my heart before they do,  
so I can tear it out and hold it a moment,  
like a sweet roll.  
I'll toss it to an enemy I love.

There'd better be a warm river  
ready to jump its banks  
for my head,  
a god of light downstream  
waiting, ready to explain.

### AHH. HE IS THE PEAR OF MY NOSE

Yes. The kind of man who stays in the market after he's done if a good song is coming over the speaker, even when he has someplace to go. He just stands there listening, letting his head bob a little on his thick neck. The kind of man who picks old, bruised fruit, carefully as the rest of us choose the true beauties, knowing no one else would take them. I know he's carefully paring the bruises away in the kitchen and eating them before he brings the bowl in for me.