

Masthead Logo

**The Iowa Review**

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Volume 27  
Issue 3 *Winter*

Article 16

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1997

# Exiled on Mountain, Bewail Fate & Praise Autumn

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## Recommended Citation

Anderson, Jon. "Exiled on Mountain, Bewail Fate & Praise Autumn." *The Iowa Review* 27.3 (1997): 120-120. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4844>

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*Jon Anderson*

EXILED ON MOUNTAIN, BEWAIL FATE &  
PRAISE AUTUMN

Now that I'm actually living my solitude I'm clueless.  
Every now & then the wind drops in & I look at it.  
These are the signs of seasonal change: I'm not sweating,  
& the hollow of air in the chimney makes a thrumming noise.  
The doves outside my house look like they're waiting  
at a bus stop & puff into little black & grey pots when  
the wind blows or when the rain comes down in columns.  
Now that it's quiet in my house I can't really think  
without thinking & I can't really talk without meaning  
something else, so I shut up. Some days I wish I was  
back at the factory, moving heavy objects & grunting.

They start out looking for a handout, then get used to it,  
the birds. What's weird is I think they don't know why  
they come anymore now that I've stopped feeding them.  
Frankly, they tend to be undifferentiated & cutely stupid.  
Once, when one fell off the wall, I thought I had something,  
it was so embarrassed, lying there like a ruffled pompom  
with a black tack for a head. Turned out it was dead.  
I was so alienated I mailed it back without a stamp, but  
I said this prayer for it: *Bless every living thing. . . .*

I didn't mean to exclude it.

Shortly afterward I was bombed by a traveling flock  
of chickadees fresh from a meeting on a rotten stump.  
When you're alone every damn word you say has got  
to be how you feel, & then you've got to live with it.  
I think I'll entertain myself by not experiencing anything.  
Word on the mountain is that the *wabi* of consciousness  
is all your living minus all your accumulated experience.  
That's why the chickadees attacked, because I'd blown it.