

1987

The Kettle Hums

Nina Bogin

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bogin, Nina. "The Kettle Hums." *The Iowa Review* 17.2 (1987): 61-61. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3498>

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.

real blood and hurt even
as the least intelligible murmur
slips under the skin

with its flicker of inevitability,
that truth recognized long ago
beyond any sky unthreading

its constellations, beyond any beauty
we would prefer to see.

THE KETTLE HUMS

The kettle hums on its blue ring. Steam
rubs the windowpanes, and everything

has become small again, even
the hours, whose creaking as of floorboards

or hidden mice is familiar, really, one of the kinder
evils, though it can, at three a.m., wake you

into terror—my life, my loved ones—
but this is what you must not

think of, this is what the friendly kettle
would protect you from as its vapor

rises so bravely
from the circle of flame.