

Masthead Logo

**The Iowa Review**

---

Volume 29  
Issue 2 *Fall*

Article 6

---

1999

## From "The Untitled"

Kevin Larimer

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Larimer, Kevin. "From "The Untitled"." *The Iowa Review* 29.2 (1999): 50-53. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5081>

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).

*Kevin Larimer*

FROM THE UNTITLED

His outward glance cast backwards  
over a sharpened bone. To see what  
happy things be hiding behind him.  
Not a friendly place, thinks he now  
that the inverse is true. Negativity  
my dear, will kill you. Monumental  
events pass into his reflexive view.  
Memory, believe you. Fist the meat,  
tendered on the spit. Roast slowly  
to imperfection. The fatty drip  
pings collect, suet up scooped in  
a lovely hand. Hang him on a branch.  
To feed the hungry birds in winter,  
turn the beaks ugly and away from  
frozen sky. Feast upon each other.  
Pluck his body down. The birds  
have sung. He will not sing. Alone  
with crowds and shifty weight,  
swing in the cool distance. He loved  
and cranky among all this pecking.  
In order for him to compete, hands  
be forced to mold him back, whip  
him into shape, swallow, and wait.

Fear, the screw unscrewing itself,  
stripping threads of their spiral grip,  
the crucial ounce in the automaton's  
steely arm. Some recognition please.  
It has taken a thousand machinations  
to achieve, at once, this detachment.  
The bracket that held the all of him  
in [some imaginative adverb] breaks.  
The interior that worked, wired, now  
hangs bare. Tinker, my sweet. Grab  
a handful of gear, to feel, wear gloves.  
Disassemble. Draw a bath. We clean  
that which may be seen more clearly.  
He performed his task, took instruction,  
a bad habit he picked up from under  
the operator's thumb. Yes, he was  
a very productive piece of junk.  
Armor emptied resembles a shell,  
out of which the fleshy inhabitant  
is now moving. He is pushing, slowly  
to the end, toward the great fusion  
of a dream                      and daylight.  
A glimmer in the ocular. Some nerve.

A champion of the cramp, his  
rickety structure has collapsed.  
Out from under a thicket of skin,  
he is grateful. Thanks, he thinks  
and says so. When he opens his  
mouth, he makes mistakes. Now  
it's cold. I am uncommonly cold.  
He wishes to retract the previous  
statement. See hear, your honor,  
it's something you can do without,  
a corpuscle of the continuous  
tissue, easily removed. Hacked  
off, to put it bluntly. He stubby,  
moping around with apostrophes  
stuffed in his nooks and crannies.  
What belongs to him, his specialty.  
Localizing Hell in the pit of his body.  
Independent, the sunny side of lonely.  
In light of thinning numbers that warm  
the air around him, he lowers the lids  
that, heavy, have allowed him. Welcome.  
Make yourself and comfortable. He lives  
in a name, in a town, unincorporated.

A very welcome to the terminal  
station. This, the dead and of the line.  
We have seen, and again, the naked  
perversion. A dog in violation of his  
wounds. Sun's a puddle. And frozen.  
Skies a grey, broken. Weather his  
reunion. Who he is wishy washing  
to meet on this, such a despicable  
excursion, eyes him. Embrace, hook  
and feign, the hole thing. We fill it in,  
the blanks, the body, got it pat down.  
The eye of the eye that beholds him.  
About face, the all that remained  
has been named. Say hello to him.  
Speak to him as you would, yourself.  
My friend, he is more than, my friend.  
He is the one who sent the flowers.  
Him who swallowed his tongue, who  
tried to eat you. He will be back at  
the beginning with it done. Steady boy  
steady. Once, and for a while, we miss  
placed him, took a little time, found him.  
In a mirror on the bottom of a bathtub.