

2001

\*

Simon Perchik

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

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Perchik, Simon. "\*" *The Iowa Review* 31.3 (2001): 128-128. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5466>

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).

*Simon Perchik*

\*

As if for the last time you let go  
the way the sun looks back in sadness  
and circling down —without a sound

you make a pile from the discarded  
and with the warmth still in your hands  
you stare at the sky without blinking

though what rises from the ground  
is lifeless, sets out on the weaker side  
as shadow :a shell kept empty for calm

for leaf by blinding leaf and this smoke  
half there, half anchored against the rake  
left to rust, no longer struggling

dragged under, exhausted and the light  
wears away, becomes air again  
holds your mouth open for dirt and gentleness.