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**The Iowa Review**

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Volume 34  
Issue 1 *Spring*

Article 14

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2004

# My Life as an Account in the Single Digits

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## Recommended Citation

Robins, Michael. "My Life as an Account in the Single Digits." *The Iowa Review* 34.1 (2004): 23-23. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.S802>

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*My Life as an Account in the Single Digits*

Allen's with Clarissa but wants to handle Leslie,  
slip some skin under the nail, a slight squeeze  
& shuffle inside her shirt. The saliva thickens  
when a tongue goes down & Allen doesn't have  
the guilt: Lewis fingered Leslie, paces in his cage  
as Thursday drops a shoulder from the effigy.  
We weren't so fucking pretentious, two paddles  
without a boat, but Ian wants Chinese, exotic,  
settles for a slice unheated, smoke uncurled blue.  
Allen peels a lamp inside his window. He never  
loved the dirt the way he loves an easy neck:  
Lewis slept with Lila, after all, the lyric on his feet,  
Lila on her knees between a split of rouge & genius.  
Could is beside the point. Between if you're alone.  
Allen desperately needs his early 20s, Leslie's mouth  
when whiskey wets her lips. She's soaked in rain  
if rain can counterfeit a hue, a thread inside a bulb  
for the night, without the view & cry of Sunday.