

Masthead Logo

**The Iowa Review**

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Volume 20  
Issue 3 *Fall*

Article 24

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1990

# Doves in January

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## Recommended Citation

Plumly, Stanley. "Doves in January." *The Iowa Review* 20.3 (1990): 91-91. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3929>

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## DOVES IN JANUARY

Long o's, long o's, long o's, and then a pause,  
a whistle more like someone's voice than song,  
as if in a moment a day could pass

from nothing's grief to some becoming grace.  
You want to hear it longer, then it's gone.  
Long o's, long o's, long o's, and then a pause.

The morning's dove-gray too; it carries us  
to some deep corner, to an attic room,  
as if in a moment a day could pass.

Sometimes the difficult, tired child in us  
refuses to hear any other sound—  
long o's, long o's, long o's, and then a pause—

a momentary wish, this tenderness  
at the window, not too close but human,  
as if in a moment a day could pass.

Light rain coming down the color of keys,  
a daybreak's flawless stillness, cold yet warm.  
Long o's, long o's, long o's, and then a pause,  
as if in a moment a day could pass.