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# Honeymoon and Greybeard Loon

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*Mark Wasserman*

HONEYMOON AND GREYBEARD LOON

Hypnotist weather again, my love. Building-tops  
bud through a topsoil of fog and we're lost  
at home. Before your eyes open, before sleep

drains from your face, I will pray for a kinder  
awakening. I must. Ah, to think I used to breathe  
hope like lighter fluid . . .

And the rooftop cats are staring back  
and puckering their paws.

Trust only the temporal. Retain your stubs  
anyway. Gray will stay. Our fog is but the sea  
grown curious, nosing ashore in white  
surgeon mask, white surgeon fingers.

Quick: in case we're blotted out utterly,  
this is what I knew of how to live:  
*we must forgive and then forgive*  
*again.* In yesterday's drizzle my briefcase went

mis-shapen. I have put it beneath my mattress  
for the next. Good-bye pretty city,

diorama of all my dreams. I shall wander  
you no more. Comes the white stole of heaven  
draping the church shoulders in dainty death.

And the rooftop cats are staring back  
and puckering their paws.

The church sighs like a junky bride  
stoned at her own wedding, wreathed  
in white madness. By now the spindrift  
has reached our downtown, bequeathing all  
a milky calm. *Thought is a vapor.*  
Gray will stay, my love. Look:

Two birds like lost math problems . . .

I've always known you, Old Whitesmoke,  
Old Deathbreath. Come disappear  
me then. The fog-horn betrays you each morning  
like a ghost blowing riffs on his oboe.

Beneath the Bay Bridge a freshly-shaved hobo  
is getting early foot to Portland.

Something must come of it. Something  
clean, and alabaster as a baby dove; precious too,  
like baby teeth not yet uprooted

by the treacherous grit of this world. Who knows  
where those teeth go? Some we tied  
to doorknobs and slammed. Some to kites  
and released. In any case, they were  
confiscated. Remember.

And the rooftop cats are glaring back  
and daring me to jump.

I'll say it: years accrete like plaque and we  
were never briefed. Wake up now, darling. Tell  
how it all lactates backwards or I'll take  
the cats at their word.

Deep in the city's ribs a hidden cable  
clangs its tambourine-song like a lost  
troupe of tin men. Alive! Those baby  
teeth are coming down  
on pillow-case parachutes, snowing

onto a Thursday dull. They're seeding  
the streets, the tops of antique shops.  
Our gums lightly twitch. Go ask anyone:  
No one can know what will grow.