

Fall 2013

# Dissolution

Margaret Ross

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## Recommended Citation

Ross, Margaret. "Dissolution." *The Iowa Review* 43.2 (2013): 173-176. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7423>

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MARGARET ROSS

DISSOLUTION

What things are vapor? Not the air. The  
    nightstand and the buckled  
    mattress, not the sheet. I take

my time. Brass knob  
    my wrist must turn to leave, its tendons  
    torqued stems to the long

bouquet unfolding livid colors out there on the other  
    side, the future, what you  
    could have done, you could have

gone and seen when you have not left, have  
    yet to leave. Someone tell me  
    why “an unassuming aspect of

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the gas that afterwards we came to  
    realize was.” This  
    life, how to put it down

past the sprayed-on yellow  
    edge like a lit streak under the door beyond  
    which people carry on

dropped voices. Here  
    in whose studio. I always wake before. Don't stir. Dim silver  
    bough the length of me is kindred to me, sprawled across

cool air outside, my best  
    friend. The window's fogged *yes everything does have to be seen*  
    *through again again again* again I run my finger down to

make a clear strip, hypodermic. Some days  
plucked from extinction by a sharp detail. A bird  
in the hall I didn't try to help, what things are

for. The sheer  
green skirt I lost, I left  
a mark, faint whiff of sulfur so the aether caught, a man had

half an earlobe gone, his torso broad and blank as a door and ticking  
on the other side I held my hand up to the door to test  
and the door was hot. I was just going

to say. Quiet. Is it Nobody there? Tell me  
how many flights we are  
above the world. Can't you

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force me so then I could be forced  
to admit invulnerable live bounds, no threshold to  
cross. Not the voice. The floorboards and the ribbon wire. The

sky stale white of a corrective  
brace for the street's evacuated  
spine, it seems to me I've already gone

a long time. Did I ask to go

*I lay down in an olive grove because  
the grass was gold and nobody there and some*

*with a blue rope tied about their girth  
width of a girl's thigh for what*

*reason I don't know. My long hair  
was a net unraveled*

If the thought evaporates. If the thought  
there isn't any room for when a day slides off  
and the hissing trees, touch always pulls me

back up to the skin, hand  
the fish know, vague through the scrim  
of the pond and mindless as they are. Slim light

daggers about. Put your head down. Do you  
recognize yourself? I was trying to get to  
the other side of love. I had no way to go. I was standing

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on a platform riddled with black holes, stamped-flat ancient gum  
somebody's mouth had worked the pink from. P.A. told  
how far things were away. Put my face down, back against slick milky

tiles sealing off the end. I was standing barefoot on dank air between  
the railing and a drying sweater. I was standing several inches  
higher than myself pitched on blue neon plastic heels. Glass necks

glittered down at me from marble shelves. I was standing  
still. I was. Is that what I believe? I was on something I long lay fingering  
the tall coarse reedy shore. It felt like candor. His throat clicks. Nobody

move. Firm limit to your will you'll never meet who were  
for them such slender interruption of the atmosphere  
I watched the sash I wanted to be

held down so there could be no  
brute space left to  
breathe, why didn't you

look, why didn't you look up and seem  
had you no pride  
weren't you free?