

The Iowa Review

The Pond

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Source: *The Iowa Review*, Vol. 4, No. 4 (Fall, 1973), p. 70

Published by: [University of Iowa](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20158123>

Accessed: 17/06/2014 12:08

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THE POND

Night covers the pond with its wing.
Under the ringed moon I can make out
Your face swimming among minnows and the **small**
Echoing stars. In the night air
The surface of the pond is metal.

Within, your eyes are open. They contain
A memory I recognize, as though
We had been children together. Our ponies
Grazed on the hill, they were gray
With white markings. Now they graze
With the dead who wait
Like children under their granite breastplates,
Lucid and helpless:

The hills are far away. They rise up
Blacker than childhood.
What do you think of, lying so quietly
By the water? When you look that way
I want to touch you, but
Do not, seeing
As in another life we were of the same **blood**.

FOR MY MOTHER

It was better when we were
together in one body.
Thirty years. Screened
through the green glass
of your eye, moonlight
filtered into my bones
as we lay
in the big bed, in the dark,
waiting for my father.
Thirty years. He closed
your eyelids with