

IOWA  
by Danny Rubin  
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*We connect sometimes  
through electric lines  
and the world outside  
doesn't matter  
Over acres of space  
we can always embrace  
through the grace of satellite data  
And though the magic of magnetic waves  
can touch our hearts with likes and raves  
We can't feel the bells  
or the ocean swells  
so we may as well be in Iowa*

*Through the blur and the haze  
there's a blue-eyed gaze  
and a strong hand squeezing my shoulder  
How could we be apart  
Weren't you warm in my heart  
or did grief just leave me colder  
Was it all just a scene on a silver screen,  
or a old podcast or news magazine  
making my heart swell  
I can't always tell  
so I may as well be in Iowa*

*Anyone looking at me  
is likely to be  
thinking I'm crazy  
Talking out loud when there's nobody here  
or is that a pod in the slot of my ear.*

*When I heard you were gone  
everything I had known  
left me all alone  
for a while  
But that voice in my ear  
why, it's like you were here  
so I stare at my beer  
and I smile  
Are you taking a rest somewhere in the midwest  
or living a dream in my head like a guest  
Are you just memory*

*or an echo of me  
Well, you may as well be in Iowa*

*It still makes no sense  
Aren't we all present tense?  
Don't we share in the sun and the thunder?  
A recording exists  
of your favorites list  
and the things you can't get out from under  
There's a crystal clear logic in our life and time  
Even so, the last line won't always rhyme  
Well, wherever you dwell  
UPS rings the bell  
so you may as well be in Iowa*

*And we all may as well be in Iowa*