Black and White

Gary Duehr

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss49/4

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
from I Am German

BLACK AND WHITE

“I am German.” When Gray opens his chest’s Skin-flap, he can watch his heart’s black Gears grasp: no problem, All’s forgotten—what is German Surrounds him with its

Fuzzy dusk rolling up a flag. Car lights Cut across the whole Plaza. He is German: black Iron skillet burnt blacker from grease, two Sharp white collar-points

Aimed like two knives straight at his stomach. German, German: black tree trunks holding back A river, the worn Terminus of brick buildings, lodged In his throat, city

Carved from a stone tear. A photo dissolves, fire’s sucked Back into a house. Between teeth, memory’s stuck.