What we find in shadows| [Poems]

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WHAT WE FIND IN SHADOWS

by

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the degree of
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Approved By:

Chair, Board of Examiners

Dean, Graduate School

5-30-80
Date
For my father, Will, John, and Beth;  
and in memory of my mother.
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I

The Sky Remains
Postcard to Beth from Wallace

Beth,

On the back of this card is a photo of a giant russet potato on the bed of a truck. One's a full load. The farmer I met, Tuesday, grows one on each half-acre, rushing it off to market before spoilage sets in. Nothing much lasts here, only cheat grass thrives. Where it should be obvious, I can't distinguish the ore from the wreckage, or one slag hill from another. In the Silver Bucket Jimmy, a refugee from Lovelock, Nevada, drinks heavy from his mug. Shifts the horseshoe on the wall so luck'll never run thin on the floor. It's another way of life in this land where men survive the cold with stout shots, their private anti-freeze. Tomorrow, I'll leave early under stars locked in place and a new moon pulling me home. No matter how far off, keep me near. Tom.
Dear Dick,

You may shy from the smog in Glasgow skies like the smoke over Europe in that war. The war of men away from home, and the children feared wild in the woods. If you have the chance go to Ayreshire on the sea and breathe, and tell me is the air pure like I remember? Your letters and dreams found a home on book shelves last week. Your poems ride pages like birds on summer thermals. In Oregon you shaped our ears to *What Thou Lovest*..., and your poem, "White Center," made our eyes cloud over. I drove through your home town the other day. A trial was in progress. A near murder: a young woman stabbed, knives clear through her sternum. I never found the house you finally left. Only fern and salal growing in patches in fields. This morning your words rang true. Clouds hung black like lead in the north and birds too far to hear moved south. Wind found the lake and peeled the calm away. Let me know if my poems stray or swim near music. And may all you love and write echo what you need. Tom.
Dear Beth,

I want you to know tides even out from the brush of day and I care for you as I do for the fumbling of lines on a page. Most dreams fade like sun-soaked wood, I want one that fills you out, full and happy. Tonight, music soothed me. Paul moved fingers over the neck of his fiddle like a strangler in love with his crime. Smoke filled the room as it does in old B-movies. Some days are better, and clouds lowering the boom don't bother me. Still, water wells up in my eyes, mornings, a reservoir of old fear. Now, I count myself lucky. Last summer I found my life better than before. Where salt-air hangs over the land in Astoria, man and nature blend smooth. Someday, I hope we can live there. Stand below the sea wall and watch the waves crush down to foam. Today, my heart moves in me like serrated tin. Winter brings snow white and clean as new souls. We lose much in it -- cars, old toys, sharp-edged shadows, even children. And I lose a part of myself. My hungry half sleeps like a bear. Remember when you are lonely and your spirits are low, I'm here. My shadow grows uneasy, but sends his best, so do I. You wear easy, and I think of you often. Tom.
Dear Walt,

How goes the war of words and self? The one man has fought for years on end. I know mine began in Catholic school and church. Confession drove a demon from my soul (or so I thought). He lives with me now disguised as a muse. High masses with Latin and Gregorian chants washed on ears like the coupling and uncoupling of cars in the Great Northern yard. Today, I think of this and old world Italians and their warbled off-key song; and the boy who stole a host and said, I cut it in two and it bled real blood. Somedays (it seems) I hear the priest call for coin. What religion were you before words and their sounds pulled you away? I may move to Ketchum this fall. A new job for more money. The sky remains there, blue and dark on the night, and stars are as clear as they are anywhere. Come down when you have the chance. We'll drive to Silver City where men still claw raw earth and wolves grin past their elbows. I hope you make it over the pass and anything else in your way. Say hello to your good lady and mine words that assay pure as gold. Tom.
II

Divided In Two
The Dream I Never Had

The tide flaps loose on the wind.
Sun yellows like hollandaise sauce.
Clouds swirl off-white. The dog
I never had and always wanted
eats corn on the cob and grins
from ear to ear. That afternoon
I marry a woman I never knew.
We live in a house empty of sound.
My dog howls -- I'm hungry.
I tell him to get lost.
He takes a cab.
He has no cash.
I foot the bill.
Another Way of Living

Somewhere under the bluffs of Nova Scotia is a museum of oddities. Attractions featured are a two-headed man always of two minds, and a rooster with an enormous blue comb, his head the shape of a worn dime. Circus freaks are lined up in one room: the alligator man, Jo Jo the dog-faced boy, Myrna — a woman with four legs and two wombs. And Lloydd — half-man, half-sloth.

I find they're holding a ceremony in my honor and induct me into the Hall of Fame. The only living man with mercury in his veins, I fear change in weather.

I long to live in a world where men swim in oceans and filter air through gills. Salmon fill zoos with orchids and rare African Tulips. Wolves, the guardians of pure sound, howl in perfect pitch with the revolutions of full moons. And time is abolished: the laying over of waves on sand filling our need for clocks.
Finally, in this new land or seascape
I might find a way to love
the stunned silence of stars.
Instructions for My Embalmer

When you drain the fluids from my corpse, don't leave open wounds. I won't heal so easy dead. Before you carve me up examine my face. If I smile prop me up and give me some room. Save whatever advice you have for the next dead stiff fool enough to listen.

If you have any class at all buy me a drink. Make it whiskey, water back. When my wife calls, have her forward my mail anywhere you choose. I'm through paying past-due bills, or pouring over drug store flyers. Tell her when she's short of cash and lonely: find a man, join the "Y". Don't forget to give old friends my best, which isn't much, but then again what have those dog-eared mumblers ever done for me? You tell them until I die, some small town south of every border known, I'll go on enjoying life from day to moon, loaning every blue star the air I breathe.
Divided In Two

By some slim chance I'm here. Police catalogue eight basic prints, mine are accidental. I breathe air meant for others. Born under the full-blown clouds of a blizzard, three months early, I should have died. How it must hurt to sift in air the first time. Our souls eager to take leave.

In my faith, the one I gave up so air would be less bitter, the unbaptized dead are pigeon-holed in Limbo. If given the chance I'd gather all the lost children in the local armory each year, and invite them to heaven. Or open up my shadow to the leanest one and keep him warm.

If one day I'm held accountable for all my crimes, even those heretical in nature, phone Pope John Paul. He's my cousin by right of air. If he denies me stretch my soul on the rack. Make it own up.

But if I die, drag me away from the jail of worms. Let me serve notice: I'll resurrect my shadow under the oddest moon known. Each of us drags along a thinner self. Until I die I'm divided in two.
III

The Last Voice
Where Shadows Rule

In the room where children sleep
walls close off, glass in the window
flows. Small fingers grope over the rug
for hand-holds. I lose my edge in the gray wash
of days. Clouds wait for the unborn,
like lungs they rub on the hills.
Grass is dead, but dead or alive
slows erosion.

On another day in air I need to breathe
waves peel off the ocean. Sea grass
sprawls on the sand. Wind picks up
where we leave off, reminds us days
are never still. We invent our children
and they dog our dreams. Somewhere in the world
the dawn starts without us. We leave it
for the shadows we know and the cold
hard ground left frozen for months.
Solution of Roots

Before roots play blood-music under ground, the gray stucco of this hotel ridicules sky. Each gaze I plant outside finds day shading the walls. When you wake a sleeping child -- his eyes roll forward and a soul, rounding off corners on night sky and moon, sinks in. The struggle of roots in earth reminds me of how little we hold of how much we never know. In March we turned the earth with pitchforks, and pounded dirt clods soft. Still, I look for solutions in roots and scrape the salt off stones. If we could mine gold from our souls we would own all language: words more near music than sound allows. When young I thought snakes coiled inside walls. I left finger trails where they breathed, and named shadows for stars. At night I hid under the covers from double-edged dreams, and held on for all I was worth.
Filling Time in Moses Lake

This land moans each time the wind kicks loose. Dry ground pushes up blue sage that dies and rushes the highway. Starch mills force feed the sky brown and weather inversions hold the message in: rank smells kill.

With no easy life in view
I miss the moon fooling tides flat, the wash of salt air on eelgrass.

In cultivated plots alfalfa and peas root in. Hills are blown away, or grow inside the earth. Here, dirt poor farmers are in enemy country. I feel the pull of factory life: men leaving this star-burned town for another. Even dogs, if given the chance, would take flight.

Today, the wind sock promises a cold distraction from the north. Waiting for harvest I know the moon comes up soft and drops like a hammer dwarfing the land. Some men claim the atmosphere makes it large and yellow. Others, citing local evidence, swear the moon drains topsoil off slipping light-headed into the lake.
Now, I dream the land before settlers arrived, before bombers touched down on the base and man made the desert over into something owned. Restless, I turn in the still night on my bed wanting voices to fill in the room where silence is piled up like nimbus before a storm.
Love Thy God.
If I found him I would. Sometimes
men who milk a living off the land
seem to know him. Our nuns said,
He's everywhere. I scanned
old Vatican stamps for a sign.

In the mission we found Carignano's murals
preserved. He brushed the walls with the god
he knew. I remember Latin falling on our ears.
Sermons flooring me with conviction.
Sins I confessed Saturdays, always venial,
loomed over me.

In Ravalli five white crosses mark
the bridge. It hangs on me: teenagers,
Friday night, drunk, any month, always winter,
dead. Must all survivors go through
odd motions to live on?

I feel gravel pinch under our tires,
and find myself somewhere else.
In my imagined death logging trucks
spill cut trees like jackstraws
over the cowl, or dark mud-lush lakes
soften bones to putty, and pull me down.
I need now one old friend, sky or moon, to fool me sane. When religion fails what good is a soul? How can I follow my shadow in off the field?
Photographs in Luke's

The men who posed for the camera
are frozen and framed
in black wood borders.
Every dead one has a "star"
in the corner of his photo
like the ones Franciscans glued
on math tests, for a job well done.
Those still living rent stools out
by the drink or wander through town
looking for warm meals, and a soft touch.
Some claim they've lost a fortune
in Texas oil scams and worthless
mining issues. Or seek it, still,
humming some nameless tune they hope
stars will swallow.

Outside, a northern blow from Canada
crosses over borders invisible everywhere
but on maps. I imagine their bones
never dry out, and tonight I pretend
I'm one of them. If flush with money
I'd call out to one and all,
Belly up to the bar, boys,
drinks are on me, for us
lonely men in love with our ghosts.
I know, certain as a dead man's bones are hollow, I'll find my grave. Any vagrant from fields of lean crops knows he'll claim a wedge of ground and all the mineral and air rights for his own.

For hours the storm won't let down. Spring runoff swells rivers full. Shadows in the night, my only neighbors, carve whatever light remains. Staring out in the star-flung space for what it can never give, I find he is me: the lone dog howling a near moon hollow. His cry for no one I know.
The Last Voice

Another tornado funnels through Louisiana. 58 dead. 500 homeless. On tv I watch the storm unfold before us, and suppress my desire to laugh. I'm grateful it passed over the French Quarter, left jazz joints intact.

In the morning Angleus bells ring loud as ever. I hold down something inside, turn back on the Bay of Pigs, and the Missile Crisis. For weeks we stocked shelves with canned goods. Home alone from school one day we cowered in a corner of the dirt room, turned the radio on for instruction. I feared the last voices we'd hear were ours. I believed unshaven cossacks, faces the hue of fear and sky, would cut our souls loose. We played games of silence. Whoever spoke first lost. Ever since I've been afraid of saying too much of letting a fatal word slip.

Now in Missoula I mouth the cool syllables of winter and snow, afraid to know what lies behind it. Each iced up season fleshes out glaciers. Rivers slow. Gutters give way under the load. Snow becomes the rule and cold the mean.
IV

After the Wind Dies
For Frank Who Was Crazy

On days shock dulls your eyes,
a voice needing air rattles
in your ribs. Screams that heal
rub a throat raw. They tear at ears
you thought deaf. And you find no words.

In Colfax you wheeled on a hip
doctors warned would break in time.
Outside the Rose you kicked free
of war haunts and stood alone
on wind soured grass. They pulled
you mad from Medical Lake
twelve years back. Rumor is
they let the wrong one go.

I remember you like the coyote
tied behind Carlson's store.
Eyes rooted wild. Face hungry in want.
Howl taken by the moon.
Even now in the ground
you don't have the rope you need.
In Near Eclipse

Here, sage rushes off the hill like curved skeletons. Wind funnels over wheat. The Great Northern engine that severed your arm looms over this ravine. Blood was left on the ground like choke cherries. Surgeons worked through the night to make it whole. You say it's buried outside Tyler where water succors reeds and grouse hunch low in ground cover. Sometimes you feel it move, the brain fills out a message and fingers clench shut in brown soil.

Tonight with the moon in near eclipse you motion runners on. Your stump moving clockwise --- a sure sign the ball has fallen near the fence. Years back we lived out games of hide-and-go in the field the Church of Christ paved for parking. I still hear you screaming, Olly, Olly, ox in free. Waving every one home.
Another Shade of the East Side

Mrs. Beckham's shack weathers gray like the grave markers north of Usk. I was told Indians bury the dead there perpendicular under duff. And souls flow from a land they never own. We pulled old Esquires from her claw foot bath: porcelain the shade of dust filled skies you hate. Your father died of a coronary. Your mother dies alone in a childless home. Wind and dust become her family. She replaces you with illusion, and the hope religion lends. The disease you carry inside, a biological time-bomb, nailed your brother to the ground, his hands wounded birds. I never saw him the same. We carved his initials on the cedar that summer. Knife cuts oozed with sap and moss-hair fell from limbs.
Fell Down On Us

We chased each other behind granite slabs in the monument yard.
I marvelled over the smoothness of the stone. Older, I came to your stone face on the north ledge. Letters and numbers fading. They put you in the ground ten years past. Dead from disease, a leaking of the soul.

My cousin, your nephew, lies on the hill in the mausoleum. His plane nosed down in corn rows. When we burn beyond simple recognition they trace our past from dental charts and finger swirls. Those of us left behind listen for the right sound and curse the wrong wind. The impulse to put my ear to the ground grows strong. But I resist, dream rivers choking with fish. The sky, we can't name, honed blue.
After the Wind Dies

Sometimes for no good reason they leave
and screen doors bang the wind home.
How odd, hearing a voice alone.

Armand, humming songs from the war,
wove a longshoreman's dance on the pier.
Sometimes for no good reason they leave

and take well enough with them.
A bullet cleaned him of doubt.
How odd, hearing a voice alone.

Our radio farmed out the news
Larry Ming drowned in Couer d'Alene.
Sometimes for no good reason they leave.

Currents, washed through his lungs,
left me scraping the fear off lily pads.
How odd, hearing a voice alone.

Outside, a howling dog carves air
and slow waves shame a full moon.
How odd, hearing my voice alone:
Sometimes for no good reason they leave.
Rehearsing Death

Father, we walked near the garden
laying night crawlers in the coffee can.
I pulled the electric prod from the ground
and felt shivers of stars in my back:
fish eyes from heaven.

I won't trace your shadow again.
Never feel your muscles hard
in sleeves. Or see the sweat
drop from the end of your nose.
When you left I searched the mill
for reminders -- foot prints in dust
on the floor, finger smudges on the walls,
or cryptic marks in ledgers.
I need now something to hold in my eyes,
a will for my soul, an angel of guidance
hovering near.

That old coin of deliverance we call moon
shines on metal-flake at the dump.
I go there on open nights, watch fires
burn off methane. In this land gone silver
over the tangle of roots and lush green
smelling sour, I lead my shadow on.
Snow, Flour, and Wind

On bad days a mass of cloud shuts down the sky early. A small woman, my grandmother grows smaller each year. From her bed she remembers less, leaves stories off where she began them: always on the farm by the parish in the dead breath of storm, she calls out the words in Cree for snow, flour, or wind.

I still see her kneeling in the garden, coaxing radishes through stones and pulling up those bloody toes in a late summer inversion.

No one told her a son suffered suicide. Maybe the drinking forced Armand's hand, or the woman who left him to fill hours alone in full rooms. I must have it wrong. She must know more than she lets on. In the space between her words I hear air pulled down on lungs no longer willing to ease the load. The youngest, Sonny, still lies in a coffin in the photo on her bureau. Seventeen and dead from a fever that shook souls down to size.
Once, these immigrants, from a past of disinherited dream, bought passage on a train for the first warm wedge of land south. Often, I find her lying awake in her room, and wonder what she feels blurring these days in echo. I want to carry her out into the shade of the locust, and hold off what she hears alone.
What We Find In Shadows
for my mother

Just once, I need face
the man who dug your grave.
Was he pulled out of shape
by the moon? Did he laugh
stars blind? If grass over your stone
would speak up, I'd search
the long blades for reason.

In Kellogg I watch smoke pour
out in layers over the valley,
watch children in the school yard
play hide-and-go-seek. I hear them
call each other names
they won't understand for years.

Who will watch over the children?
Nuns claimed we all have guardian angels.
If mine were here would I know him?
Would he mince around and mimic
our oddest gestures? What dark syllables
would grass cough up in his behalf?

At home I found an old negative
of you working in the mill
during the war. Feed bags held
over your shoulders are missing: air-brushed away.
If you weren't smiling, the gap
in your teeth clearly showing,
I'd say something was wrong.
Today, I have no use for an angel, 
or the scoffer-of-stars. Mother, 
if you hear this, come out from 
the slag heap of night. Bury lies 
I hold inside in muddy ground, 
and dance under a moon that moves 
over us like a mole in search of a home.

Tonight, I'll move on, take whatever 
faded image I find of you, fearing the dumb 
glare of sky. Each breath knows 
my shadow, that half-starved self, hangs on.