

# CutBank

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## Two Poems

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WHAT HE'LL REMEMBER WILL

seem strange far  
gone musk how her  
skin smelled like  
a forest leaves the  
room's sloped ceiling  
her yellow car screaming  
past after he wouldn't  
There was so much rain  
He'll think of the satin  
lace he felt her under  
but she wouldn't stop  
trying to pull things  
from him One night she  
threw blue flowers in his  
face then wouldn't let  
him go covering him  
with hair hair on  
his mouth like pine  
needles on those stones  
near her studio as if  
she thought something  
would come from this  
the way ferns did  
from that stone

**MOSTLY SHE'LL REMEMBER**

that he wouldn't and  
still wouldn't leave  
her alone asking  
her oh honey and  
then sorry He  
wouldn't touch her  
touch her shoulder  
till she cried lived  
among stones loved  
stone wanted a  
woman like an old  
stone bucket She  
could feel his green  
eyes under the room  
couldn't hold him  
touch any place tho  
she wanted slipped  
her hands under his  
belt not knowing she'd  
throw blue flowers in  
his face be black and  
blue in the deepest  
places after the small  
cot night in the rain  
and how she faked what  
he probably didn't  
care about anyway  
wanting more than  
she could tell him