

Spring 1975

## Last Summer In October

Lowell Uda

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

Uda, Lowell (1975) "Last Summer In October," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 4 , Article 27.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss4/27>

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](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

## LAST SUMMER IN OCTOBER

No winds tear  
fifty miles an hour  
through my hair,  
and hers, and no elms plunge for hours  
in electric air.

Lightning is my eyes,  
a deep golden stare  
brighter than King Midas  
on the quick golden stair  
to Olympus.

“Send no rare, metal rose  
to your daughter, but your fair  
and wizard self. Let your hidden  
bolts charge her golden hair,  
and gold.”

No thunder folds far  
or near, and dark in cellar darkness  
golden peaches my wife preserved  
last summer  
drip and burn on her pale, bald  
knee.

“I am your father.  
All is stillness  
here.”

The rainspout rusts, and violets  
gleam in the unattended garden  
where gold beetles drag.  
Pale butterflies, alchemized by sun,  
no longer lift their wings, fold  
or unfold, and everywhere—  
on the shingles, fence posts,  
thistles—rattle empty cocoons,  
shells like fingers  
of dead skin.