

# CutBank

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## Two Poems

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**AGAINST SENTIMENT**

*(for Jocelyn and C. Brown)*

Don't fear the loss of houses  
and furniture. A piano  
is an old and awkward piece.  
Set your mind on the slow curve  
of the Lamoille, a river walk  
on thin morning frost. Remember  
the smell of the LaHouya farm, coffee  
in your kitchen, mounds  
of cucumber, the scent of apples  
that near knocked you over.  
Find your initials  
on any bridge railing and walk  
the woods in winter. Love someone new  
in the still-warm imprint  
of deer. And when you sleep, search out  
the sheets' cold corners,  
hunker down  
into the night.

## REVELATION

*(for H.C.)*

In a moment, you will be there,  
through the back pasture and over  
that last hill.

He will wait for you  
on the front stoop, watch you  
as he calls his pet goose,  
breathes deep his Revelation tobacco.

Then, after a moment, he will grasp  
the screen door handle, open it  
slow and deliberate as the packing  
of his pipe. He will offer you  
a chair, one next to the fire,  
the sharp crack of apple wood. And he  
will take your poems one  
by one, gather them like onions  
his wife braids by the shed.

And in a moment, he will give  
you coffee, a warm slice  
of apple bread. You will know:  
There is nothing to fear  
from a man who drips butter, nothing  
of those quiet rages with drink, or hard times  
in Waterbury. Days aren't marked  
like lines on a quick diminishing bottle. Writing,  
he says, is just this cabin,  
more tobacco in your pipe.