

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 6 *CutBank* 6

Article 3

Spring 1976

Letter from Nebraska

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Recommended Citation

Bassett, Lee (1976) "Letter from Nebraska," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 6 , Article 3.

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LETTER FROM NEBRASKA

for Steve

Friend, it has been dry here
for so many days now.
I don't see too well
and my ducks are hissing.

We farmers watch our fields on the news
then sweat out the stars. Our kids got out
by visiting their ocean friends. Raccoons
I've known for years pant at night. They say:
Don't talk, it's too hot.

My wife's face is melting. Lately she's been
looking in the yellow pages under Beauty.
Peggy's still around and has a job at the bakery.
She hasn't forgotten Red's death yet.
Roger is fine as usual, says he needs to make love
and could I please water his pigs.
I'm trying to work on the poems again.
I guess I'm still forgiving, still on fire.

Oh yes, the cat's in heat.
If there was an aquarium in this town,
we'd all be there. We wouldn't talk.
The quiet fish, the damp smells
and the invitations to lust. Friend,
this is it: I wish you were here.