

# CutBank

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## Livertree

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**LIVERTREE**

You can't call to one  
in the line  
carrying his bone  
to the sun.  
And that man  
piling hides  
on a wooden cart  
is not to be disturbed.  
The last time  
there were visitors  
the songbirds left  
and changed the season.

You will see important progress:  
lines are longer,  
transport up.  
We now have with us  
men who ferry  
salt to ocean.  
See now, a boat  
descends from the moon.

Stumps in the marsh  
have been burned,  
the melons  
there will feed  
our young.  
Lately, all the costs  
have doubled.  
Sun, moon, and bone.

We blind the crow  
and tie its wings,  
watch the hole  
for spear to quiver,  
end thong  
fast to timber.  
And which of you  
will pound the grist  
we gathered in the spray  
of whales?

Your fire must be out  
by moonskin.  
Worlds are piling  
in the night.  
Lay your mat  
along the shore,  
and sleep. Sleep  
will bring her ashy mittens.  
Deep, deep  
the whale.