

# CutBank

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## Two Poems

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## DAWN

The sky looks torn at the mountaintops  
Where light burns into the blue dissolving  
The star freckled night.  
The sun curtain drapes the western slopes.  
Our moments sinking.  
We climb the stairs several times.  
The rug shadow of the mountain is again  
Pulling eastward across the valley.  
Our faces pale because of it.  
The broken streetlamps of sleep  
The shredded hours of day.  
We must clutch our images  
Behind secret eyelids of light  
And drive beyond the hillside in fever.

## SUNDAY WITHOUT RAIN

Back from nightwork and the pale hours heavy  
as they rise with casted light through fog.  
The flare of morning as quiet as a hospital,  
and my wife combs out her hair to sleep.  
'There was a Dr. Blue,' she said, 'sometime  
around three a.m., everyone taken out of breath  
to the fourth floor.'

The fog a ridge now unclear  
with the hills. Pine trees knife it  
with green, a blow of moisture  
to a window. Blankness the topping  
of the nearest fir.  
And the combing continues with a boy  
falling from a high limb, the sudden  
word of it like snow. The thought  
of the mother upset, sleeping there  
on a cot in the hospital primary.

A solitude was gathering.  
Something gone blind past  
the afternoon of play, the  
fallen hand like the one holding  
a field mouse, the coming words still damp  
with the excitement. The fog always  
the boy's freedom of imagination.

But now she will tell me how he was,  
roped with a swollen neck, the vital signs  
unstable towards morning. The sudden code  
Dr. Blue to pass finally the last comfort  
of pillow, of oxygen and little cellophane

bags of instruments, of the intercom distress.  
More tubes to the arm, one down his throat,  
everyone there, all science standing in white,  
hands above the blue head like an operation.  
The mother waited.

This morning is cluttered like a Sunday held  
up to itself and shaken. A threat of rain  
is no promise. The day becomes like piled leaves.  
My wife asleep. The street to happen to the noise  
of cars, the rush of tires peel the moisture away,  
into the opening light of broken lines, of dry words  
marking this day.