

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 8 *CutBank 8*

Article 6

Spring 1977

Two Poems

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Recommended Citation

Frost, Carol (1977) "Two Poems," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 8 , Article 6.

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LET BE

You'll split the earth in half,
my son tells me as I spade a plot
for lady slippers and cosmos.
I pull at the burdock
root that winds like veins. *See*
those trees over there will fall. The ground makes
sense to my son. Spring is a soft, particular tangle.
We look at the leaning trees,
which have dimensions of green
only a child wants. He doesn't pick out the nest
I describe. He senses a trillion
minutes without counting. He sings
four and twenty blackbirds and
when the pie was opened the birds
began to sing. The blood in his heart
is certain as pitch
how to heal. He hands me a wish flower.
He has ten crescent moons under his nails.

APOGEE

In my thoughts I lean over water
letting a boat tip in such a manner
that you on shore miles away
will somehow know my body
arches as if I skim the back of my head
along the waves, as if you feel hard
in me.

In the tide and century
of this dream I am sea mare.
You can put your palm on my flank.
I will not quake
or entirely yield.

In each other's arms
it's this way after a long time.
Or first.

Last year I read your mind.

I can't do more.