

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 10 *CutBank 10*

Article 8

Spring 1978

Three Poems

Stuart Friebert

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Friebert, Stuart (1978) "Three Poems," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 10 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss10/8>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

ALL HE MEANT

The man sitting on the barrel's your grampa,
his gun's carved, inlaid. Can be beautiful,
he says. But has to kill. No thank you grampa,
you say. And very seriously wonder if he's trying
to teach you to shoot against your will. To loosen
your fingers a little, he says. That's all I meant.

EVERY YEAR

Every year the fishing gets harder.
You want to doze in your father's arms.
Next best thing you go to the schoolyard,
sit in a swing, watch for falling stars.
A bat swoops low, that's that.

You hire a boat, go down river.
The moon hands over its crown.
All this time not a word.

Fish sitting together at one depth
and for half a minute you feel the glory
of not having schemed at all:

the hook you bait takes little thought.
A man wants to catch his father a better fish.
Hints of spring in the water, wind pushing
hard to that bare little island every year.
He's fathering there.

THINKING YOU'VE MASTERED THE PROBLEM OF THE WORLD

Some foolish idea in your heart, that's all.
Don't speculate, just finish your chocolate,
the roast was ok, children safe in bed though
the little one's worried there may be school
on Lincoln's Birthday when this woman comes
spinning down the hall in a dirty nightgown.

You march after her for some scolding: Glad
you think the roof has fallen in, when things
quiet down somewhat later we'll look through
the mess, a hinge must have given way but for
now there's no food, everything eaten or drunk,
nothing left, not even a stick to climb down
the mountain with, the black widow on the sink's
dazed too, if it's death I'm not going with you,
I never wear anything on my body no matter what's
out there, Love. What's that you said, what's that?

She brushes me aside, finds a cot in the corner,
starts counting the way they count cows at the
slaughter-house. Outside, the lake's skimmed with
ice, storm's subsiding. See it sweep the valley.