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Parmly shoves the ramrod down the dirty barrel of his .06, like a steel train entering the mine. Outside the Slavs jabber in tongues as strange to him as Ute, and the Finns with their narrow eyes and round faces red as the bricks of their saunas could be Navajo, they die the same.

He enters the heat of a day too drowsy to stir, finds Gordon Creek dry for the first time in his life and blames the thirst of the Serbs.

Meanwhile, Mayor West sends Troopers armed with whiskey and swords up the pinon hills to Consumers. As they throw their heads back to drink, hats fall, desperados, all the lost Utes they admired as kids down their throats.

They arrive like Pancho and Cisco, trucks kicking up bursts of dust like horses, to find the barricades down, the mattresses back on their beds, Aino Louma’s ancient Studebaker grinning at home like a sow, and poor Parmly, walking naked down the dusty creek, a band of Slav-squaws, bare-breasted, prodding him with his own gun. They’ve pissed on him and he’s crying, and the women seeing him cry like their children squat down, offer him and his Troopers suck “to make them human.”