

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 12 *CutBank* 12

Article 41

Spring 1979

Twenty-seven

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Recommended Citation

Addiego, John (1979) "Twenty-seven," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 12 , Article 41.

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TWENTY-SEVEN

I keep folding things and sitting on them,
a street, the name of a woman in Redding,
California, with large lips.
We spent one night together
on a Greyhound, talking about duck hunting,
the Air Force, college.
And rubbed elbows and knees. It was snowing,

and I felt like a capsule within a capsule,
layers of steel, plastic, cotton,
flesh. It seems like I'm always sitting
in this uncomfortable position of not knowing
where to get off. The years
are farmlights flickering through snowfall
on the other side of a window.
I have nothing to show, no children,
no peaches put up in jars. Old
Uncle John; who keeps brushing the strings

on his guitar and singing through his beard,
corny tunes his niece is bored with,
Salty Dog, Goodnight
Irene. I want to really get out of here
sometimes, you know, not come back.