

Fall 1979

Freeing the Apes in the New Savannah

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Recommended Citation

Bierds, Linda (1979) "Freeing the Apes in the New Savannah," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 13 , Article 7.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss13/7>

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FREEING THE APES IN THE NEW SAVANNAH

Goodbye swinging tire. Goodbye shelf of many dreams.
So long muraled forest, urine straw, lettuce heads.
There goes your little family: father, mother,
baby so often flung through your walls
like a pipe-cleaner toy.

A truck backs into the new savannah.
Guards open the doors, head for the hills.
Slowly the apes step down:

They stand together in a moonless night.
A strange grass pokes through their toes.
Here comes a little wind. Here comes the smell
of buffaloes, zebras, goats, llamas,
Skippers, McDonalds, the Guadalajara.
A plane slits the sky. Rain pelts their backs.
Their flat feet are sinking in mud –
they're up to their knees adapting:
bone still, slope skulled, shivering,
shivering, rolling their pearly eyes.