

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 13 *CutBank* 13

Article 9

Fall 1979

Stepping Out

Mark Rubin

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

Rubin, Mark (1979) "Stepping Out," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 13 , Article 9.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss13/9>

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.

STEPPING OUT

At night, *o-op, o-op*.
The way they called meant the rocks
and tree limbs had lost their names.
The way they wanted to smile
but could not,
there was something about bullfrogs
that made the grass sing,
if you cannot live with sadness,
it will live with you.

Father, low branches sweep
the water we threw coins in.
They silver, like names
you've named your life.

I am tired, and want to take in,
as water takes in night
losses of private moons.

What am I to do?
If I wait once by the Dutch Elm,
I wait twice for you.

When the moons overcome you,
blessed are they who see
the eyes of carp as dimes. Frogs
this side of music sing softly in reach.
They'll not let you be alone.