The Trouble with Love

Quinton Duval

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THE TROUBLE WITH LOVE

A white note lying on the carpet by the door gets up and waits at the desk. As the sun drops outside the window, the note takes on color, and curtains shut in the windows across the street. The note is everywhere. A bum's shritail, a young woman's slip, the flash of steam in a horse grazing by the roadside.

If you sit down and made the pen work, you will have your own note before long. Your chest will feel empty like a wax carton they pack poultry in. But it's better than watching everything stop outside. It's better than stumbling on the telephone and hitting the wall when you hang up.

There's no solution. Some notes get tired and just want to be put to bed in an envelope and sent away for awhile.