

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 13 *CutBank* 13

Article 28

Fall 1979

Movements

Stephen Dunn

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

Dunn, Stephen (1979) "Movements," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 13 , Article 28.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss13/28>

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.

MOVEMENTS

That autumn when the summer stayed well
into November and so many friends
were inconsolable, their lives
already in winter
and their breath still invisible,
we marvelled at the flies that hadn't died,
gloated at midwest snowstorms,
and kept ourselves prepared
for the sudden, inevitable fall.

But one day it turned a little cold
and in increments got colder,
and because everyone is lonely
nothing essential changed,
and the snows came and the bitterness.
Our friends took winter vacations
far away from their lives
and we, who stayed close to ours,
were hardly aware of it.

How still it got in the house
after an argument lapsed
into cruelty. That stillness a clamor,
like someone using a capo
on a nerve. Hours went by.
Whoever spoke first
would lose something, that was
the stupid rule. I stared out the window:
Cold night. The flirtations of stars.

And when our friends returned, darkened,
with their smokescreens of joy,
we were speaking again, of course.
There'd been a cardinal by the bird feeder;
one of us was shameless enough

to say so, the other pleased to agree,
and sex that night was a knot
untying itself, a prolonged coming loose.
Almost a solution. Almost, like spring.