

# CutBank

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## The Part

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## THE PART

Stories of synecdoche . . .  
The corporate exec who couldn't be  
bothered; so had himself leeches

and let that bottle of blood slugs  
blush in embarrassment, rile  
in anger, for him. Or:

what happened to it, after  
she unwrapped the twine-tied linen  
in the brothel light, that

van Gogh had left on the ratted velvet?  
She dropped it once, surely.  
And then? Where is it today, that

mold-of-a-ziggurat, almost  
tiered for the stepping  
up of a priest—one sized of

course to the smallness but moaning in true  
full-felt theophany . . . Well I've  
heard the twelve men on the board of execs

go yes or no like a dominofall  
around their walnut table. I'm sure it's  
important. But you say urgency and

I see Vincent, his arms crossed over  
his chest in confusion, the hands deep  
in the armpits like geese bent

back under wings for the night. Each  
wheat has its star. The wind  
wants stopping. And Vincent looks up,

near blind with it all, with the seraphs'  
braille on that black, and hears  
the tight tooled skreek of every

planet turning, yes and every  
wrist in Arles. 1889, the night  
with fire spirals. Sometimes,

now, walking out in the tiny rust-tinged stinks  
of 1980, past the derricks  
and the other industrial metronomes, the

site for the new municipal airport,  
that bar on East 6th where they kick your shit  
out good . . . oh

there's a mountain  
with a radar ear  
swivelling, swivelling, swivelling

for the word from a star  
so far, pain comes  
as a pure red brushstroke, hope as a gold.