

Fall 1980

When You are Eighty and I am Thirty-five

Marcie Goldsby

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

Goldsby, Marcie (1980) "When You are Eighty and I am Thirty-five," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 15 , Article 23.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss15/23>

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.

WHEN YOU ARE EIGHTY
AND I AM THIRTY-FIVE

After awhile the fire burns low.
The only ones to stoke it fell asleep
by the road and you can't chop wood
or do much but weave
until you feel thin as rain.
Thinking of wheat you fall into a wish
something like summer and sway,
searching for hands to lather your crown.

After awhile the wind blowing through the screen
begins to wrestle your hair
but you continue pruning fingernails
back to the young quick.
New hair, black and soft as a pup's
washes down a sink clear through the night.
Tonight, black limbs of the moon
rock your chair, stain the corners of your mouth
like cherries, like blood.
Summer leaves your breath.

Tonight, they'll catch your scent
on the moon and gather you up like a ragbag,
take you to one of their parties with flowers
on napkins, the right number of chairs.
You'll tell them not to feed the birds,
they won't search for food in other places.
You'll pick at your cake.