

Spring 1981

Lolly Doo Dum Day With My Daughter

Ripley Schemm

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

Schemm, Ripley (1981) "Lolly Doo Dum Day With My Daughter," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 16 , Article 4.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss16/4>

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.

LOLLY DOO DUM DAY WITH MY DAUGHTER

Today you greeted the ground owl
guarding her nest in the cutbank.
This same morning you took the wheel
in your hands to learn the gravel
and its grades. Tomorrow you will be
sixteen, will forget you once rode
snug on my hip. The creek floods,
chokecherry buds widen, we sleep,
we wake, to the same pleasant air.

When we go home to rooms we know,
your on fire with fierce resolve,
mine a quiet of polished sun,
let corners of the kitchen fade,
bright Scotland flare. Give a little
in the knee, bend the elbow so.
Ah, my daughter, sing! If we twitch
a fine skirt slightly, let us.
Over and over saucepans scoured,
the treasured fork and knife laid
straight. Afterwards, loving will do.

For the season of love, of boys
from the plow, you know you're not
too young. A long field tossing birds
to the wind goes far. A song to try
again and once more. Better than
scolding a daughter fair, better
we both go, arm in arm,
to take the pleasant air.