

# CutBank

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## Haying

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## HAYING

Before adobes can happen  
someone has to dig a pit.  
it goes straight down before the jogging shovels  
stirring up the worst monsters,  
    which whirl out, flume off  
across the desert in a column  
    of fire laced with crackling spit,  
the kind that earnest Moses followed through the wilderness  
seeing the cities in his head. the hands  
however, being wiser, simply stand aside  
and watch it roar out like a captured bear  
too big and fierce for them to handle,  
a drunken sailor released from the hole in search  
of something intelligent to tear up.  
then it's done, the green mud at its season  
    and the couple is installed,  
holding the little fluffy dog dressed  
in paper clothes cut from magazines,  
the man looking out the crooked windows  
to see which directions the clouds will take,  
the wife lifting up lids and peering down the stove,  
bending to the hollow roots to listen  
where that narrowing, those braids  
and clash of whispers come from.  
but already the hay is shooting up white,  
and the men are out, earth come alive,  
stern earth bent over earth cutting it  
while the girls stand atop the stacks,  
lifesavers shouting down at them.  
but inside the family is so safe because  
this is all around them, so busy  
wondering at it, that the grass spears right up  
through the dirt floor between their toes,  
    a torture  
so mild they hardly feel a thing.