

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 18 *CutBank 18*

Article 7

Spring 1982

Foundering

Mary C. Fineran

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Recommended Citation

Fineran, Mary C. (1982) "Foundering," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 18 , Article 7.

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FOUNDERING

The rains that do not cleanse us continue.
Outside our gate the street's edge
runs undetectably to mud.
Sunday papers swell and choke
the flooded ditch. They say in the country
crops are bursting. Horses bloat
and founder, cry from the too-green fields,
sink through curled and useless hooves.
We no longer promise each other
anything. When we walk through town
I watch your face in store widows,
listen to stone footsteps echo
on the bridge. We pray for lightning, thunder,
snow, any human resolution.
Nothing changes. I have the same
dream every night: teeth
soften, lose edge, loosen.
The rusty taste of blood, tongue
pushing pulp, the endless falling out
of things grown familiar: echoes
of rain on roof, the fevered horse's
plodding search for drier ground.