

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 19 *CutBank* 19

Article 13

Fall 1982

Homestead

Dennice Scanlon

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

Scanlon, Dennice (1982) "Homestead," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 19 , Article 13.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss19/13>

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.

HOMESTEAD

For M. S. Daniels

Dog days in high country offer no relief. I hunker
where trails climb to claims that turned the century
rich, ore Cape-bound for Scotland like a dream
of easy ways back. It must have paid panning
the creek with stillwater eyes, snapdragons to flutter
in spring. What words came after dredges tunneled
through for greed? Did old ones linger for a nugget
or Sunday lighting up the ridge?

Roots and stone. Reason for returning autumn nights.
Pictures yellowed under glass, faces torn or buried
by the gray waste heaped behind, nothing grows
when you find the road to town. Cold sky deepens
the winter slope. Love dies. You learn to flood
the shaft that fails, dig for veins
you have no stake in.

Aren't all claims ancient where we settle our remains?
Do words come after flowers dry or white stoops sag
in the rain? And life we drain from timbered drifts,
will it still burn like the peacock rock it bubbles?
There's little shelter in mines that work
their own shift. No memory survives
the short way home.