Spring 1983

The Color of an Old Friend's Eyes

William Stafford

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss20/4

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.
THE COLOR OF AN OLD FRIEND'S EYES

If he had lived, you know, many a merry-go-round would play. He always bought rolls of tickets and stood by the pike laughing and crying with anyone who stopped, and giving pieces of Heaven away.

A gray bird with a gray song beat up and down all day, relentlessly trapped in a self that loved an oriole. What could Heaven be, or Hell, for a person who sang, or got sung to, in a world that strange?

A horse on a merry-go-round stares out wild-eyed all day, all night, ready to be in my dream. I keep it out by looking away from mirrors or ponds, and I never let that music find me when it is dark or anywhere near the sea.