

Fall 1983

## The Right Side of the Brain

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### Recommended Citation

Lindsay, Frannie (1983) "The Right Side of the Brain," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 21 , Article 30.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss21/30>

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## THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE BRAIN

There are two senses only: right and left  
and what is poured between them. Mindful hands  
that are kept open in a dream of cupping. One attentive  
to its touching by deletion, one that trembles  
with the details of amnesia. And what you remember  
about water is the way the cold is spelled  
across each hand, the letters wet. You learned  
the word, the depth-obsessive other  
word for water: a specific silence ten blues deep  
with cool hands finally surfacing.  
You learned the word for water by caressing  
all that you could pour between two senses. It runs  
into many words. Imagine swans  
who come to water, how they bring their swimming  
with them. The surface is eventful with reflections,  
while the orange feet beneath it  
send entire landscapes shoreward in their lazing circles.  
And the whirling that implies a shore by repetition,  
one wave passed into the same hand over, an arrival  
handed dry. There is a painter leaning deep  
into his easel: mirror submerging both  
its faces. Self-portrait of a man asleep  
and picture of what has been looked at calmly:  
sky, a left hand wind that blows against the right  
and places motion in among the trees across the water.  
And the painter's in there, brush held to the sky, one side  
dipped high in the direction  
of the cold that we call wind.