

# CutBank

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## Grange

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## GRANGE

Have sweltered salt, it's what the meat had lost.  
How a rook clung to each china limb;  
So lovely, its being winter and all.

Or tight as piglets, as the paternoster  
Of their tongues pulling down the milk;  
Have sweltered salt, it's what the meat had lost;

When a girl lost balance the breasts stuck out  
Like the straw at her back but more golden.  
So lovely, its being winter and all.

With winter's pointed breasts are those  
Who must gather apples from the ground;  
Have sweltered salt, it's what the meat had lost.

And the thousand-taloned orchard bares  
That season's fruit between crooked legs;  
So lovely, its being winter and all.

Mighty lovely blackened with chaff, like dolls  
We slit the sunflowers from their knees;  
Have sweltered salt, it's what the meat had lost.  
So lovely, its being winter and all.