

Spring 1984

Cold Night Thoughts Beside an Empty Cave

Tom Sheehan

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

Sheehan, Tom (1984) "Cold Night Thoughts Beside an Empty Cave," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 22 , Article 10.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss22/10>

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.

**COLD NIGHT THOUGHTS
BESIDE AN EMPTY CAVE**

The pond is hammered
into one piece.

An owl, darkly buried,
carries half the night
away like a canyon
carries an echo down.

When the final touch
is carved on water,
intimately the mouse
knows the owl, and I
am left to the last
enterprise of imagination,

the Christ tree enters
all the shadows.
I am what the Christ tree is,
an upright man at no arms,
a swimmer vertical
in time, elusive saint,

a descendant of Abel
second in the clubbing.
But night and the cold charge
live where the rim hangs
between sunset and sunrise,
halfway into my eyesight,

halfway into the echo
night carries in its mouth,
a mouse at odds with destiny.