

Spring 1984

Inertia and What Emerges

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Recommended Citation

Davidson, Scott (1984) "Inertia and What Emerges," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 22 , Article 17.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss22/17>

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INERTIA AND WHAT EMERGES

Like a man married so many years
he fears single beds
broods in twilight
watches curtains dampen with rain

window gaping and mute
cigarette hissing
he wants the touch of
something impeccable from his past

he wants the feel of a rake in his hand
scent of smoldering leaves
his wife crossing the yard from
shade to sun

the afternoon beneficent and still
his wife lacing woolen arms behind his neck
smelling of soil, talc, perspiration
the aromas of his plausible life

He feels the hollowness begin at dusk
another bad imitation of home
lovers embracing beneath his window
so enamored of the generous world

he wants to bang the window and warn them
sees his marriage dissolve in each
tender weaving of limbs
throws every switch he can find

lights, television, microwave
feeds ice cubes to his blender
just for the noise
finally throws up his hands

having known all along
the limits of brute faith and bombast
slams the apartment door behind him
taking three steps at a time to

street level where he pauses to breathe
sees a woman crossing the street from
shade to sun
gust of wind lifting her hair

who takes him by surprise and
smiles for no reason,
like a man married so many years
he can surrender his wife to the world

and blame no one
like a man who believes for this moment
stepping through the doorway
there is grace and vision in his life.