Spring 1985

Not Old Russia

Eric Rawson

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/iss24/29

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.
Not Old Russia

Here is my father
with his jars
and tiny brushes,
leaning over
the chipped ikon
he smuggled out
of Leningrad.
He tells me
this Midwestern
light calls to mind
the light of some
former studio, gone
two hundred years.
He hasn't the eye
for this kind of work,
and when he is done—
tomorrow or next week—
St. George will hang
on a papered wall,
wet and not quite
the original color.
We will go out
along Duff Avenue
with our umbrellas,
after snow, and forgive
all manner
of imperfection.
At the end of the block
the big white sign
over The Grove
will flicker on,
drawing attention
to the walnut sky,
and he will laugh,
"That's the color
I was looking for."