

Spring 1985

First Spring on Roosevelt Drive

Loretta Sharp

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

Sharp, Loretta (1985) "First Spring on Roosevelt Drive," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 24 , Article 30.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss24/30>

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.

First Spring on Roosevelt Drive

1.

The morning the spotted calf was born
our mother who wore one-inch bows in her hair,
 who crowded into size seven shoes,
 saying it was the width she took,
 not the length,
our mother who looked away when the neighbor
 lady nursed a baby
that morning mother stared at the cow Dad
bought cheap because she was too old to breed.

The old cow's flanks wet mother's head, bent
to nipples, caked and pink as tainted meat.
And she lit into the house, scrubbed her clean
linoleum, dark hair touching breasts, bound tight
as the round cheeses kept in the wellhouse.

2.

Outdoors, we heard mother stoke the stove.
She marched to the chicken coop then, grabbed
the oldest hen,
 gripping its neck in one hand,
 swinging clockwise twice
 until the twist and easy give.
And she tossed the head, letting the rest
 of the chicken run.

Mother dipped the dirtied hen in a scalding
pot, singed each wing hair. Then two sweeps
into the naked cavity, and we saw the clump
of yellow eggs she'd been reaching for.

For lunch, mother mixed the last powdered milk,
set out brown bread and the stewing hen. She cut
the rubbery eggs, ate each herself, saying
only the old cow would come fresh in a day or two.