

Spring 1985

Seasonal

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Recommended Citation

Bristow, Christine (1985) "Seasonal," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 24 , Article 43.

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Seasonal

1

From out of the deep canyons
summer begins
to lift on a new wind.
The cracked riverbed coughs
and moans
in its parched throat.
It is the sound we make,
waking from a bad dream. Our voice
that walks slowly,
out of the caves.

2

In his dream
a man's fretful mouth
opens to cry.
His lips take the rounded form
that just begins
to say "love"
before they sag shut
on the effort.

3

After the argument,
in this room's stunned silence—
our words
choked by their own heat—
I think of the necessary
lull before rain.
And with my lips on your throat
I listen.
I feel just there
for the drum that wakes,
the river's rise, the sweet
emergent
pulse
of weather.