

Summer 1991

Blood Enough and Time

Mary Vanek

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

Vanek, Mary (1991) "Blood Enough and Time," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 36 , Article 34.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss36/34>

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.

Mary Vanek

Blood Enough and Time

In the center of a cemetery made green as spring
by the grey Confederate dead, I sit
near midnight, the black dog
who guards the place sleeping at my side,
cool on the cold cement base of this monument
made by the pride of Southern womanhood.
We all pay our debts in different ways.

The story is, where blood's been spilled
ground will speak if we will listen.
I ease a blade through the pad of my thumb,
the drops pulse out, and it begins:
wind strong enough to strip brown leaves,
a rattle like bones in a clattering bag.
Then nothing. The dog licks his yellow teeth.

I believed they would return, given blood enough
and time, but now, steadied by the throb of the wound,
I doze, legends dying all around me, the last stroke
of the clock tower echoing into silence.
Power comes from what we are,
not what we think we'll be.
Witness Odysseus staining a trench red for Tiresias,
the old man deeply drinking, speaking full of mortal heat.

—for Robert Wrigley