

Spring 1993

Contributors, Advertisements, Back Cover

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Contributors' Notes

Sandra Alcosser is a professor at San Diego State University. Her second book of poems, *A Fish To Feed All Hunger*, was selected by James Tate as an AWP Award Series Winner.

Kent Anderson teaches creative writing at Boise State University. His novel-in-progress, *Night Dogs*, is a sequel to his first novel, *Sympathy for the Devil*, which was recently issued by Editions Gallimard in French.

Kim Barnes lives above the Clearwater River in Idaho. She is co-editing an anthology of contemporary writings by women from the West, which is due out from Viking in early 1994.

Ralph Beer and his wife Margaret are rethinking their attachment to cows.

Mary Clearman Blew grew up on a ranch on Montana's Judith River, and now lives in Lewiston, Idaho, where she teaches at Lewis-Clark State College. Her new book, *Balsamroot*, will be published by Viking Penguin this fall.

Stephen Bodio lives and works in Magdalena, New Mexico. His most recent book, *Querencia*, is a memoir published by Clark City Press. His novel-in-progress is entitled *Tiger Country*.

James Lee Burke lives and writes in Missoula, Montana, but often returns to Louisiana, his native state. He is the author of ten novels; the most recent, *In The Electric Mist With Confederate Dead*, will be issued this year by Hyperion.

Bryan Di Salvatore is a writer for *The New Yorker*. He lives in Missoula, Montana, with his wife, novelist Deirdre McNamer.

Libby Durbin has published poems in *Calyx*, *California Quarterly*, and *Poetry Australia*. She lives near Devil's Lake on the Oregon coast.

Debra Earling is a member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of the Flathead Reservation in Montana. She teaches at the University of Montana.

Kate Gadbow directs the Writing Lab and co-directs freshman composition at the University of Montana. She has published fiction in *Epoch*, *Northwest Review*, and *CutBank*.

Earl Ganz has taught fiction writing in the University of Montana writing program since 1966. He is currently working on a novel entitled *Jefferson's Jews*.

Patricia Goedicke's most recent book of poetry, *Paul Bunyan's Bearskin*, was published in 1992 by Milkweed Editions. She teaches poetry at the University of Montana.

Fred Haeferle's stories have appeared in *Epoch*, *Missouri Review*, and other magazines. He has recently received fellowships from Stanford University and the NEA.

Woody Kipp is a member of the Blackfeet tribe in northern Montana, where he grew up in the town of Cut Bank. He writes a weekly column for the *Missoula Independent*.

William Kittredge still teaches writing at the University of Montana. His most recent book is *Hole in the Sky*.

David Lee teaches at Southern Utah State College in Cedar City. Previous collections of poetry include *Porcine Canticles* and *Day's Work*. "Sawmill Road" is from a new manuscript, *My Town*.

David Long is currently working on a collection of stories called *Attraction*.

Deirdre McNamer grew up in northern Montana and now lives in Missoula. She is the author of two novels, *Rima in the Weeds* and *Eating Air*, which is forthcoming from Harper Collins.

Tiffany Midge is an enrolled member of the Standing Rock Indian Reservation of South Dakota and lives in the Seattle area. Her work has appeared in *Arzanella*, *The Ark*, and *Chrysalis*.

Kevin Miller lives in Gig Harbor, Washington. He has poems forthcoming in *Crab Creek Review*, *Jeopardy*, and *Yankee*.

Sheryl Noethe lives in Missoula, at the foot of Mt. Jumbo, when she's not working at schools in Idaho or the New York School for the Deaf.

Greg Pape's most recent books are *Storm Pattern* (University of Pittsburgh, 1992) and *Sunflower Facing the Sun* (University of Iowa, 1992). He teaches in the writing program at the University of Montana.

Marnie Prange's first book, *Dangerous Neighborhoods*, won the 1992-93 Montana Arts Council First Book Award. Her poems have appeared in *Missouri Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, and *Poetry East*.

Robert Sims Reid received his MFA from the University of Montana in 1977, and has since published five novels, the most recent being *The Red Corvette*. He has also been on the Missoula Police Department for thirteen years.

Ripley Schemm lives in Missoula and teaches poetry for the Montana Arts Council. She has worked in the Poets-in-the-Schools program in Montana and Idaho. This winter she has been taking care of a sick horse in her backyard.

Annick Smith is a filmmaker and writer who lives in the Blackfoot Valley of western Montana. She was co-editor, with William Kittredge, of *The Last Best Place: A Montana Anthology*.

James Welch's most recent novel is *The Indian Lawyer*. His previous novels include *Winter in the Blood* and *Fools Crow*. He recently co-wrote a documentary film entitled *Last Stand at Little Bighorn*.

Lois Welch is Director of the Creative Writing Program at the University of Montana, where she has taught in the English Department since 1966.

Robert Wrigley co-edited *CutBank 4 & 5* in 1974-75. He is Poet-in-Residence at Lewis-Clark State College and lives at Omega Bend, near Rattlesnake Point, on Idaho's Clearwater River.

Paul Zarzyski is the one and only Polish-Hobo-Rodeo poet of Flat Crick, Montana. He recently partnered up with Justin Bishop to produce a recording of cowboy poetry and song called *Ain't No Life*.

—Frank Cady

May 3, 1944 -- January 2, 1993

Frank Cady taught literature and writing at the University of Montana from 1971-1973. Cady published two volumes of poetry and had numerous poems published in a variety of literary magazines. The selected poems are reprinted here in memoriam by several friends.

MUSTARD

Such yellow brilliance, and the blooms
straining upwards, sucking the light
then nodding into the grip of bees,
wavering as if of two minds, and I
shake my head, trying to throw off
the weight of memory. Am I still
disputing the philosophy of Joy?
Asking if it is only the idea of yellow
that brings me to the edge of my senses
or just this yellow imprinting itself
through my eyes into the blank cave
of mind? I blink and nod
into the grip of my ponderings.
That clears up nothing: only yellow
within and without. But ah,
these are the best arguments, the ones
in which neither of us need change,
and I congratulate myself on my cleverness
to be standing amidst this field
of yearly reconciliation, like two lovers
who came to know that, apart, a child
is only an idea, but together, after they nod
into each other, then watch themselves
yellow in the morning light,
that child demands attention yes,
me, now, rushing into the forest
of blooms and stumbling in awe,
baby-talk on my lips-yellow, look --
and for whom the words will forever evoke
just this: bees and so bright.

Frank Cady -- c 1992

GLACIER PARK ELEGY

1
I taste the unripe chokecherry.
Bitter little fruit. Bitter
but fruit. Chokecherry wine.
All fruits give hope, in season.

Death too should have its season,
but it enters this poem unripe,
hard and bitter. It is a poor wine
I make this year. And unnecessary.

2
Dare I talk about eternity
in this fragile meadow, this spiked carpet
of glacier lily? where we climbed snowbanks,
careful to test our steps, and summer

melt still rushes to the blue-green
lake below? These are hanging gardens.
Where hoary marmots preen like cats
before rut. Where two-hundred year
firs and lichens crack the edge.
And shootingstars pulse to wind.

3
Let me come around again.
Death waits at the center. I am lucky
to come around again. My response
is unsure. I want a monument
to someone who loved and knew the fragile
edge of things. She could die now,
she thought, her life's work was done.
This poem helps, it moves to a pulse
larger than memory. In limestone crags
wind blows on the lichen edge
of lilies. That vision without end.
In a limestone butte, she saw Indians,
dead and going to the sun, wind
carving the form that contains us all.

4
I say goodbye. I let the land say
goodbye. But she could not. Screaming
rubber and metal on metal are still loud
at the center. Death should be mannerly.

When you died, you should have grabbed the wind
and gliding down to your valley, cried,
"We love you! We love you!"

Sentimental, true, how many times
did you write those words? You were old enough
to know the need to die and to cry,
and we were too young to ...

except in a picture and memory,
memory so fragile it lives only
on a few sunny days when the wind
swims warm and we can hear
limestone carved to marble
and say cryptic words of water,
wind, rock and lily-star.

Frank Cady -- c 1973

Published in *Western Humanities Review*
XXIX, 2 (Spring 1975)

WALKING

The field slowly escapes the sounds
of a careless city, as car horns
give way to the improvisations
of yellow-breasted meadowlarks
who play their arpeggios down
the wind. Yellowbells begin
at 3600 feet, and my feet slowly
take hold and find their way
through air that is its own master
and ours down from a sky piled high
over the northern range, brilliant
in sun and silence that's breaking up.

For days, it doesn't speak, just broods,
waiting until the fragile plants
are strong enough and I can walk
to the place my field opens, bathed
in the orange chalk of evening light,
the patches of purple pasqueflowers,
the delicately veined waxed petals,
yellow-clumped on high stamen centers
that survive snow and wind and rain,

and climb to timber line
from its underside, greet windsong
in silver firs and calm surprised birds:
the isolations of air are safe, I come
in peace to walk a windy light,
and turn with lichenized rocks into
a setting sun, follow it over
the spine of a ridge to a valley
I didn't know was there, the distance
caressed by its watershed, and stop
at a shootingstar, wavering between
sun and a full moon that stretch the sky
as wide and taught as it can be.

Frank Cady -- c1973

Published in *Poetry Northwest*

XVII, 2 (Summer 1976)

BLACKFOOT ELEGY

Geese are honking down
the whitewater traces
and current piles over
my sapling legs.

Arrows in the sky.

It is time they go south.
The wind is calling all
its airy trout home.

Frank Cady -- c 1976

Published in *Mountain Gazette* 96
June 1976

FOR US, APPROACHING FORTY

A small poem.

One I can begin in my book-lined room,
a private joy. As if framed
by the northern window, January sun
brilliant off the shiny leaves--

a perfect picture to fool the seasons.

As I sit, I notice new aches.

Sipping coffee, I am warmed only to my waist.
I limp to the dining room, dog and cat
already there, curled in their animal sun.

What I write for you is a proposition,
saying only, it's sunny today,
and if we curled together,
we could be one.

Tomorrow, I will write about
how the media cloaks our age with words,
how I then tear at them with questions,
mend them with theories, and how I dream
about being savagely stripped by radiation.

But today, I let myself be undressed
by the sun. It leads me to our bed.
I can't tell you what joys I feel
while alone, waiting.

When you come home, I will be curled
lightly around the pillows.
Slip in quietly, after
you have shed the world.

Frank Cady -- c 1982

Grateful acknowledgement to *Glee Cady*, whose
support and assistance enabled this memoriam.
Reprint permission by *Glee Cady*.

Dr. Bruce Bigley

Terry N. Caton

Carol Junkert

Glenn R. Junkert

Dr. Michael McClintock

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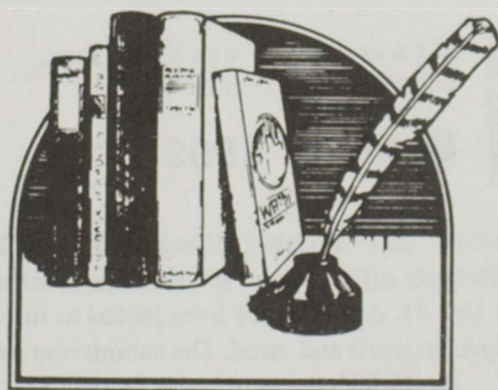
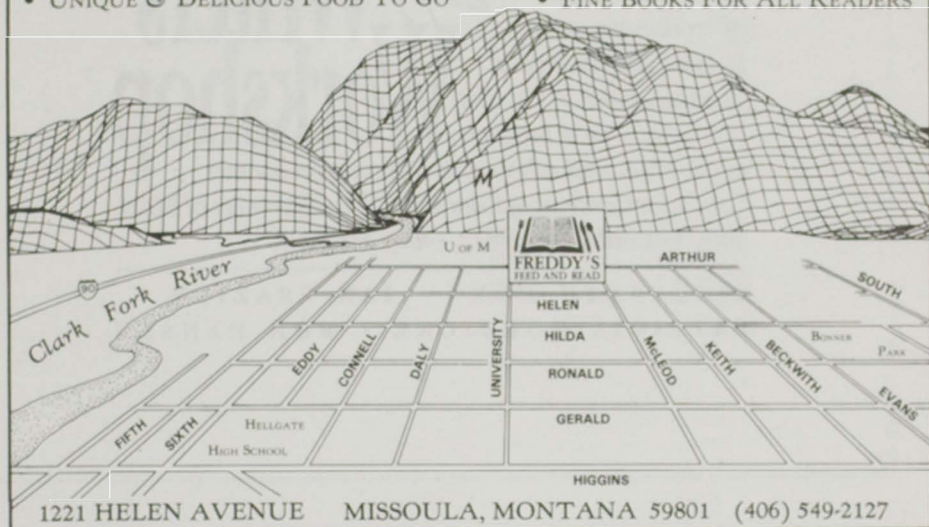
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