

Winter 1994

Something Like Blood

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Recommended Citation

Goodan, Kevin (1994) "Something Like Blood," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 41 , Article 9.

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Something Like Blood

The day begins
& it's too nice for words.
My mother touched my hand.
If I had a lover, she'd be here.
I think the fish are calling
but it's the wind not whispering through trees
but across the neck of a bloated horse
tangled in stray barbed wire.
Willows grab my line & send the message
I was never wanted here. I was told one time
my father could whip the life back into rocks.
I kiss the horse and cry.
The other bank is posted with bottles
I never left-- but want to. The sun sets
like a welt across the ass
& if I had a lover
she'd leave me. I tell myself I will act
man enough for mother to kiss me
when I come home with nothing but my hands.