

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 43 *CutBank* 43

Article 16

Winter 1995

Graveyard

David Baker

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

Baker, David (1995) "Graveyard," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 43 , Article 16.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss43/16>

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.

David Baker

Graveyard

Heat in the short field and dust scuffed up, glare
off the guard tower glass where the three pickets
lean on their guns. The score is one to one.
Everybody's nervous but the inmates,
who joke around—they jostle, they hassle
the team of boys in trouble and their dads.
It's all in sport. The warden is the ump.
The flat bleachers are dotted with guards; no
one can recall the last time they got one
over the wall. The cons play hard, but lose.
So the warden springs for drinks all around—
something he calls *graveyard*, which is five kinds
of soda pop poured over ice into
each one's cup, until the cup overflows.