

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 46 *CutBank* 46

Article 6

Summer 1996

Pith

Emily Pestana

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

Pestana, Emily (1996) "Pith," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 46 , Article 6.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss46/6>

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.

EMILY PESTANA

PITH

Your subself circles
on her bike,
then your three mothers call

—*Come home*
 —*go away*
 —*damn it, sister*

Each asks

 —*That you, dear?*
and kisses you
probably because
you're learning
to swim.

One mother plays the piano
scientifically—measure by
measure—a sonata divides
inside like a fevered language

 —*Listen, you cannot dream*
 sans mal-aria

Nights she reads

 —*On a train forever*
 they get accidentally killed.

Which one's the story? you ask,
which one's me? How about a way,
or hill, or numbers
to divide?

—*Here, she says
wear this face.*