

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 47 *CutBank* 47

Article 8

Spring 1997

Ambush

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Recommended Citation

Henry, Peter (1997) "Ambush," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 47 , Article 8.

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PETER HENRY

AMBUSH

The day comes when we cease being brothers.
It has been waiting in ambush all these years,
like the one poisonous spider men still fear too much
to become.

The rain continues digging its tiny nests in the field
as our grandmother grows slowly deader,
two ice cubes clasped inside each fist like unlucky dice.

My brother & I stand back-to-back.
We begin walking towards the electric fence wrapped
around the field
& the charred crows swinging beneath it.

This could take decades.