

Fall 1998

Provincetown Surprise

Eamon Grennan

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

Grennan, Eamon (1998) "Provincetown Surprise," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 50 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss50/8>

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.

PROVINCETOWN SURPRISE

There are mornings you feel might never die,
when the wind is down and the sun's come out
and the quick incessant tick of rain's cut off and no
reminders of what can finish things in a wink. So
you stand at the door of Fat Jack's, your red waiter's shirt
open at the throat, one hand creeping up your back
like a friend's hand whose lover's other lovers have both
closed early: you feel it telling your skin something
as you look out into the mild November morning
that might be Easter, the storm over and the grave
gaping at the big surprise that hope is, while Mozart
comes flying from a nearby window, fresh as ever
on wings, uptilted, of meerschaum and frittered light.

HAPPENING

It almost always happens by accident, never when you're tense
and expectant, waiting all day in hiding for it, field-glasses ready
to take every detail in—not then, but when you're relaxed
and turned away from the whole thing, begun to dander inland
and thinking of the twists your own life is taking, then is when
the marsh harrier bursts out of nowhere flying low and very fast,
skimming
the astonished heads-up of two herons and lethally
flaring over a brace of mallards in the brown pool, who duck
under marsh hay their own colour and cower there, hearing
their hearts quacking like mad. It's gone then, while you're still
fumbling for the binoculars, leaving you with just one trace
—a black flash, white spots before your eyes—and a bare tree
shaking where the hawk went keen and headlong into it.