

Spring 1999

Skinned Yellow Fall

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Recommended Citation

Braverman, Kate (1999) "Skinned Yellow Fall," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 51 , Article 14.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss51/14>

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SKINNED YELLOW FALL

Come at me fall
thief of leaves
apples hanging yellow
as honey or lanterns.

We are isolated
in these Allegheny mountains.
Even the sunflowers are gone.
Time to close the pool,
forget the pond.

I love the light in autumn
clarified and redeemed.
The cobalt sky naked
not a blue humans know
but the blue of tapestries
epics, pharaohs, certain seas
and there's too much air.

This must be like a last breath
of a heart seizure, a fall
into purified blue.
In one instant you understand
skinned yellow at the bottom of ponds
and the edges of marrow.
You know the languages inside
rain and stone.

In July, in Rome, they said
the coliseum was once covered
by acres of red and yellow silk.

Did they have more imagination then
when augury and tarot cards
were legitimate professions,
tea leaves and juggling,
predictions about love and drowning
babies and unexpected fire?

Did they have a more subtle anatomy?
Did they see networks between rivers
and bridges connecting genius and catastrophe?
Did they sense the interior monologues
of bells, searching the night
for others like themselves,
dark things with a taste
for absinthe and amber?