

# CutBank

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Volume 1  
Issue 54 *CutBank* 54

Article 13

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Fall 2000

## Cold Front

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### Recommended Citation

Johnson, Kimberly (2000) "Cold Front," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 54 , Article 13.

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## COLD FRONT

At sunset, virga turns orange,  
a fire infolding itself, its downwardness  
sucked in, turned skyward and dense  
in the cold atmosphere. Gold fire  
on the wet fields, fire on the hemisphere.

The maple upturns porous leaves, barometric.  
At the river, reeds rattle together, daylilies  
yielding their petals to night.  
Clearance lights necklace the hilltop in rubies.

In the thickening air, little firefly, light.  
Lightning will shutter past midnight, and you  
as in discourse, unshutter your small, candent  
body, greening my eye-green.

Tomorrow morning morning's minstrel  
will raise its brazen jackdaw cry.  
Bullfrogs shrieking at the river,  
cattails bumping a clapboard symphony.