

Fall 2000

Tricks of the Trade

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Recommended Citation

Meng, Catherine (2000) "Tricks of the Trade," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 54 , Article 19.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss54/19>

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TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Night comes in spades. Lethal
followed by liquid, followed by the overcast reeling back
moisture dropped early in the day.
And what of Dostoevsky's father?
A block of charcoal new from the press
—yes, we could make our own charcoal.
Suddenly the bones of a cuttlefish

—so we made spectacular inks too.
Then you could feel mistakes,
palpable as the pilot gone out.
During this time we nailed a lot of things together.
We made firm decisions about recycling,

so we recycled nails. Somewhere it is written
that Dostoevsky's father never saw a dandelion.
The man that wrote it knew the mailman's uncle.
Could it be foreseeable? Night

never misses an appointment. Kids like to roller skate through
it,
others walk the dog in it, confess in it, work
in it. Many sleep in it. Many do not
sleep.