

Spring 2002

Direction to Points East

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Recommended Citation

Goldfarb, Rebecca (2002) "Direction to Points East," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 57 , Article 3.

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DIRECTION TO POINTS EAST

We found the service road was not a road.
Behind the platform a row of hedges turned the way out.
White magpies beat their wings at stale bread.
Old pools collapsed, girls chased golf balls into pine trees.
Next to a barnacle covered pipe, beside the giant rock,
by the wild bamboo and the fields of watered sod,
silver-colored fish baited themselves into buckets.

I guessed the wrong turn twice.
Dead end near the rotting mansion up this way,
the hills smaller near the harbor, the terrified gates
of rich neighbors and their orange groves.
The spokes hold the wheel full of wading birds
and rust the ten-speed a shade darker. When we aren't
 looking,
familiar insects fly up and spell our names.