

# CutBank

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## Work

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## WORK

In town she showed her child the hanged man. He wouldn't  
work she said.

Or he would work poorly and then be dismissed. How your  
grandmother cried when she  
Saw him come home early. How poor we were.

The woman showed her child a man standing on the corner.  
He will stand all day she said.

It was cold and still only morning. Mother and son went again  
to look at the hanged man.

He was a lout she said and a loafer. The child remembered

How they had once played games. His bald head was a globe.

The child put his small  
Hands on it and the hanged man said  
Raja and his rickshawallah have come to the Hooghly to bathe

Or some other nonsense. On the table was a bowl of tongue  
and from the alleys a braying,

Lowling, mewling and laughing.

Now lovers and small birds were collecting in the grass.

They won't kiss all day she said. She showed her child the  
memorials to war.

These stone horses won't always be older than you. The  
veterans who sit in the park won't

Always sit.

The man who won't work will never work. After the hanged  
man has been hanged we may

Begin to cut him down.