

Fall 2002

## The Next Thing That Begins

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### Recommended Citation

McInnis, Amy (2002) "The Next Thing That Begins," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 58 , Article 23.

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**THE NEXT THING THAT BEGINS**

In the garden, knelt,  
although the soil underneath  
is damp, and one fold  
bares a breeding place for mosquitoes  
invisibly young.  
Because of their bites,  
you stand, quickly rub your arms.  
A strange motion, so unlike  
each night, when in sleep  
you stretch your arms  
and rub one, the other,  
up to the elbow,  
the dry sound that skin  
makes on skin  
not enough to wake you.  
In the morning, we have laughed,  
wondered if you dream  
of being a surgeon  
but it's not that, not  
a dream at all. Something  
swarms in the night air,  
bites tenderly, like snow.