Spring 2003

This Burnt River

Tracy Zeman

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss59/11

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
This Burnt River

It's not like the building is on fire
just his small corner
that river with the bed of slick smooth stones
beneath us color breaker
There's a photo of a woman standing next to a doorway
with vines intertwined around the arches
She's outside and only a number of steps away

We are with the woman in some hallway
cut off at the end what she was saying
It's a question of time

It's a suggestion of time
It's a river fed with flowers the woman drops
in as she passes over the bridge
never really being there with her
but observing: less (man woman faith) full
in between the walls we are in the hallway
narrow at the beginning
far at the expanse and colorless
two hands touching at the base with fingers askew.