

# CutBank

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## Raw Plains

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## RAW PLAINS

Perception was waiting on a rock  
for a higher organism to crawl into. We opened each other up.  
She slipped in. We dragged ourselves through swamps while  
she dilated.

I never get used to it – my own face. Muscles  
twitch and yaw over my bones, sometimes with my thoughts,  
sometimes against them. When I watch you

watch a memory, your eyes shimmering  
on a cat's cradle of electric pulses, I think of aluminum roofs  
that once suggested nothing but themselves and the moon.

It was a fiction. There are mountains and trees. The  
mountains are content.

The trees want to do something *aching*. There is  
the difference between *the raw plains writhe with cattle*

and *I see some cows in a field and one has a spot like Vermont.*

There are those dreams where it *is* but it *isn't*: your kitchen  
but your hips are part of the formica, hungry but for rotation,

they were blood-thirsty killers but decapitated victims  
with sultry dances. The mountains bare their endless  
shoulders. I want  
the caress of cliché: the *big one*, the majestic spine-tingling  
eagle soar.

But the eagles can't stop mutating.  
Baby chicks march in circles with club feet and confused eyes  
chanting *flight is dead, flight is dead.*

Hasn't there always been the leaving of bodies?  
I tell myself there will always be the gravity of thought  
working itself out of an asteroid range

and a cold pregnancy in the stars. Perhaps I tell myself too much.  
I know a gift has happened. This conjures an image: our residue  
on some tangent of time just floating along.

It is not our dark matter unhumanly longing for these lives.  
I've seen marble arches. Erotic, their flight  
and return to the ground. No always. Forming. Massive.