

Fall 2005

Civil War

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Recommended Citation

Adamshick, Carl (2005) "Civil War," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 63 , Article 33.

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Civil War

They walk through a field sick with dead bodies.
They carry chairs. Think
we leave with our chairs. Think theater.
A nest within them holds suffering.
A nest within them understands
they feel wholly beautiful only for those moments
after they give. Think
the loud killing. Think yolk in the skull. The trees
endure their structure
like the bones of some magnificent animal.
Think *floating under the spine in the lost museum.*