

# CutBank

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## Free Union

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*Free Union*

They achieve small things, and in league.

Their picket crimes envelop his, he fashions  
 from the lot light's edge. To the up-sloping west is a town small  
 as this, to the humid east is one slightly larger. Cut off  
 from full ripeness of sin, his admission to these nether plots  
 and farms costs no more than a tank of gas, not less than  
 a bent machine of day-old papers. Without changing position  
 the sky lifts its body from stars, rolls sullen under branches'  
 seared buds. Without sleep, he posits waves of blame on sleepers  
 locked away from whichever route he dares to drive.

::

*Wish I was sailing where they believe  
 much in individual license. Wish them, resting deeply,  
 do awake to untouched snow. Let warped doors go unlocked  
 beside unloaded rifles, let them open garage, post, market  
 to none but themselves—realize the vagrant snow takes down their bough,  
 know that sickle slights their leaves. Sometimes their news  
 records this change, and sometimes lets it be. The mush they feed  
 to dogs belongs to dogs, and Sunday they gather me to churching—  
 take me through that homely door, set me before the table  
 fairly, feed me full and unto death.*

::

Much he reveres his conceptions,  
 their largess divined from misread maps  
 scuttled under floorboard cans. He makes spaces wide despite  
 narrowness in hills and rivers. He makes spaces narrow  
 despite silence's wide insistence, in town. Does he take  
 a girl to heart, does he take to arms a boy? I guess  
 I prefer to slice the meanest fruit from worldly loins, a divine  
 act it is, in the backlot's bedroom. Locker or ladies' room.  
 Often I fear he'll draw his sad knife across my course, we'll meet,  
 waiting for him. In villages between villages, asleep.

::

*Over here, over here that starry crown  
 witnesses the mysteries of hounding towns.  
 Do the neighbors go to church? Or do they meet to discuss  
 a plan for righting odd doings in fields between redress  
 of plow? If nakedness in autumn builds a home for this sinner  
 far away, in a lingering between the choice, I can never  
 forget him who was sweet on me. Alone until departure from those hills  
 I will seek him in this clay. Though I know tomorrow we'll  
 see morning of two faces, of one body far away,  
 I take him with me, over there, over where that starry crown.*