Winter 2009

Toward the Tall Grass

Michael Levan

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

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

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss70/16

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.
The woman I love killed a rabbit once,  
a baby the size of her heart which is the size  
of a fist, four fingers and a thumb  

some people curl into hate or, much more often,  
me knocking on her red, blistered doorframe.  
But on that chilled spring night, the kind that has always  

begged me to test if my December breath still existed,  
the rabbit found a crease in the tent floor, burrowed  
under the nylon home we had made, together.  

It slept at her feet, dreamt of morning, a mother’s  
love regained beneath the dawn fog, all the while  
its gasps for air swelling as her leg’s weight  

settled for the night, pushed down, pushed down.  
Folding the tent the next morning, I found  
no beating heart, its muscles stiff and fur slick  

from a small pool that had settled there, too.  
I nudged the body toward the tall grass, laid some oak  
leaves over what was—I have never shared  

loss well—then moved to her. I kissed her hand  
uneasily. All the way back home, my fist beat  
for her on the steering wheel, slow and firm, slow and firm.

for Molly