

# CutBank

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MEGAN KAMINSKI

We bring observations concerning downturns  
ledgers of birds and botany casting insinuations along banks  
    rivers shining coin metal  
        copious rolling cool over feet in shade  
burn tallgrass each year to ward off sumac  
and so our inventions carry us hillward  
smoke filled lungs tattoo the prairie across us  
stamping arms legs neck

We carry blueprints for this decade and the next  
rendering town into plain plain into town  
coax ladies to squint and order bolts of fabric  
wrap houses and rivers in green silk sublime  
        it's too late to be simple  
        translating objects into nouns  
sentences accumulate spread across county lines  
soak up lake-water silt strangle invasive plants  
gathering letters to provide heat for winter months

We send missives to squirrels and accumulate cows  
fencing livestock close to house walls for warmth  
leaving little space for strangers  
        raptors night-call to children  
        across fields of corn and wheat  
make it difficult to find the end switch for winter  
snow blankets white refracts the sun swifts carry other words  
blind us all in softer hours circling chimneys old churches

Wednesdays bring me down  
people moving through them like traffic  
I tried to sing a new song  
I made it like the Arc de Triomphe  
my voice wavered with vibrato  
strung bees around the throat  
it deflected cars vespers and foot traffic  
but her main advice was develop an ascent  
spread myself across late August days  
sink hips into the Kansas River

Because everyone doesn't speak the same language

We imagine different thoughts for birds  
squandering songs to trees as if needing  
weren't enough  
stroke across river across sky  
trace our steps on midnight serenades  
one tree selected from the fold brings  
our plans into focus veins etched  
other wanderings insinuate  
themselves on our bare palms