

# CutBank

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## Construction

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CONSTRUCTION

There never was a moon. Nails  
littered the floor. These roofless houses  
and beam after beam of unfinished wood.  
The stairs without a railing,  
and the basement with a floor  
of gravel like teeth. She thought  
she was in love  
but also knew she wasn't.  
The trees in the yard  
were the size of thumbs.  
He brought her there to lick  
her stomach. The sod needed  
to take root. She could pull it up  
with her hands. Pipes jutted  
from holes cut with circular saws.  
The pipes made her think  
of vocal cords that forgot their voices  
after someone stole their mouths.