

Spring 2011

Oh obstinate Nursey

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Recommended Citation

Soloy, B J. (2011) "Oh obstinate Nursey," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 74 , Article 51.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss74/51>

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OH OBSTINATE NURSEY—

I forgot my glasses on the sink, so the damp bottom branches & I played “Seeing Eye Dog” for the insects to delight at. Filling in the blanks of the few stories I’ve heard, it seemed just the sort of moon-spurred derring-do the grandchildren would admire & potentially respect.

It’s been a generation since I’ve had the respect of a child. The curtain’s not drawn on the century for nothing, darling. Still, the war continues to glow after two decades’ cooling time & seems less & less likely to be of the fading sort.

It’s near a week, I realize, since I’ve seen anyone at all. Perhaps something scared the town to stillness, and that queasy goddamned mailman won’t brave it through the overgrowth to bring me word, good or bad. The last to know.

Perhaps (if we’re perhapsing our night away here) your note, long considered & so long delayed, is waiting in a canvas post bag with other versions of the world, gathered before scattered, all orphans on some hopeful, desperate train.

Certainly I’ll wait—if not patiently, then reliably—with a headful of songs and a pair of good binoculars.

Some nights the clouds seem more lovely than the stars as I remember them. I’ve grown a beard since you last saw me, Alisa, & it’s awful becoming.