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Chorus Easily Hummed

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right? And I said he’s just a mutt, no fancy hybrid, just a mutt from the shelter.

I don’t worry about my dog in here because he can take care of himself. And he listens. I hike off leash in the mountain, and when he runs off, I give him time, then call him back, and Bam! he’s there, right by me on the trail again.

But this Doberman and his dangling balls zeroed in on that boy’s Whoodle, and the Whoodle’s a hyper thing, thinks the Dobie wants to play. It sticks its ass in the air and lowers its head all playful, its tail wagging like crazy, but the Dobie’s tail isn’t wagging, and its chest puffs out and it bumps the Whoodle’s side, and just like that the Dobie spins the Whoodle to mount it, but the Whoodle flips on its back in submission, so instead of doggie style the Dobie is all up on this dog in the missionary position, and the Whoodle’s owner is screaming like crazy from twenty feet away, yelling for the dog to stop humping him, that he’s a boy anyway, and to please get your dog off, Ma’am!

The crazy lady’s oblivious, filling her water bottle at the drinking fountain, and Whoodle boy won’t dare get closer, so I go over there and yank the Dobie off the pup, and he bites my arm hard, and I’m about to punch it in the head when my mutt’s right there biting its neck. Then when my arm’s out, he wrestles the Dobie down and clamps down on his balls, dragging the poor bastard by his coin purse, deflating any envy.

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**Chorus Easily Hummed**

The cornfields rise
like a sloping sea floor.

There's enough sky
to exceed the late morning.

There's farms,
but no farmers.

It's seven turns
over two hours
until the children's hospital, where you announce our arrival in the city of towers!

full of potions, and needles we call swords.

After each visit, we exit the parking garage into a kingdom of endangered prairie.
whose only protector
is its destroyer. In the dark,

there’s nothing to see,
but you look out the window

and tell me you see birds,
hear a song that goes like

The child always round me, asking *mama*,
yelling *mama*, meaning look at me *mama*.
I’m the raw materials, what’s dug out of mines
then refined with heat, time, and water,
forged with each strike, for a strike is always
repeated. Meaning, ascending with power
and health, with glad notes of daybreak I hear:
nothing. But you are warm and breathing like
a bellows. Some mornings you are angry, but
most you’re song in mug with cream. I think,
I did not know you before disease. Would
I have known you otherwise? Our chorus is easily
hummed, now that such strange notes survive.