

Fall 2022

Turning Seven in Summer

Allen Braden

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

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Braden, Allen (2022) "Turning Seven in Summer," *CutBank*: Vol. 1: Iss. 97, Article 9.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss97/9>

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.

ALLEN BRADEN

TURNING SEVEN IN SUMMER

Mom waters rhubarb

browning in the garden
with her back to me

and the morning sun.

Beside the silage pit, I flex
my entire body above them.

It doesn't look like a "hill"

or my ant farm before
I ruined it with honey.

Just endless traffic pulsing

among granules of quartz
that catch the August glare.

Before grasping the word "colony,"

I dig in the heel of my PUMA.
A chamber collapses then

a fluster in unison. Hundreds of tiny

reactions to one giant stimulus.
Their rush hour of industry

quickens to mend the hidden
city. I too quicken
and storm. My anger now

their anger. My gestures,
their freak disasters.
I am a Frisco earthquake.

I am meteor shower.
I am.
I am.