

Spring 1977

## Answer

Donna French

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

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

French, Donna (1977) "Answer," *CutBank*: Vol. 1: Iss. 8, Article 29.  
Available at: <http://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss8/29>

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 administrator of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mail.lib.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mail.lib.umt.edu).

**ANSWER**

Tonight the moon  
Is tacit as usual. The crickets  
Rub their knees to sing.  
Rub my knee  
And I will sing. Man has no place  
In the fantasies of moths. Do I love you?  
The answer must empty pitchers.  
I know when figures are made of dust  
They will be frail figures.  
I can tell you that their fingertips  
Will not be smooth. Perhaps  
Broken, perhaps missing altogether.  
I don't know what energy is released  
In dreams, but let it nod.  
Let it fall like a breast released  
From its binding, a supple,  
Rounded fall.