Clarence King Names Mt. Tyndall

Kevin Clark

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

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

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss16/18

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.
CLARENCE KING NAMES MT. TYNDALL

1864
for Dave Robertson

This last step implores an ending. Every crevasse, every granule crushed is the desire to cross into a room. Here, the perfumed air suggests rest, a resignation: as if the mauve silk sheets of the bed, as if the lithe brown woman preparing them for your body, were themselves the final word. In this room, you are imagining silence and then: more of the same! You wait for worry. There is only peace, and your mind going on, felicitous, into the blue distance. However, this is only the last step, not imagination, nor love. It has only pretended to be sanctuary. Nothing more than sweat, a sweet ache in the thigh, an advance onto the day's last height. How it slips from the present without pronouncing the promised . . . You are taken
with depth,
silence sucked into the vacuum

of the valley, the incessant air!
If you fell, earth
would enter your blood, and

you would sleep, the landed gentry.
You name this mountain.