CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 23 CutBank 23

Fall 1984

Courtesy

Debra Hines

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

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss23/36

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.
The dirty exhausting town,
the hundred flies on the cutting block—
we can't absolve anything here.
It's apparent in photographs,
as I catch you handing a mistrustful boy
a coin. That boy
will follow us home.

This afternoon, I take my place
beside the old beggar
at the corner of Calle de Jesus—
the one who plagues me
and wins her little war.
My hand darkens in shadow.
I am about to mumble
whatever she mumbles
to see if coins will come winged
from the white hands of strangers.

Now I've awakened
and I can't go back.
All that is left
of evening is dinner,
and some poor woman's hand
extended through the window,
her fingertips nearly
touching our table.