CutBank

Fall 1986

Note

Michael Arvey

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/iss25/22

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.
Note

Loons at the edge of this town
translate my voice—nothing lost.
In the scrunched acmeism of this room,
in the cold, dark arc
of the fireplace: syllabic
ash, a piano’s
insistent fortissimo, whiff
of kvass souring in jugs, paper
prohibitions, black snow. Again,
Osip tours the cemeteries,
fusses over lack
of sleep, and I the empty
synagogues, honey
I buy hard, scarce
kopecks, molded loaves. So many
bricks, matches struck
against them, blue spurts—
Efron’s skin now
a last shovelful of dirt
thrown over him,
Irina given away like a shrivelled goat,
Alya dew on a Gulag boot.
My mouth a noose
swings across my face, another zero
lined up, added to zeros, August here
long as Octobers.
Who holds my work, holds my body.
This note, my echo.
From Yelabuga, Yelabuga.