Summer 1992

Seen Walking Between Here and Janesville

Roger Sheffer

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/iss38/6

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.
Seen Walking Between Here and Janesville

Ward hauls his belly from the fold in the earth
a dozen ears of corn in a wet Red Owl bag.
He eats it raw.
His clothes hang loose and the semis
like to suck the shirt off his back and spit
it out a mile down the road. He's
been seen walking baretop a mile
outside Janesville
tracking down that shirt.

He's been seen barefoot sitting on the shoulder
picking his toes. In a rainstorm. The
Jackrabbit bus thumps on a patch of asphalt. On snowy
days the driver sets the wipers on double-time
and sings some kind of off-key lament for
that poor soul until the road curves twice
and Ward turns white
in that general forgetfulness of
everything we've seen
out these fogged windows.