from The Ideograms

Matthew Rohrer

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
Rohrer, Matthew (2006) "from The Ideograms," CutBank: Vol. 1 : Iss. 65 , Article 54.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss65/54

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.
When I listen, really listen
to the creek it gets quieter.
It ceases its own ceremony.
In the night the rain destroys the enchanted mountain.
In the morning I am newly formed to my terrain.
The creek is swimming up to tell us
that the Pavilion of Probability is under attack.
Bank the coals against the anguishes of night.
In the afternoon the mountain laurel is awake.
It wakes me up.
The wild mountain orchid droops on the path
in the clouds now. The sun folds.
We march and descend. One man is arrested on a ramp.
The men at the campfire pretend to color the rain clouds.
At night this is what scares me.
Having to piss in the forest blackness.
Seeing a faint glow.
Knowing it is two elk working together
to balance a birthday cake on their antlers.
I almost understand you.
Then I come upon you as upon a tree
bristling with spent arrows.
I’ve come too late.
You kiss me goodbye sometimes
and I feel you transfer everything.
Sometimes you destroy crystal snowballs.
Sometimes I call you three times in one hour.
The pond that separates us during the day is being drained.
You kiss my hand and I see the folly in my plan.
Let the products sell themselves.
You leave the apartment.
You bring home the bacon.
Once you walked all the way home eating jalapeños from a jar.
All day I think about words and how words can topple and humiliate my enemies.
I walk for hours this way with my son in a small carriage through the humid beech trees.
We cross rivulets and cricket grounds.
Huge groups of kids get in trouble.
We rest on a bridge.
We wait for a crocodile to pass before we cross the river.