Landscape for a Sudden Other

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Recommended Citation
Schuldt, Morgan Lucas (2007) "Landscape for a Sudden Other," CutBank: Vol. 1 : Iss. 67 , Article 13. Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss67/13

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Landscape for a Sudden Other

...last form and final thing, the O.
— Charles Wright

Unfended, I’m one for the heights. A swoonhead
of prettyplease going- going-
gone hunched. Unpaced anyway
mygodding waywardly. In way-words

mygoshing the ice-plants, as in —
thier red-tipped halts of water grappled the dunes.

As in — I oooed and eyed them from behind a shook of red scarf.
Their little wherebys

having it vast in the heart,
that mimic-muscle —
the softer said of said,

how mattering is up to us. From say to be,
& as fears do their suck-a-thumb.
Because lungs lost are light,

and we tally this makeshift pact with span.
How is often is. A dumbshow

of aught having a beg:
that these are the days that must happen to us:
days with the potency of aspect,
the tactile O
of differences.
Of shooks of the clothesline & sheets

hardened by breeze, by shivelight, which
suntimes on beds done on

lasts better to the whether-sensing hand.
Laughternoons. The strange untrieds,

& the further of all that’s -wards.
The astral, the black, the tumble-studded

night. The dimming out. The there-there
that’s the thou thou.