

2010

*

Megan Kaminski

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

Kaminski, Megan (2010) "*", *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 72 , Article 19.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss72/19>

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@mail.lib.umt.edu.

*

MEGAN KAMINSKI

We bring observations concerning downturns
ledgers of birds and botany casting insinuations along banks
 rivers shining coin metal
 copious rolling cool over feet in shade
burn tallgrass each year to ward off sumac
and so our inventions carry us hillward
smoke filled lungs tattoo the prairie across us
stamping arms legs neck

We carry blueprints for this decade and the next
rendering town into plain plain into town
coax ladies to squint and order bolts of fabric
wrap houses and rivers in green silk sublime
 it's too late to be simple
 translating objects into nouns
sentences accumulate spread across county lines
soak up lake-water silt strangle invasive plants
gathering letters to provide heat for winter months

We send missives to squirrels and accumulate cows
fencing livestock close to house walls for warmth
leaving little space for strangers
 raptors night-call to children
 across fields of corn and wheat
make it difficult to find the end switch for winter
snow blankets white refracts the sun swifts carry other words
blind us all in softer hours circling chimneys old churches

Wednesdays bring me down
people moving through them like traffic
I tried to sing a new song
I made it like the Arc de Triomphe
my voice wavered with vibrato
strung bees around the throat
it deflected cars vespers and foot traffic
but her main advice was develop an ascent
spread myself across late August days
sink hips into the Kansas River

Because everyone doesn't speak the same language

We imagine different thoughts for birds
squandering songs to trees as if needing
weren't enough
stroke across river across sky
trace our steps on midnight serenades
one tree selected from the fold brings
our plans into focus veins etched
other wanderings insinuate
themselves on our bare palms