At Arm's Length

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it only staggers this dawn

I am waiting for the dew to break
over my fevers

there is more than one and now twenty
years passing under a foot fall  I admit
I am young
inside this sad house  but it is peripheral
the dawn  I mean  it is blossoming

and I see two of everything
the voice doubling as a forest  the dawn
has already risen there

but water  the fevers
one of them is tattooed on my ribs

it is 4am here  it is still darkness here
there are some things that refuse to break
what did he tell you of the snowfinches I know it is still summer but I've been preparing I folded the sheets I stood up

they are pale birds typically fearless they are simple repetitive songs and I am small weathered the weather changing the light suspended below the surface of the lake the dew that trembles in the grass

and it is nearly fall what does he know about tattoos about nests

the typical clutch is from 3 to 6 eggs
Apology

I would have liked to keep you
at a fair distance I was not made a forest
by choice you know
these kinds of things are accidents
but the dawn has already risen here
the simple repetitive songs
cling so tightly to the body
and it’s all too far abstracted to be truth
it’s peripheral it’s a fair distance
and there is more than one of everything