CutBank

Volume 1 Issue 31 CutBank 31/32

Article 34

Fall 1988

Echoes

Robert Creeley

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Recommended Citation

Creeley, Robert (1988) "Echoes," CutBank: Vol. 1: Iss. 31, Article 34. Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss31/34

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ECHOES

What kind of crows, grey and black, fussy like jays, flop on the tree branches?

"What kind of love is this" flops flat nightly, sleeps away the days?

What kind of place is this? What's out there in these wet unfamiliar streets and flattened,

stretched faces? Who's been left here, what's been wasted again.

Robert Creeley