

Winter 2006

from The ms of my kin

Janet Holmes

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

Holmes, Janet (2006) "*from* The ms of my kin," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 65 , Article 28.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss65/28>

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.

Janet Holmes

from The ms of my kin

1861.3 (192-199)

Transport

clad in

a trick

Does'nt —

move —

without

me —

God gives us

Victory —

lips

take it —

so economical

little mouths

know how to starve —

Confronting
the Adamant

Mind

near his nest

how late — how late —

Transporting

the fire burn

the Centuries

men

fumbled

Till those two troubled

With the Desert

a fine invention

Emergency

more distinctly seen —
the surge

reached the other side —

Come slowly

Round

Least docile

Yield

Reeling —

renounce

the

hunt —

lost World — !

farther Parted, than

Twelve months ago —
We

the patientest

— how soon?

It's

Everlasting

They have no

Home

Coming

they're never —

Heaven

Lift

the Boy —

Homesick steadfast —
Ah —

Escaped —

that flight

Struck

Lives —

leaves the shreds behind—

Oh

Come back —

You

You

Her

So distant —

Universe,

vaster

And

Completeless

There's a certain

Heft

Shadows — hold

like
Death

quenching
the Sky

's

Candle

— for You

the Dark

might have been

the Camp —

Men
Women
And
Passed
Into

the Desert

a Day

no Soul

Was

Permitted to

look

at the Grave