

Summer 2009

## Pictograph: The Red Deer Place

Melissa Kwasny

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

Kwasny, Melissa (2009) "Pictograph: The Red Deer Place," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 71 , Article 5.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss71/5>

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](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

*Pictograph: The Red Deer Place*

Close to the river, which is rain-clear near its shore: seven doe, rose-orange. A mother with a fawn. One starburst. A hundred tally marks. A kind of feather. Clear water, red lacquer of the bare dogwood branches, the shale muted, mixed, spirit tempered with blood. Rock-blood, which is a flower shade, more silent, safer. Your mother is entering a timelessness on the edge of death. A light source so distant we feel auxiliary. Yet a loud thrumming of our ears against the gates. Why do whitetail deer have white tails when they could so easily betray them? In order, I think, to tie them like knots in a rope at night or in the confusion of flight from harm. The white is not so bright in the broken tines of hoarfrost, the penciled in trunks of aspen that fall in lines like faults or fences, yet these look like deer bodies, too. It is perhaps the heathering, the empty space between the colors. A fading language that might be bridge to our existence here.