

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 39 *CutBank* 39

Article 13

Winter 1993

Newness

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Recommended Citation

Pavlich, Walter (1993) "Newness," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 39 , Article 13.

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Walter Pavlich

Newness

It is the just-weaned calico pulling on a just-pruned length
of jasmine twine with her teeth. It is this claim:

This is mine and I have no use for it.

It is the dove's head after an unforecasted rain.

It is a root beer stain on the selected poems of the poet
who died last Friday.

It is hearing Rosetta Tharpe sing "*I'm gonna move to the sky.*"

It is the memory of driving the nursing home laundry econoline
van full of rolling turds and piss and death.

It is the sun not making any noise.

It is the mouthpainted river, the footpainted sea.

It is the extension cord needed for the electric hummingbird.

It is the music box picking up where it left off mid-song.

It is how well sparrows blend with the dead gazanias.

It is the heart thirty-five years old and numberless.

It is the perfect seal of a tomato.

It is the star between two crows.

It is not pear leaves shaking, but wandering in place.

It is cat being, bird spirit, dog soul.

It is playing music loud sometimes, so your insides can hear it.

It is lamb blood on the kitchen floor.

It is the moon nude.