

Winter 2017

A Form of Birthing

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Recommended Citation

Winkelstein, Rae (2017) "A Form of Birthing," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 86 , Article 4.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss86/4>

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RAE WINKELSTEIN

A FORM OF BIRTHING

At birth you can
I think the kindest bee;
Making yellow milk from
A wombat flea; I got a starved

Being. The curved part pretended
It was happy and full of milk,
That it was glad and fell about.
The warm part stank of eyes,

What a beginner I got. Stood all
Around the whatuary, we crossed it
Off lists, I think people knew
Things but did not yet know how to

Trap them things.

Now I have become so drunk I am a father
Cut away his blue sword
Cut away its cold perpetual rays

Because I have become the feeling
That I am a father underneath my cape

And underneath my sword

I feel I am another father
Old and peeled and planted
With long, involuntary teeth.

Removed from all light, yet
He will live, while frogs might live questionably,
Vomiting, drawn to a place frogs' longing

Repeats in the waves: Earth has
No answer, so they feed it
They give their honey out