

1995

Sunday Morning

Lisa Stillman
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Stillman, Lisa (1995) "Sunday Morning," *Exile*: Vol. 41 : No. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol41/iss1/9>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

Sunday Morning in the Backlands

Here is everything you will need.
The pastel haze of morning
lies damp on your breathing skin.
Cool odor of gum, sweet elixir
cleanses, awakens the senses.

Here the red kangaroos thrive.
Like deer in these autumn fields
they stand, fragile, strong
in their tawny coats, awaiting
nothing, wanting for no one.

Here the sky is split open.
Crimson rosellas, parrots,
bold cockatoos, lift silence
into song, brilliant bodies
penetrating the blue.

Here the world is more than you believed.
You can drink from the ground
a liquid like you've never known,
cold and clear as moonlight,
stark and pure as God.

-Lisa Stillman '95

