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## From Fisk's Knob

Amy Pattullo  
*Western Michigan University*

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AMY PATTULLO

FROM FISK'S KNOB

Look over Michigan:  
Her udder's full.  
Trees so green . . .  
(You would wear that green  
In velvet  
To make like being sensuous. And in Canada,  
They would weave it into Hudson's Bay Blankets.)

The crickets—  
Singing their round tune,  
A lunging tune that surges  
Like the boat of a muscled rower. (Singing it in high  
Grasses that tremble like the fledgy water trailing from  
that boat.)

A wet peach, that ripe sun,  
Is dying over the corn,  
Over the locusts and bees, the catbird, wary  
In the long shadows,  
On the virile sumac,  
And, too, on the mad bats.

This land is heavy with rich milk.  
(Devonshire cream.  
And tea cakes, and short bread.)