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don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's
saving me for a rainy day*

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Growing There

Judy Pattullo
East Grand Rapids High School

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GROWING THERE

Under a closely watched
horizoning sky
he stands, and waters
the black plowed,
Earth dirt and body water
swirl steam on a June night.
It is very hot and the stars are old.

At that standing moment,
vulnerable and easily uncomfortable,
he assumes the strength of so-brown wheat stalks
and not of pillar stone.
He has a curving loveliness.

How does a man grow from a cantalope?
An acorn with
tophat trembling.
Where man, where does the strength
that creates so slow a man-boy
from a twigling,
all thinness and quiet
watching from dark hills—
where does it come from?

In the city, perhaps it is the
heat waving up between blocks of concrete,
every day all summer like an air drill.
On the farm the warm of earth
or the strange clitch of his father's mind
when the seeds are planted
and all the fathoms of nature have yet to strike.
In the woods maybe the curdle on past
of the river, maybe the very slenderness
of a deer's ankle
or a long black hair crost his path.

He leaves that hill soon,
thinking no use.
Kicks the dirt home
and his ma says, "Danny, you're turtle slow."

His father says,
"No boy in my family has yet
to treat his ma like you do,
Danny damnboy.
You're going to set her to cryin.
School's been calling 'bout you cuttin your classes.
You're in trouble, boy." And
"Dan, you're sure gettin tall."

He lives where he belongs;
lions pull his heart
but he stays there, with wonder.
How come ever, halfway up his father,
he looks so much bigger?
Springs 'round and supple strong.
He curves and he is lovely.

TROUT STEW SONG

A happy trout song gurgles in me,
laughter smiles like big trees
blowing quiet-like through that cabin.
Trees through the cabin (and not disturbing
your shirt all tossed on the bed.)
I path through these woods
with my lunch and black under my fingernails
from digging in my plants.
Green and brown have always
gathered me up like this,
have always sprinkled me across life.