
Volume 1971 *Calliope Manuscript Day 1971: i
don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's
saving me for a rainy day*

Article 11

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Trout Stew Song

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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.