

1974

Untitled

Dawn Patnode
Denison University

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



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Patnode, Dawn (1974) "Untitled," *Exile*: Vol. 20 : No. 1 , Article 16.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol20/iss1/16>

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.

We have a hinting household here.
Hideous flies buzz between
winter windows
and inner windows.
They buzz insomnia at night.
And in the day they --
fat and black --
will lick their sneers
and rub their spindled appendages.

We open screens to shoo them
when the sun is screaming summer.
But neighbors send us hurtling messages
drenched in martinis
and 'going-homes to mother.'
So we decently slam our windows shut.

And we indigest in uncomfortable
silence at dinners. Crunching
and squashing and slopping
and smacking.
Glances of suspicion pour around
like spilling milk.
And we lower our eyes
to avoid the invisible mirrored-maze
of insistent monotone humming on windows.

Dawn Patnode

The Barn

Cobwebs laced on bulging beams
grasp bits of straw and dust.
Heavy, hot smells of animal breath
and the cool musty hay.
Horses' hoofs shuffle soundlessly under dirt floors.
We look long, very long at the birth of a calf-
the silence of life's emergence lays softly in the stall.
Her wet wisps of hair warm with the mother's blood.
Slowly in the night the crystal casing is gone
and the cow nudges to stand the delicate bones
of her new companion.

Mary Schloss