

**UTTERLY HUSHED**

Jim Dewitt

this is the story of  
plenty of plums whose bruises  
need mending, flattened out  
for the count  
in a little-enough bowl . . .  
how my mouth ached to yell "stop"  
but the brutal blows  
went on landing  
like mustangs' toenails  
and now their poor pit-colors  
cannot bleed off  
though they bend without breaking  
beyond sunset  
the solitary witness