



4-21-2016

With My Feet

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Recommended Citation

Grandouiller, David (2016) "With My Feet," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 16 , Article 22.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol16/iss1/22>

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About the Contributor

David Grandouiller is a Junior English major at Cedarville University. He is interested in the unglorified, concrete moments of human experience: O'Connor's dust, Paul Harding's toothache, Brian Doyle's Ash Street, Francis Schaeffer's blue pomegranates.

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WITH MY FEET

BY DAVID GRANDOULLER

Instead of staring at a white blank page
Today, maybe I'll go
Out and write
with my feet
On wet gravel, on patio tile,
On my tip-toes, on the clutch pedal. Maybe

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I'll go
out and see
For myself
What the fuss is about. Something
Tells me there's a storm drain
That catches pink morning light
Through the Alder leaves.
Something tells me that
Today the air is like soft lips
On my face that the breeze
Carries off too soon.

It's the grass-cutter that calls
Me out in the late days of July. It's
The lawnmower, the weed-wacker,
Telling me I should be on my feet.
I know I should be outside. Soon,
I know, the year will belong to the Northern poets,

to Dickinson, Frost, Poe, and I
Will be hibernating somewhere
In southern Ohio.