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## With My Feet

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## **About the Contributor (Optional)**

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

CEDARVILLE  
REVIEW

12

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.