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Four Dreams of the Old House

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FOUR DREAMS OF THE OLD HOUSE

1

The cracked ground marks
where the sewer line has frozen and burst.
My father spends all night out there,
his pick axe ringing on the stones.
There is a horse, and she lives beneath the ground.
My Dad is slowly going blind. The ground breaks
open and exhales spring.

2

I am telling secrets to a mouse.
I whisper down the basement stairs, murmur
in the darkness of the cabinets where
grains have spilled.
The mouse takes cereal the way my grandfather
takes his daily bread, and then becomes
my grandfather. I am telling secrets to my grandfather
in the dark cupboards where the grains have spilled.

3

The house is a broken tooth
and the barn twitches to burn.

4

We are there again together. Years
are recovered like polished stones. The long night moon
seeps between the branches of the willow tree.
The river is an old man with a whittling knife
humming softly to himself
as he notches the passing of time.