

At World's End

A home there-----
Trumpet vines before the original
Front door of french, now red latex behind
2 gigantic slabs of stone. Think of hoisting
such slabs, the effort of maintenance, that
farmhouse so ramshackle the walls had
growing pains.

Now there is such stillness, ageless
In the leaving, the departure of children,
Such a resonant hush that any creak
Signifies love still.

But was it expected, the breakage, the sweet
Flotsam of blossoms? I wake from dreams

Carrying all this inside, like those dolls
Within dolls, the replicated kernel, a walnut
Adin fin...
Such, the chambers of our hearts-----
Again we are there,
Full of knowledge that these rooms, these
Beings made us, hands clasped as an arch

Amen shaped.