

Wallpaper

What self-absorbed patterns are there on this wall:
a convergence of voices texturing generations
born through and beyond war, this baby boomer's legacy
passing up plaster, wiring, pipes,
to live on the threshold of a division between parts.

Step through some gauzy strip. Its flesh is a stretch of hours,
years, all army brat surplus breathing these homes into being,
though only sojourned, never owned.

In Europe so many were ruined, the facades suddenly stage-flats
collapsing with one lamp or painting dangling here and there like an eye.

How to secure mere boards, beams and pegs?
How to put a latch on the wind when change sweeps through, dispossessing?

Can it be canned, preserved, pickled:
Eternity in a mason jar, a whole summer's ripeness?
Our clothes, moth ball packed, store gestures
like limbs. Our faces retain photos age-wrapped as wallets.

But, in the end, every museum moves out
through the hurricane contained in a classical pianist's hands.
So, listening to such genius, I bail out images
and press my head to this wallpaper.