

Attics · *Katherine Kane*

They are the heads of houses.
They bear the whole drafty brunt
of winter, yet appear to us in spring
as if behind transparencies of light.
They are in love with Madame Bovary,
or dream of being great arks on the sea.

Of their hearts, say unpursued.
Therefore they are wrought for solidarity.
They imagine the delight of balconies.
And their bygones, dolls askew in cartons,
metronomes, maps of the islands,

these have suffered the regardless children.
And the things inherited or out of style,
these two are stationed in the white dust,
forgive us, forgive us. Attics
need a sun-scrub, they are too skull-colored.
They make the cat reluctant; but we go in,

as we must, the grazing of light fingers
unmistakable. We stand back, below the dormer window
with its rill of moisture and its rainbow.
Crimson in the room of indolence,
not one thing green. White elephants.