

*Christine Deavel* · On Top of a Small Porch

a boy shinglewalks. He tries the slant  
almost to the eaves. He wiggles his fingers  
in the air above the redbud and the car,  
thinking that tonight when he sits on the porch  
with his family, he will look up  
and see himself not touching the wall.  
His big father is settled in the window  
over the roof. They are so close that the distance  
is almost wonderful. So the father, wearing  
the undershirt, after work, is calm.  
His thick hands rest loose in his lap, while over  
and over he sings to this boy in the baggy pants—  
“Come in, come in, come in Roof King.”