

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.”