

I want to believe the teeth still chatter,
from winter cold or summer passion.
I want to believe in an ardor as keen
as the homing pigeon's, who reconnoiters, banks,
lands, and coos like a fool in the dark.

FIXING THE WINDOW

It is the way some vandal left it,
like a spider's web askew—
a spin of shards, the spaces themselves
all hunks within the piecemeal shatter.

I tape the lines of it, follow them
as though they were the window's silver bones,
edgy in the sunlight. Then
I cover all the pane,
cellophane row on row, horizontal,
vertical—inside and out.

Serviceable window, light shedder
of slanted rectangles, kerosene rainbows,
and out of which I watch the school children
at play, rough-housing, tumbling,
half unclear through the distances
between us, the wishful scrim of repair.

THE CHORE

The night we arrived home from our trip, father knew
something was wrong in the root cellar.
It was September, very late, tomorrow would do

for us to see, but I saw his light later
on move quick across the yard,
down the low near slope, and disappear.