

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.