

## ROOMS

A boy sits on the mantle with a piece of string  
Tied to his tooth  
A big woman rocks by the fire  
With a pan of peas in her lap

On the radio they say a convict  
Is loose and heading this way  
The boy stares at the doorknob  
Like a soft-shell turtle on a log

That coward who tipped off the law  
Leans on the pool cue in the corner  
He can't sleep  
The hinge sings like a falling tree

Someone moves among cattle  
Someone is blamed for all misfortune  
The fat woman rocking near the door  
Laughs at the boy with the sleeve over his eyes