

Where I Live · *William Stafford*

This world has a tall roof. Wind
is its wall. This world has a hard floor—
many have fallen. If I ever forgave you
we could meet here; or we could start walking
some morning and never come back. Our friends
would forget us; without us the hawthorn hedge
would smother the rose; the sound of our street
would lull, but be almost the same. Dogs could
inherit this town we once wanted to come back to again—

And a doll would be looking out from its own
attic window where I once put my hands over its eyes
to say, "Guess who this is." Once we had
time for things like that. It would be quiet here.