

*To Andrew: At Seventeen Months*

Chimney sweep, fireman, one-man  
cleaning crew, you follow me down the hall  
to the kitchen, stand behind me and ask  
for the broom. You push it over leaves and dirt  
from the yard, bits of wood and ash from the stove,  
and the broom is your horse and riding crop,  
it's your long Alp horn. Drum major  
or majorette, pendulum or metronome,  
you swing to a waltz Strauss never knew.  
You point, you charge, you begin your high-wire act  
and the broom is the sum of all parts  
and you're the man standing in traffic,  
waving your baton, directing me  
into my life, into what I don't know.