

## Making a Door / Dennis Schmitz

a weedy creek peeled from corn  
fields, the whole  
countryside where I grew up  
thaws from the front

windows of this dollhouse  
we are making together.  
my daughter kneels  
to chalk night  
on the back windows  
wanting for this one house  
all that our family lived  
her eight years  
even dreams contorted  
to the neat minimum

of her bedroom.  
I ask to enter  
the doll's world, tell  
in altered size what I dreamed

in my half of the house:  
how I reached  
speech through a series  
of dahs, made my face  
a welt on the five senses—  
I go on distributing  
myself over the assigned parts  
the house is almost done

I hand her the saw

## It Is Still Winter Here / Linda Pastan

I need no thermometer to tell me—  
the rhododendrons are enough,