

## STILL

Ellsworth gimped by  
(it was his wife drowned  
in her forties off Isle au Haut).  
Hearing his scrape and drag  
I asked where he was going so early.  
To the fire, he said.

It wasn't dawn;  
the Sullivan brothers  
had dragged their Chinese carpet  
and two rockers out to the edge  
of the road. Under the skunk moon  
and the rosy, dancing orchard  
they sat smoking.

Even now, as the foundations  
fade like an old beaded necklace,  
I see the long shadows of old men  
swimming on the grass  
as the earth and moon burned together,  
died into a cool, green dawn,  
as the timbers settled politely  
into the ecstasy of a fine blue flame  
in the cellar hole.