

Ark

How we lived in our unfurnished rooms -

Sparingly:

There was an anvil / &
tinder
an open window & box fan

There was somewhere to sleep / &
a batik bedspread on the bed
another for a curtain
a glassblowers's torch (glass, of course)

There was Mary & Tracy & a 10,000 Maniacs tape playing
someone was singing

There was light
There was so much light
afternoon was decanted through Mary's hair

There was salt
paint
dishes
soap & water
so much water

There were the ways we left home to get here

God, but we loved the floors, how were barefoot with bells on our ankles and banged our heels. How we laid our mattresses down on the scarred pine & paint stains & dripped wax from our candles. How we laid among the ruins of dinner, tangled in each other until it was morning. How the foundation shifted & left a tilt here & and a dip there. The floors rocked us gently as we walked from room to room.

There was a sewing machine

There was Murphy's oil soap in a cabinet that never got opened
There was a broom made from olive branches & twine

There were deep bowls
onions
a down jacket

There were cats that were never ours, but answered to the names we gave them

There was a day that started before dawn &
nothing to do in the space between dark & sun but to
watch it happen

There was only one clock, in the kitchen - wait, there was
another, in someone's bedroom, 40 minutes fast

There was a spade
a rake
prayer

There was a moment when i raised my arms & the wind came up behind me & i
was as magic as i was born to be & i have never forgotten that or where it is
housed still & how to summon it. I stood there all morning, holding still & letting
the earth rotate with me upon it.

There was a chair by the window, a wishing chair
a watering can
a hammer / &
a box of nails
picture wire

There was a kite made of paper & stringless, mounted to a blue ceiling in a
deeper blue-walled room & the way it reminded us that we were flying things
over an unnamed ocean that loved us enough to drown us.