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A plague of riches

Haines Eason

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A plague of riches

A pain, robin's egg blue, was rediscovered
in the trellis. The child is neither shamed
nor will he step through the laundry. Through all
the rest snoops regular blue, summery,

salty from running. Slaughter by pollard
learns the yard to stand on its toes. And life
laughs at the family chasing a garage
around the doghouse, coaxing chickens down

from the attic. Not that there's want for more
than eggs or other limousine needs. Both
faithful to and unsure of its beauty,
the wood-block print—sparrows over archers—

cheapens grandfather's name. "Lord have mercy
this joy is sticky, bloodied yellow. Lord,
have you seen what that boy has done?" Empty
will be a name for it, but today the nest

is still half full. Day begins to quiver
from its curried wound, and the dinner party
is an exercise in echo within
the young man's chest. Caged within his game,

the house longingly fills—fresh with strangers
who, in their excusal of the artwork's
addled lines, are sizing up the silver.
Shell fragments accumulate in the guests'

hair. Evening is an allaround success
as the guests have promised to return the
grand favor. The vines, since grown to cover,
put their few words in now-shut mouths of birds.