Winter 2009

A plague of riches

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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.