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## Small Craft Advisory

Thomas Mitchell

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## SMALL CRAFT ADVISORY

Father died before my memory. The house was swallowed  
in a new light, a kind of glory that works on you  
like a sharp knife, cuts into you and carves  
all that you are, all that you will ever be.

Mornings, it was so much night.  
The kitchen window darkening the eastern hills.  
My brother diving into his dreams. My mother's light,  
the lamp's deep shade. The white runs slowly  
from her fingers. How the house lies.

The music is forever. Chopin, I think.  
She smiles at her fingers, her flying hands  
soft like aviation. Even at this distance,  
she looks beautiful. Think of her like this  
for the next twenty years. Now return  
to the kitchen lamp, a colored picture postcard,  
the TV on the blink. It only takes a little time.

Time is like a Buick in perfect tune.  
Driving the dark, the starter whines,  
the engine catches and roars, the light  
makes the great trees stand out  
beard to beard across the lawn.  
A small metal virgin stands on the moon  
of the dashboard.

At 55 I begin to age. Whole towns pass by.  
Same memory, same picture. The seat worn through  
to the springs, moths knocking at the windows.  
Still, I move the throttle further. I'm going  
home.