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Alarm

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ALARM

In the garden I half bury a bone
upright, a white fist

and think of my grandfather fishing
for bleached boards from the wrecked steamer
ten feet under water out near the point
spreading them on the beach like piano keys.
He thought he was building a hotel
but it was the Big House
for his seven children and most of the grandchildren
while he bent over his wheelbarrow
hauling seaweed to the rutabagas and currants.

If home, and this is possible,
is where I haven't been yet
I will understand the white refrigerator
on its back in the desert lot
and the alarm ringing blocks away
all night like the moment before stopping,
the house torn down
to its great stone porches.