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From My House to Yours

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FROM MY HOUSE TO YOURS

The village store closed for good
and just as suddenly opened its doors.
We go tiptoeingly slow over invisible salamanders

who nevertheless merit our affection
and by virtue of gradual accumulation
work their ways deep into our answers

and our questions. Will anyone buy enough
nightcrawlers to put a dent in that old lady's rent?
There's evidence her sons labor all summer

to sell cordwood in the fall. A crooked window
protects her bathtub Virgin Mary shrine.
Nobody would buy the pink house which in late summer

fairly glowed. Will anyone buy it now
it's painted white? I resist speeding down
the stretch of open road. Everyone knows

a cop's staked himself in the hidden entrance
to the wildlife sanctuary. His blue light waits
to explode. Honeybees are as deaf as stones.

They cruise through their lives virtually unaffected
by blues. I want to get to your house
without disturbing nature or the dead from their slumber.

Coyotes like this road and have been accused,
like good coyotes everywhere, of killing domesticated
animals. A little farther on comes a place

to have one's fingers painted. I hear there's
a long line for an appointment.
I often think of my collection of kitchen knives

and good advice, the kind worth taking, tells us
dull knives are most dangerous.
Somedays buying duck eggs seems like a good idea.

Then I remember their blood orange yolks.
By now I know the road by heart. I can drive it
in my sleep. And we're reminded daily by the modest

dairy farm that they've invested in the Breed
of the Future. And what breed is that?
There's the majestic maple to look forward to

in the fall. I like the house with many capital Bs
painted on its shutters. Near the community
swimming hole one lonely pony stands solemnly still

in its miniature pen. Signs of life at the tiny
trailer park, the whole place is up for sale.
One tenant's stood a life-size deer in the meadow brush

where it's fooled me more than once.
The cemetery hasn't been used for years.
At last I take the turn into your side road,

all jagged shade, hopping lights and cool shadows.
And when we close the door behind us what
goes on goes on, goes on, goes on, goes on between us.