Fall 1998

From My House to Yours

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Recommended Citation

Wier, Dara (1998) "From My House to Yours," CutBank: Vol. 1 : Iss. 50 , Article 29.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss50/29

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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.