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A Pin Called Home

Patrick Moran

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A PIN CALLED HOME

Tonight emptiness will work.
I'll be empty and you can be gone.
The house will sit on the head of a pin
and the street light can be my cigarettes.
The wind will be someone known
for his breath, not his words,
and the night sky will be a shirt
you still think about wearing but never
get around to sewing the last button on,
which is obviously the moon.
Full moon, half moon, new moon.
I think you were the landscape last night
and the night before that I was a weather vane.
Do you remember when we were
a stack of newspapers and you were on top?
Weren't we happy? Or was it just
the ink and the headlines, the obituaries
and the horoscope? They were so sure
it was going to rain. Do you remember
the funny way they told everyone
to bring an umbrella? Cats and dogs...
Everything was practically canceled.
Everyone believed that the cats and the dogs
were on their way, but you and I,
we rode some bicycles to an orchard,
we laid down in the grass, we hardly spoke.
I can remember that tonight as I smoke
another street light, as I turn toward
the wind that smells like rain, the rain
that you seem so capable of being
whether or not I am here sitting quietly
on the head of this pin we call home.