

shopping for real estate with wallace stevens

cabin needs a coat of paint
windows washed trash hauled away
feral things have torn the screens
unlock the doors let in some light
strike a match and try the stove
from underneath a silent rat observes

as oak begins to pop
warming cabin's timbers snap
the room begins to breathe
in the corner a single bed
periwinkle comforter on top
a folded nightgown white as night

cannot quite cover all that lively blue
imperfect thursday paradise
we both attest as cabin sighs
rat watches us approach the bed
and lift the white to let the blue escape
a proper place for rat or man

to dream while the week moves on
celebrate its final days
bang out recycled daytime hymns
with sticks and empty cans
stay warm throughout the holy nights
with periwinkle dreams