

Single Houses on a Long Street

Francesca Drake

Lucky to be cooped up
pulling out book backs
wiping counters and soaking dry plants
living in the background of laugh tracks

through the kitchen window,
the rose I propped up the day before
sways from chickadee feet
red buds reaching into my neighbour's yard

bright swells of sun pass along the garden
awakening invisible small things
until a heavy grey god sits himself down
sluggish and fat
keeping spring where it is

as it gets dark our curtains exhale
we shut our windows on the rest
forget the moving trees
the sleeping birds
the walking jackets passing by
and fall into the little worlds we've made
houses with hot pans and yappy dogs and
siblings fighting and little messes
and the last shake of a bed being made
we settle into the distance
and forget it all

in the morning
dew arrives on all our yards the same
wet grass weaving down our blocks
roses reaching to belong in two yards at once.

Absence 2 by Sun Woo Baik

