

**“What do you remember best”**

sliding  
    off the rock

carpet  
    in the dining room

empty skies  
    little forest

mint leaves  
    rolling  
        ‘round the tongue

“Hush, we can’t be too loud here...”

stepping stool  
    paint on the ceiling

running from spiders  
    on the torn linoleum

cranking the windows  
    for the icicles

green beans and ice cream  
    pulled out couch for the TV

“We can have friends over when the tile is done...”

blinds scuttling  
    from the neighbor’s pine

bikes down  
    the dead end garden

blanket fort over  
    the heating vent

watching and waiting  
for the yellowed birch

Jack and Jill  
to the bunk bed

“Everything will be ready soon...”

new rug  
new hardwood  
new countertops

shiny thermostat  
bleach twisting the air

fireflies squeezing  
through the cracks

hacked forsythia  
on the old stone path

cakes reflecting  
through the table top

fantasies crowding  
under the covers

“In the new house we can be as loud as we want.”

...

They chopped up the woods  
when the smokers moved next door,  
when they pulled out all the violets a year  
after the death of poor, old Louis.

Too many helicopters started  
combing over the complex,  
for those who kept escaping  
from the spooky old hospital.

Turned out my bike  
    was better suited for a shed  
that replaced the garage  
    despite being so small.

We christen the new house  
    with yet another cut tree,  
live safely off silent seclusion:  
    no need for bedtime stories

The house is so big it forgot  
    it needed closet space.  
Some things stay packed forever.  
    I thought we could be loud here?