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This House

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THIS HOUSE

We have lived in this house for years,
watering plants, kissing every new leaf
into brownness. Every morning is tangled
sheets around our ankles,
a newspaper blocking the doorway.
Children drag noise and confusion
from the bed where we tucked it
the night before, and we keep tucking
sheets under a mattress, shirts
in little boys' pants, checks in envelopes.

From the kitchen window I see the children
walk to school on the pavement
that will enclose their youth
as surely as this house encloses us.
For me there is nothing left
but a bookmark tucked in *Savage Lust*.
For you there is nothing but work.
We have lived our whole life in union
with sprouting old age only to see it flourish
when we are too old to take it up by the roots.

Teresa Keenan