

Coming Out of the Woodwork

by Ron Watson

*I got so I could walk across
That angle in the floor
—Emily Dickison*

I swept the floor today. Or tried to—
I had to coax my hands to the task,
Estranged from such a labor of love
As when I anticipated your arrivals.
The kitchen cabinets stared amused,
Their doors agape. Your blouse button,
Presumed lost, rolled to a spinning stop
Beside a long strand of your hair
Inside a pillow of dust.

I leaned on the broom for hours
Though only a minute passed.

Somewhere between worlds,
I dreamed—or woke from a dream—
It is hard to say. I was alone
By the half-light of a dying sun,
In a home too quiet for a home,
But your face lit the room,
And your voice spoke to me
In accents that could splinter bone
As my whole house stood thinking.