

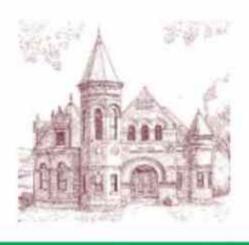
Birds getting on with their lives perform around the yard; the house sits there empty.

A long hedge rounds out, left free to accomplish its own design; the house can do nothing.

Some clouds pass and some do not; below them the house casts a shadow on the delicate city the lawn has become, but this is the sun's doing. And so

what we have here

is a house, still
an empty house, but
if you will come up
out of your anger and
help me, love, I could save
the poem, I will
do what I must
to rescue this empty house,
as I know
you would want me to.



Ralph Culver South Burlington, VT

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