



**POEM
TOWN
BRADFORD**

POEM

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.



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