

Summons

She broke the laws  
and evidence of nature  
physics, time, anything  
that would cost her  
more than she could  
acknowledge, believing  
these things would not fall  
to rot and waste  
that she could transform  
them into sustenance  
if she just delivered  
the right combination  
of ignorance and willfulness:

month old hamburger  
a roof more sky than wood  
televisions delivering  
sporadic glimpses of scenes  
from other lives  
on their way to somewhere  
beyond the door she replaced,  
too big for the frame,  
allowing passage  
in the ways  
it never closed.

Sometimes when we borrowed  
cars, we would spend the day  
at hardware stores, wandering  
through paneling aisles and  
plumbing showrooms, where gleaming  
sinks and color-coordinated toilets hid  
pipes that led to nowhere,

and when years later, we spent weekends  
fitting pine tongues into grooves across  
her insulated walls, she seemed disappointed,  
the reality of her rootedness confirmed  
by the ways I tried to deny the inevitable decay  
of our history, canceling the archetype of escape  
she had dreamed for so many years, by covering  
those dark and oozing walls with kiln-dried pine  
the exact kind of wood the old time Indians asked  
to be buried in, as they made their journey  
back to the Skyworld, their bodies left  
for the next generation of living earth.

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