

## Xenia, 1974

Through the power lines the sky looks like ruled paper.  
In this notebook, the pages are filled with birds  
someone drew—I can't say it was me—then suddenly  
a white sleeve of wind. A cigarette. A pen on the horizon.

From the road we must look like paper dolls—crisp, dark  
silhouettes floating through the rooms, rushing to the cellar.  
In this strange light, the red barn goes violet, the trees  
wear their shadows too close to their skin. A pen

hovers above the horizon, then dips down, as if plowing  
our names and the name of this town in deep furrows  
until the ink is pressed clean through the paper.  
Afterwards everything is rearranged. The ruled page

of the rabbit pen has rabbits drawn in the margins,  
fence posts nailed into trees. Blonde strands of scattered  
hay gleaming like a girl's hair. In the violet husk of our barn,  
in the remains, what voice calls? I can't say it is mine.

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