

Ossuary

The house remembers, as you do, its relationship
with the ground, the boneyard it was built on.

When you have spent your childhood
listening to the sound of trains at night,
you can pick out that part of the voice
that is not yours, and feel through the soles
of your feet to the pigments of red-brown earth,
to the families beneath you.

Everyone the dirt has ever loved or hated
seeps up through the foundation—
they call your cellar their new home,
read old newspapers, live off the mice.

Step outside.

Feel the grass tremble at the storm's approach—
listen in on the conversation between road and rain.

See all around you leaves, barren of trees.

Smell wet clothes dancing naked on the line.