

house

i was the husband,
that's how we played

my girl wife would make us
soup out of crabgrass
with clear broth from the hose,
a few rocks for taste. booze flowed

from that same pipe. magic girl,
she'd bring me beers. one for every
cotton-tailed child i could chase over
to the stump in our dining room

i'd get too drunk to move. dead
set on running down
a life for her to love