

## SON HOUSE

A banging sheet of zinc,  
folding, shearing, taking off,  
hurricane origami.

The old cat's rigor,  
eyes clear and wide like the mouth  
baring her undulled canines,  
the end of sickness outfaced like a night intruder.

Oblique rain beats the transmitted palms and porches  
and the foolhardier venturers-out.  
Finned cars turned on their long American sides or roofs;  
then the aerial overview and the voice-over,  
glinting miles of drowned farmland,  
bridges going nowhere in the middle of lakes.

Why is this all-steel National guitar  
with engraved tracery like the filaments  
and blooms of mud in the slow-receding floodwaters  
floating? And why do four blue fingers  
like a TV hand caught reflected  
in picture-glass, play Dry Spell Blues?  
Four blue fingers and a short fast spell  
of brass pipe.

Everything that dies goes under the cherry tree,  
loser pigeons, beloved cats,  
and coming up to Easter  
it flowers.

