

569 Bryant St.

Small house
carpet everywhere but the kitchen
wall to wall to wall to wall.
All the furniture in this living room holds in your heat.
A radio nestled into its spot beneath the table
drifts a light disco through its woven face.
Dinner coaxes its way through the air
as we linger in the kitchen under the guise
to assist

Afterwards
rocking on the glider
we gather on the front porch,
talk has turned to laughter over
clinking dishes, running water,
food still on the table offering itself
as the red glass and low lights of this tiny house
hum

2005, C. Day