

Christina P. Day

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