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Gregg Eisenberg

the axe wasted in the clutter
once i abandoned it.
chucked in the bushes i let the screen door
slam behind me.

now i walk the streets

stopping to hear
 the noise of a room — touch my palm to the cool bricks

i have watched my hands turn soft
and pale in the artificial light,
 no more hacking away at logs by lamplight
 no splinters in the dark

but a weak feeling as i wander

for the house is not sealed
 and the beams not secured
 and the tools rusted in the yard.
children peruse my house
when i am not in
approach and touch its corners

 peek through the rattling window
 see my dishes on the floor
and the sandpaper and the buckets to catch
 leaking rain
bruise themselves on protruding nails
 and scatter when i appear —
following familiar markers in moonlight
 (boots dragging in the dust)

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