

ricardo means-ybarra

When she came to the door

hammers stopped and they set to
pulling bent nails,
the foreman stayed in the rafters
joints newly set and bolted
the flow of wood
his fingers white on the grain.

It was the sunset of nuns
walking to rosary,
a man looks at an old letter,
a woman brushes her hair on the porch,
wind sets on wet plaster,
and
the blood hot whine of a 16 penny nail
pulling away.