

## Rural Route 4

*The old homestead*  
that's what she called it,  
scattered floorboards      scabbarded paint  
windows hollow as mouths of pack-wolves.

What doesn't last turns to silt  
or pillared salt.

We counted our wounds and healings,  
remembered who planted rosemary,  
raised chickens, hammered the hooves of horses,  
pictured apertured roofs where  
we could see clear through to heaven—  
all the way back  
before glaciers blueprinted the earth  
before the business of the gods  
became a ruin.

If only pots and pans percussed out of windows  
could bring back the dead.      If only  
photographs still arranged the walls.  
If only  
we could tear it all down      begin again.

—Sandra Fees