



DREAM HOUSE, LATER

My dream house is always red: a saltbox
without windows on a roughewn wood frame,
its strong center sturdy with aliveness;
a good shape formed by a pattern language
timeless as New England farmhouses,
Japanese temples, chalets in the Alps;
a vocabulary of adaptive
design, a seamless blending of sun-soaked
hardwoods, weathered doorknobs, creaky latches;
a syntax of simple symmetries
tucked under the boughs of a leafy oak,
the passing time marked by its darkened rings.
My dream house is always red: this I know
as I dream in color. What makes it home?
The open door for love to enter in.

—Amy Hollan