

House

by Tamar Love Grande

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A room was built
board by board
to become a vault
out in a wilderness
but within me under strong planking;

within with a tempest's hand,
within while the boards shrank,
beneath while each bold nail
was driven into fine veneer;
within with an uneven force,
within while the planks
were stripped open
while wood warped from each nail,
beneath while each was each bowed.

My hand,
it cleaves each splinter
of keen wood from the lath,
and leaves the hollow heart
of the room
to topple in the soil.