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The Spring House

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Two Poems · *Katherine Soniat*

THE SPRING HOUSE

sits astride this spongy hole in the planet.
Sycamores whiten at dusk, fruit bats

home in around the pond, and there's one
visitor that didn't make it in

for a drink: raccoon at rest by the spring
house, his scurry now settled into

carcass while the stove in the brambles
sprouts a welcome of newly-warmed forsythia.

An unlaced work shoe, half-full of water,
leads me to look at my own bare feet,

damp with spring fever, the grass scattered
with feathers the mallard left, each quill

once a jade slash in white weather.
Tonight, new moon rising, this village

storefront holds sway as I pry open the door
on a dark wishing room of water.

Under these eaves, it will be afternoon
in a temperate zone all summer.