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Keeping a Roof over Your Head

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Keeping a Roof Over Your Head · Richard Blessing

for Lisa

On your roof, steep and glassy as an otter’s slide, I lie down. The wind is full of water, and I lie down, taking the shape of rain, trying to get through to you.

You haven’t needed me for a year and a month.

Now, this winter, patching things up, I grow heavy. Shingles crack under me like April ice. Patching these, I split others.

Above what old neighbors think, I crawl undignified and shivering, the only skater on this mossy pond. And the light comes a long way, smelling of North, pale as Silvers running the straits beyond Port Angeles.

I sweep away the waste of maple seeds. Roofing tar and flashing, I fix what I can reach.

There are no guarantees, you told me once. Still, today, keeping a roof over your head, I am happy. Listen, this work is guaranteed, love against weather, though all around the winter rain keeps falling its own cold way.