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# Where I Live

William Stafford

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Where I Live · *William Stafford*

This world has a tall roof. Wind  
is its wall. This world has a hard floor—  
many have fallen. If I ever forgave you  
we could meet here; or we could start walking  
some morning and never come back. Our friends  
would forget us; without us the hawthorn hedge  
would smother the rose; the sound of our street  
would lull, but be almost the same. Dogs could  
inherit this town we once wanted to come back to again—

And a doll would be looking out from its own  
attic window where I once put my hands over its eyes  
to say, "Guess who this is." Once we had  
time for things like that. It would be quiet here.