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Victor

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Victor

A farmhouse left to high
grass. Clapboard grey-
white as wind-scoured bone.
The mouth of the doorway,
the eye of one window
battered shut. So many
stories gibbering in and
out of this empty head
like shadowy small birds.

We see it at 186,000
miles a second, the speed
light travels from even
a vanished star. Victor
out back in his vegetable
garden. His raked and
stained fedora. Scrubbed
knuckles of young potatoes
bubbling up under his hoe.

His woman calls him into
the fading house for supper,
the spider by her window
riding out the wind in its
harness of silk, light in
the trees coming and going.
But Victor stays, watching
the bright air of evening
rain down, bloom, fill.