Furniture

Paul Hunter

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FURNITURE

1  In certain positions
   they furnish rooms in my life

   one may have come
   early to a party
   and been told
   here hold this
   and become a holder
   as if before a cigar store

   one lit up that stays lit
   I keep in the refrigerator

   an overstuffed one
   that suffered
   himself to be sat on
   bears me up
   this very moment

   usually it is years
   before loved ones
   can bring themselves
   to complain of
   my cruel waste

   I ask them in
   fix drinks in their hands
   excuse the crowding
   invite them to sit in

2  Now you come knocking
   boy drunk with power
   seat yourself on my knee
   keep knocking

   phones ring and answer themselves
   I don’t budge

14  Paul Hunter
I can’t quite place you
it was always easy before
this nearness
my son
this slight resemblance

Paul Hunter

THE BOX

Just as you decide you don’t like to sit
In a pasted cardboard piano box
In an open sea of factories,
Cities, overpasses, and so on—

It floats you up the San Francisco Bay
Out north to the Pacific’s boring reaches,
Disappointing waves rolling like flat land,
Low buildings stretching off on every side.

You falter in the days’ events—then veer out
And leave the sleeping continent behind.
Don’t you know the outposts of knowledge
May be dangerous limitations?

That’s right: inside your eyelid, David—
And that one laughable lightness of yours,
Sitting like scum on the industrial waste,
Was really life’s one great cheap moment.