Making a Door

Dennis Schmitz
Making a Door / Dennis Schmitz

a weedy creek peeled from corn
fields, the whole
countryside where I grew up
thaws from the front

windows of this dollhouse
we are making together.
my daughter kneels
to chalk night
on the back windows
wanting for this one house
all that our family lived
her eight years
even dreams contorted
to the neat minimum

of her bedroom.
I ask to enter
the doll's world, tell
in altered size what I dreamed

in my half of the house:
how I reached
speech through a series
of dahs, made my face
a welt on the five senses—
I go on distributing
myself over the assigned parts
the house is almost done

I hand her the saw

It Is Still Winter Here / Linda Pastan

I need no thermometer to tell me—
the rhododendrons are enough,

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