Eye Level

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss3/10
It is a six by four foot patch of forest,
but its painted tree tops reach the far horizon
where the woods continue seamless to the sea.
The trees are gilded flame and crimson,
the sky a crystal blue, with peeling.
In the center is a clearing,
dirt worn bare and hard
by moccasins, scattered, fallen leaves,
a longhouse being built,
two Native men adjusting poles.
By the storehouse, full of tiny corn,
a wax man crouches, his arm around a naked boy,
the little wax dog, an old wax woman.
A fire burns, the matchstick logs
aglow.
Corn shocks lean against the fence,
squashes cluster in the corners.

There’s an old, padded kneeler
where kids like me
can rest their sweatered elbows on the narrow sill,
press their noses to the glass
and smell the cooking squash and wood smoke,
feel the pinch of coming snow,
and hear the press of leaves under softly padded feet.