

DAVID YEREX WILLIAMSON

THROUGH DISASSEMBLED HOUSES OF PERFECT STONES

You remain one place long enough
your past may leave you for another
more suited to memoir
 a song to follow
drawn from earth surrendered
old mornings creep up trunks of ashes
shiver young hours out the veins of leaves—perch
waiting to fasten to new stories

It was harvest when you first left home
the tick talks and tells you nothing

Faded ghost follow that old settler road
off the Yellowhead to an almost town
where once your history lived
behind fractured windows
 a tourist in your own family album
toothless your grandfather's house
cries for her scatterlings
a season out of step
years eat the memory out of history
 shifting seeds drift
scrub trees take back ground lost
land which forgets now how to yield
time is a strange spider

Wildflowers thinly dusted
fallow under hushed breezes
chunks of lives straying through ribbons of indigo
mingled in old letter words shared
 each voice
holding place—making There here
the weight of history lies
on the spine of memory

All history is translated