

LAURIE ROSENBLATT

HOUSE

Because there's a crack between the window's frame
and molding in the upstairs bath, we can taste
the fox's keen amber musk coating
our tongues like syrup, and if we face
the mirror, expect to see a film of grit
as if one fingertip gently traced
our upper lips with salty crumbs of crushed
oyster shells we toss out front; bearberry
smells waxy and sweet as beecomb, it hovers,
a paper-thin fog, and if it's June, wild rose
and broom loiter around us too. It seems
the family has just an hour ago pushed back
from the table and walked away. Barefoot, we climb
the stairs to the kitchen, these days the clock is stuck
at three, and here, left on the table, our beaked
caps, each morning one of them soaked through
by sea sprites. That summer—it's always yours.