

CARL WATTS

DECEMBER ON THE ESTATE

Birdbath plated thick out back,
plastic Doric column cracked,
strained under Goodwill
like Francis of Assisi packed
in tabletop nativity scenes for storage.

Play shovel scrapes across tire tracks,
snow scratches cross paths, shuffle back
for emergencies and shoeboxes'
Canadian Tire money a closet shelf past
nineties fake furs and shoulder pads.

Novelty sleep mask snuggling eyes,
oversized, its cursive self-help stylized
like my arm's scars had they come from some family's
sword taken down for combat
rather than from a friend's teeth,
sunk and sealed into flesh for life
by the chlorine in his dad's pool out back,
itself inscribed with caulking, cracked,
and money earned from the foundry.