

# **GREAT VILLAGE HOUSE, NOVA SCOTIA**

THOMAS R. MOORE

The house was oxen-rolled downtown  
before its present fame, before Miss Bishop

led Nelly past the brook. Tin-roofed,  
it sits on the corner across from

the village church. Starlings knock  
the cornice trim askew. A crow hops

through blue scilla disturbing April  
snow. Rhubarb nubs show.

High tides and spring rivers can  
urge Cobequid Bay beyond the berm,

but today the meadows unfold  
to the aboiteau. Logging rigs rev,

downshifting for the turn, and upstairs  
the scream echoes in the papered room.