

ANOTHER MATTER COME to minus degree  
nylon snowmen deflate. His hairdryer's impotent  
as well extension  
chord's lazy

whirring gears of a jingle box. For             
yards dictate their street. By autumn the red turning  
plots fallow, candle light gravy all the innards  
kept we've memories. Light like berries  
with hat removed  
strung

to be here. Bloodless cousins eggnog  
wave to the moon, unmasked heat's divvied

the bed, potential. Ella she's visiting  
brush her teeth leaves cookies before quilts

already somebody's old

trunk. Potential not  
mothballs, locked. as

All through town snow  
blackened. Flesh  
had fallen, soft bone, woods  
bricks fired, chimney leaning

straightens herself, wiping hands, grandma's old tablecloth smooth now each  
place set. At four o'clock she untied her apron  
pouring her drink with creamy  
windows, where planes of wire crisscross through branches

stitching the place together. The hearth stone tender no  
stone, brined in ma's math  
tub, a turkey, dinner, a street

berried up and down by dusk mutes gray and reaching  
smoke, fenced  
yard's

twinkle. Another matter abandoned  
almost. Cousins