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The Burning of our House

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The Burning of Our House

leaves us with nothing.
The kitchen sink
now a stream.
What was once ours
is now taken away
but replaced
with something different.
A carpet of moss,
a fallen tree.
We lie asleep
in the soil.

The burning of our house brings us to know the dew that collects on our faces and on the flowers. We get to know each leaf.

As we look up
we see a bowl of leaves
that fall away
to reveal a secret sky,
later to be covered
by the first snow
with soft lines of white.
Six months is a long time.

Seth Nehil