2nd December Poem

winter starts the engines

furnaces down in basements
buses coughing blue at the curb
salt trucks grinding their teeth
beneath orange lights

the old refrigerator
in my mother’s kitchen
hums to itself

as if remembering
every hand
that opened it hungry

my father’s snowblower
still stands in the garage

red paint chipped
pull cord stiff
its metal mouth
packed with dust

I used to hate that sound

the blade chewing ice
the whole house shaken
by work

but now the machines
seem lonely

made to serve bodies

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2nd December Poem

that vanish

made to sing only
when burdened

listen

even the furnace
under the floor

has taken up
its iron psalm

heat for the living
heat for the dead

heat for whatever
is still trying

to come home

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