The House Upon Its Knees

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Old House upon its knees, pardon un-ease.
You know I’m here to give the time—to live,
A lonely life. To spend till summer’s end
In mountain shadows green. To breathe and glean.

Blanched sides no longer plumb, Old House stood dumb.
Her haggard form drooped low with musty glow.
The door unlocked, I stood in shock
To watch my fleet of cheer retreat.
Old House then sighed beneath my cry
At grave neglect, lack of respect,
For weathered floors and solid scores
of doors.

Candlelight grown fat, Old House agreed to chat.
Straightway I glared at Door, smelled its noisome core
From tenants in this place. Their careless waste,
Of food, of wine, of time to spill their grime.

Now Tub, I said, “You rusty, claw-foot bed
Of narrow cline and red stain moldy slime.
I’m cutting loose the nasty noose
Of curtain wall around your stall.
They drag the floor and gather more
Dark folds of need and greed—to breed
A furry fungal growth I’m loath
to breathe.

Old House, the rent is paid and plans are made.
Despite your friendless bed, my word is wed,
Won’t break the lease. And so, on knees ask Peace
To sleep, to eat, to please beneath your eaves.