

ADRIE ROSE

THE DREAM IS THE SMALL HIDDEN DOOR

The brown recluse waits in the garage
for anyone who needs a bike

or a hammer. Tide
comes and comes, dissolves the pillars

of the dock. The mud might hold a body up
or suck your feet in and keep you. Wisteria a luscious

tumble, blueberries that never grow bigger and bear
three thimbles of fruit each year. Pear trees abundant but inedible

as gravel. I tried to forget, hardly know myself
what is memory or dream—magnolia tree we planted for her ripped out,

metronome ticks and ticks. Oak tree at the center of the U-
shaped house that made me. The rotten boards of the deck hinging

over the tidal creek. Sulfur marsh
and a dinghy with a motor that chokes.

Who took, who gave
and gave what no one wanted.