

Domestic Affairs

January tenth: the sun low, a vase of dried flowers in the window, a smudge
On a leftover glass. Our cat Miou-Miou died last month.

The chimney needs cleaning from all the fires. A half cord since Thanksgiving.
The tree should be stripped and thrown out. Grease on the bedsheets, hairs.

A question about spelling, and who lost the cookbook. The mice returned.
Reiman's dog in the yard. Charlie, the leash.

Our ten-year-old daughter has six gray hairs. The snow days will come.
Last time shoveling in the dark, with floodlights.

A few cards, not enough to hang in the hall. More, a lot more, before, other years.
Upstairs, putting on a sweater. The name I just remembered.