

# Feast for the Eyes

Sometime after sunrise  
clouds raise the curtain on  
this mountain. Gold rolls  
in its ridges and the sun plays  
peek-a-boo in picture windows,  
follows the river west. Orange  
pools in the gap at sunset then dark  
damps the lawn and fireflies spark  
the spot in the front where a doe  
nursed her fawn earlier in the day.  
Now the drain pipes, kitchen  
faucet moans and that refrigerator  
breathes grief as we weigh this duty  
while dismantling, turning this place  
with good bones into blank canvas  
for next house dreams.

— Caroline Kenna

*Huntersville, NC*



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