

Poem: House In A High Field

by *Eric H. Edwards*

It is still there.

And not being able to move
it was, like all big empty houses,
easy to dislike.

Whatever does not breathe in silence
does not use resources
and will be taken back.

All the living things
whose job it is to take back
take back a house
when its silence goes unattended.

All the vandal sees
is through a vandal's eyes.

All the present-tense people see is
a hopeless present.

Another eye is needed
for this house
as it trembles,
about to rise out of a coma.

The milky way
settles its glittering scarf
around the house.

Some must love the past
to give the house a future.



Piano fills the corridor
with teardrop notes that heal
where silence wandered yesterday
a ghost with no one to bear it
no one to attend its anguish.

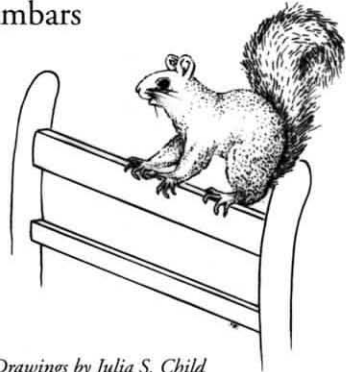
Silence is a gift
the living may enter and fill;
it stays empty and tortured
when unattended (why has thou...)

Silence feels the delicate press of
fingertips
hears poems and songs,
brushstrokes and breath,
exults like the deer in the woods
at the winds in the trees,
at the squirrel's quarrel
and the woodpecker's, rabbit's,
horse's, little lost child's drumming.

The house can ride the hill
long after all of us have gone
if there is a continual witness,
a local enterprise of love and work

...as a wedding party
gazes down the slope toward the liquidambar
yellowing in late fall light.

Eric Edwards is a Woods Hole poet.



Drawings by Julia S. Child