

“Maybe we’re here only to say: house, bridge, tree, window-tower,...but to say them, remember...” Rilke

## House

The summer house  
of my childhood had lots of runners.

I was one of those,  
up and down the curved stairs  
of the tower it was built around,  
through the hallways to the rooms  
named for their colors: orange, pink, blue, green.

It had a special smell from the ocean, the wood it was built of,  
the cedar trees surrounding it mixed with mildew, wax and time.

Windows looked out on waves, wind, sunsets.

Voices from the beach below rose and fell  
punctuated by the sound of tennis balls zinged from  
tightly strung adults on the grass court.

It was a time of bicycles, tricky sail boats and boyfriends;  
of honeysuckle, snapdragons and poison ivy -  
lazy afternoons with best-friends  
avoiding summer reading lists.

The stairs still wind around like music.

Light sparks a familiar doorway  
as the ghost of my grandfather  
floats through it all.

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