“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.

Samm Carlton 2-2011