

Carpenter Road

For Claudio Duran

Carpenter Road,
tell me how you grew in height,
dreamed of the moon in your hands,
how your bruises healed,
how scrapes became scabs in the onslaught of dusk,
how you dreamed of the hot summer sand
and yellow flowers *with your eyes of clean simplicity.*

Carpenter Road,
tell me of the girl with dark hair around
her face, how you wanted her
in the rain with you, that warm spring rain,
the dragonflies taking a moment to drink
the river water that inundates the aromo trees.

Tell me of the comings and goings of people,
the soft movement of the hills,
how the children grew up, moved away,
how it has been years since they'd walked on your spine,
years since you felt them grow heavier, stride faster,
the moon overhead and listening, you stopping
for a moment *when night fog fell upon the snow,*
the grey streetlights rising, *the salty wind*
singing its cold notes.

Tell me all this mattered,
that the tilt and sway of sex mattered,
tell me those who once knew you
will be all right and they'll find what they're looking for,
perhaps in *the voices of the reeds*
and someday return with *the invisible sounds of dawn*—
their experiences, those *dreams made of love*
and dust and light, will emerge from overgrown fields
and greet them.

Carpenter Road,
snow surrounds your waist.
Now that your children are older,
they help their own children put on their coats
and you can finally hold the moon in your hands
and take a bite out of it, and say:
—I have tasted the moon!—
and it tastes like a world of symbols, a structure of bones,
a tropical storm falling on another life far from here,
a neighbourhood where you never lived.

Carpenter Road,
tell all those who've walked your grey pavement:
you remember feeling their footprints on your skin.