Linda Schandelmeier

Along the Road to Seward

A tiny tarpapered place sits on a small knoll,
There’s a basketball hoop nailed to the electric pole,
a Chevy truck, a rusted boiler, tin-roofed woodshed.
A garage spiked together out of unpeeled spruce;
the logs chinked with moss.
A closer view reveals white doors scrounged somewhere,
dirt floor, oil drum stove,
and a bare bulb dangling from wires.
The winter meat hangs in front—
a young bull moose killed on the back 40.
This was how it was done—no one had money.
Beyond the house—chicken and pigeon coops,
a flock of random ducks and geese on a small pond.
Who’s here walking the paths worn into the surrounding woods,
standing at the rainy window looking out?
There’s the dog and the party line phone,
three kids, a reclusive woman,
and a man with questionable friends.
There’s the sky, the stars,
the clouds overhead.