

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.