

On My Refrigerator

Poem by Bruce McRae

A house drawn by a child.

Purple and crooked windows.

A big yellow sun smiling at a cloud,
a single sad and silvery cloud.

And what I think might be a tree
in a yard with a broken fence,
with a pathway winding nowhere.

And little m's flying here and there,
black and fretful, like bats or birds.
Like harpies battling storms and winds.
Demons in confederacy with witches.
Souls escaping their earthly bonds.
Penciled phoenixes rising in the unseen
airs of a crayon's ashes.

