

WILL WELLS

Troy, Ohio

My father built dream
houses on scratch pads,
piled high on his desk.

Mother hated a mess.
She must have been Greek.
She burned his secret city.

He sold shoes that year.
It was only a job,
but he gave his customer

a good fit: enough room
for the toes, arch support,
“a home for each foot.”

Who is ever that lucky?
I carry him with me.
I am my father's house.