

## RODGER MOODY

### *What I See from My Picture Window*

Morning.

My father drives a Seville,  
works in a steel mill,  
plays golf at the local club.

He's nobody's boss but the man  
inside the blade of grass  
on the fairway. Fields of straw

bend in my boyhood dream  
of summer wind and working. The bed  
on the carpet is mine,  
not the hayloft. My father laughs

all around here, I often go mad  
at night from the deep  
glare of wheat. When the dark

is over your shoulder  
time to pass the night away.  
Twenty years or their twenties!  
Who could wait? Nothing is real

for long,  
your face your age never  
coincide. Loosening my collar it is time  
for breakfast. I have quit drinking  
for good.