

LEONARD TRAWICK

Foundations

The former owners had not mentioned it;
The neighborhood is peaceful, middle class.
Police weren't interested: no law was broken.
"Not news," the local paper said.

Planting a shrub, my spade uncovered
A face, a child that stared back, solemn,
As if waiting to see what I'd do next.
More digging turned up heads, backs, shoulders,

All bent down quiet in the ground.
The whole house rested on them.
Once a hand grabbed at my shovel—
I pushed it back and packed the dirt.

I'm just a bit more careful now, that's all.
Only at night I sometimes hear
A little cry, like someone waking up
In a strange place, out of a bad dream.