

## RON HOUCHIN

### *Landscape*

You sneak out of bed after midnight  
To drink your cup of black coffee.  
I hear the steel wool you scrape on the residue.  
You never did know how to brew a good cup.  
I moved the sugar bowl so I could listen  
To you hunt for it in the cupboard. In five minutes  
You'll scuff to the couch and sit squinting  
Over the cup like it was a hot tub.  
In another few minutes I'll hear a match  
Cough fire into your pipe. You'll pad out on  
The terrace. We're four floors up in Manhattan,  
But you'll look out over it like wheat.  
I'll doze off; some time will pass; and you'll  
Come back to bed smelling of rain and chaff.  
I'll pretend to be asleep. I know this is land  
You've been secretly clearing.