

## SUE MARTIN

### *Arrivals*

The country woman  
leans at the gate  
every night  
after a supper  
gotten through;  
after a mail  
that did not  
connect;  
after a newspaper  
without her name  
on it anywhere.

She is waiting  
for spring;  
to be caught off guard  
by the lilacs  
that come and go and  
come and go;  
by the rain  
falling and falling;  
by trees  
visiting the sky.

She is waiting  
for summer;  
for the sparrows  
taught to come  
every hungry day.

The country woman  
leans at the gate  
while the darkness  
and the darkening road  
slip

Past spring,  
past summer;  
past arrivals . . .  
staying until  
the light falls;  
until she is sure  
of the unalterable road,  
Her hand in her pocket  
Fingering crumbs.

Now she passes  
into her house: its angles,  
corners, the press of the past;  
the windows, blameless.  
The doors, even now, willing.

Furniture rises up  
in every room,  
as dependent as children,  
yet it will not speak,  
it will not speak.

Buckled in again, she will not see  
her name falling in from somewhere,  
meant for paper,  
meant for stone.