

## CAROL CAVALLARO

### *admission of guilt*

Listen to the trees that have a sorrow  
like your fingers moving in the dark.

The sound of bells and bells  
is the emergence in my mind when we make love,  
fighting back  
the turning into substance.

Sometimes our love reminds me there's a sea rock  
where the sea can never come.  
There's something before the rock  
that breaks the waves upon it.  
I cover my head  
because in the darkness it's my mother my mother my father  
as twisted as the tall tree trunks.

## LARRY SMITH

### *My Grandfather's House*

My grandfather's arms are in this porch; his face is in its boards.  
A mile out from town, his life is pumped up from cisterns of loneliness.  
The basement is his mind.

I swing in the yard from the apple boughs of his legs, slowing into  
his hands. The coarse rope of his ways.

Dark windows stare back at the woods and the neighbor's cows, sealed  
now with the lead of his blood. Without light his roots go down.

The grass smells of his clothes.

I climb the smooth hair of his stairs reaching for his words. The  
door lies open.

In the old toilet bowl float the tobacco leaves of dreams. They are  
his. They are mine.