

Childhood Homes

Lewis Horne

"A crackerbox," my mother called it,
Her marriage's first scene.
My first home, my brother's, tucked
Far back for remembering,
The place where she dyed feedsacks
To curtain the windowscreens.

The house behind my grandmother's
Was home for a different season,
Close to town and the picture show.
We tailed the water wagon
Damping the unpaved street. There,
A baby sister happened.

The house we rented from Mr. Rhodes
We scrubbed with water and lye.
My father took a scythe to the weeds
As tall as my brother and I.
The dust of a country road hung hours
After a car went by.

I count them one by one, these homes,
Mark their surfacing.
Though later homes still stand, these make
A wholly other thing,
Not entirely lost to the heart
In the hale of their recurring.