

# Delineation

*Maureen Clark*

1971

October snow brings the hunters  
down from the mountains  
without their kill. Sometimes  
it happens this way.  
Sumac and oak  
still heavy with russet leaves,  
heavier with snow, trunks  
splitting-open, damp wood.  
Power lines down  
across the valley. A perfect stage  
for departure.

Things that were left:

four pair of brown polyester pants/suspenders/  
garden gloves caked with earth/1946 Pontiac/  
rocking chair/old radiators/  
house/photographs  
in sepia-tones:

He is third from the left, back row  
between Otto and Harry;

boys from the neighborhood.  
Someone has written 1916—Swede Town

on the back in blue ink. Maybe it's spring;  
hard to tell if the snow is almost melted

or almost enough. The angle of the camera  
has captured his shadow just above his right shoulder.

This rocking chair  
is the one  
he was sitting in  
when the Feds  
raided the house  
looking for whisky  
that was hidden  
under the floorboards  
under the braid rug  
under that chair,  
where he sat rocking  
my infant mother.