

Legacy

Timothy Liu

A horse-drawn carriage
passes by in another

age—leaves of ash

and birch pressed
into the pages of a book

your grandmother will

never read again
as she pumps the pedals

of a player piano—

“Come Come Ye Saints”
drifting out the windows

of an Arts and Crafts

bungalow—tea roses
in the garden drooping

over the day’s abyss—