

As Soon as We Are Born We Start to Die

You said your childhood home
was *emptied out* and I pictured
a giant hand picking the house up
and shaking about its contents,
little startled people and all.
My favorite part of playing dolls
used to be dressing the rooms; choosing
a place for each piece of furniture:
the tiny computer with squiggly lines,
a *ringaling* wind-up phone, plastic
couches and paper rugs, a petting zoo
of felted flocked foxes out back.
By the time I'd get to putting on
the girl-dolls' clothes and shoes,
dinner was on the table.

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