

IN THE HIGH HOUSE

Jack Peachum

For Charlie Kase

Someday, and in the cold perhaps, far hence,
We will look back on this and marvel then
At something of the smallest of events:

A warm grate and outside the blowing wind;
The fall moon that shines almost bright as day,
And muddy Roanoke a mile away—

The lamplight drew deep shadows on the floor
Through bourbon-flavored evenings we knew,
While dark and wind-torn trees outside the door
Whispered at the window, “These days are few.”

Mecklenburg County, Va., 1986

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