

# 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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