

Winter Renovations Sheila Koop

Foundations exposed, stripped;
rough floor, timber ceiling,
ailing concrete blocks who
strain to support everything on top.

A knock at the dust-clogged door,
two women with benign smiles
handing out invitations
to Jesus Christ's Memorial, April 13,

11a.m. - we'll be busy painting
over the phone messages from Fido,
cleaning up the calendar
buried under tools these last months.

All this change and renewal
seems to be too much for the house;
her legs buckle and her spirit
shakes every time the screw gun fires.

A freshet of sun warms the panes
and the sofa where I have escaped.
Taking time to run on about life's hard
course, as I sip fragrant tea,

rest my eyes with a butterfly massage,
dream of dragonfly love flitting
around the tip of our purple canoe -
My hands grip a wheelbarrow full of hope,

so rich with heavy loam,
if we can just get
it to the flowerbeds
who are in-waiting with us.