

Winter House

Once this house had an apple-red door,
a fragrant garden with trellis and wisteria
entwined like delicate lovers.
This house had no mailbox or numbers,
no clocks or calendars to clutter time
that drifted as birds fly
lightened by a warming wind.
This house was built on a dream
of bright faces and brighter laughter,
as if desire could paint over loss.
Now the tearing of the rainbow,
the slow, cruel drip of its colors.
Now the upturned garden
squeezing life from wormy tubes.
Now the plentitude of suffering
painfully dressed in party stripes.
But still this decorative box refuses
darkness. All is cheerful; the nightmare
that grows frightful in its hiding
is mocked by a festive white-out
blurring doubt with chalky bits of snow.



Ira Schaeffer © 2013

Ira, a published poet who lives in Warwick with his wife Bobbie, currently teaches English at CCRI. In addition, as an Ocean State Poet, Ira has offered poetry workshops in both nursing homes and libraries. His love affair for poetry has been intense and totally satisfying. He finds the act of writing and sharing poetry a sane choice of being in the world.