

Fence work

Cliff Watson, March 28, 2019

This old fence marks the end of my concerns
And neighborly grievances rot in decaying boards over decades.
Families come and go, but understanding only goes,
And if you are never here, you don't care at all.
Blooming a fence in spring requires conversations with you
To know the nature of our separation.
New building commences with the breaking-down of barriers,
The hauling away of our past's detritus,
And for a brief time, there is the freedom of the far horizon:
My dog can yearn for your hedge, and I can look into Harry's eyes.
Quickly, we applaud the raising of fresh timber
And cedar-perfumed walls obscure the breaths of conversations –
Except by the long way around.
How soon shall new grievances settle in?
My sledgehammer could restore the clasping of our hands,
But, perhaps, a gate
Is the best that we can do.