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Legacy

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Legacy · *Kelly Rowe*

for my father

If you were the house,
I was a room, the scratch
on the wainscot, the torn screen
of the cellar door.

If you were the room,
I was the view
of the apple house, the shed,
the tall grass where the snake was killed.

If you were the view,
I was the black sky
bitten by light, a sieve,
a simple drink after the day's work.

If you were the mule,
I was the coal car,
wheels on the bent track.
If you were the shovel,
I was the leaning into day,
the first breath stepping out
of the mine at dusk.

Father, you labor, I merely bloom.
You lay the line,
the dynamite, the black powder,

and if you are the vein
of coal in the low wall,
then I am the inevitable explosion
at the end of day:
I am the joyful noise.