

LEAH POOLE OSOWSKI

Still House

The field saged with first frost.
Removed from the porch
the plants played arboretum
by the east window.
The ones asleep wore socks.
The plants adjusted their leaves
to vented air. The sleeping ones
reheated the air with absent breath.
Their bundled heels. Their suffocating
arches. The roots rooted around
in too small pots. The crack of toes
muffled like seeds in pulp in pods
on the honey locust. The mattresses—
docks of soft wood. The stairs go up
trying for a better view of the mountain.
Their descending version is looking
for groundwater. They all look for ground
and water.