

Duplex

If we want to be known, we're in for a long drive.
A dead skunk on the back road smells like home.

A dead skunk on the river road and I know I'm home
though it's been a long time since any house here was mine.

It's been a long time since the gray house there, up mountain, was ours.
My father, dead, hitchhikes along curving pavement, forever caught in transit.

My father, dead, haunts me, hitchhikes, appears and disappears on
pavement. I want to talk to ghosts, to call corners, hear voices in a candlelit
room.

I want them, the voices, the ghosts, the flashes of light in corners of candlelit rooms,
to nod, with a quiet knowing, a clarity—haunted but unafraid, my hands steady,

so quiet, haunted with hands and ears and a knowing, a nodding,
my body a vessel for what happened here. What happened here?

What happened? Where is everyone? My family, where are you, my body a vessel
for wanting to be known, to be known, to buckle up and in for a long drive.