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*Fever Dream, 1969*

My mother and I sit  
inside a house of glass.  
Behind us on a cliff  
towers a lumberjack.

I turn to see his boots  
rising into the clouds.  
He kicks some pine trees loose;  
they groan and tumble down.

My mother turns a page  
to show a nursery scene.  
The coffee table quakes.  
She spills a drop of cream.

I squeeze her arm and try  
to tug her toward the door.  
She wipes her saucer dry  
and reads out loud once more:

*The walls will never crack  
as long as we sit still  
and let the lumberjack  
wreak havoc on his hill.*