

The New Criterion

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Alone in the house

by Robley Wilson

It is a bleak morning
with a wind, and under
the wind I hear drum
the motors of trucks.
Not along this street,
but on streets running
all over town and all
over the earth. Trucks
grumble in their gears
with our burdens^omail,
milk, garbage, parcels,
and dry-cleaned suits.

Only wind comes to
the house this morning.
My mind is in and out
of the picture window,
the black cat is asleep
looking dead on the rug,
the invisible trucks
drum. If I pet the cat
he will make a sound
in his sleep like hinges,
make the morning open
and arrivals commence.

Robley Wilson is the editor of *The North American Review*.

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