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Historic House

The front and rear doors
of the Georgian house museum
are open—so that
you can see through,
across a checkerboard foyer,
interrupted by spiraling stairs,
to a sunlit field,
mown for the party.
From the street, you think,
how narrow the residence—
what a disappointment.
But once inside, you find
there are generous rooms
flanking both sides,
ceilings acanthus-leafed.
And you feel, too,
a cross breeze, sufficient to lift
the skirts of the mannequins
on display, as if those from
the past are present, too.