

House on Munday Road

TRENT BUSCH

Where the road curves back
against the hill to miss
the creek there is a green house
in the adjacent bottom.

A man killed himself
there when I was a boy
but no adult would say why;
I do not know his name.

Now there are chickens in
the yard and a clothes line
with a pole holding sheets
a few inches off the ground.

How long ago must it
seem to my daughter and son
when they think after I
say, When I was a boy.

And how long ago it
seems to me imagining
the dying Keats thinking
of when he was a boy.

The man who killed himself
was about my age; I
cannot say what there is
about this house that offers

its green peace. Even if
they might wish to say, I
do not know if any know
why others choose to die.