

Poem with Split-Level Home and Pleasure

There were two ways to enter:
an ascent or descent

and in-between: the walnut
banister I slid down, rocked

my child hips on until
I learned the pleasure

of sudden bewilderment;
in the house of no center

there were many ways
to come or go—in the closet:

a plastic ladder to hook
on the window and escape

an imagined fire; on rainy days:
the concrete basement

floor where we skated,
swung around the pole . . .

what is space but memory?

An interior palace

with snakes and lizards,

wrote Saint Teresa of Avila.