

**Greg Huteson**

**Enter into Life**

A cup of water for the one in hell.  
Go with the cup to quench his thirst.  
It's better for you to enter Life  
salted with fire and sacrificed with salt.

Go with the cup in your two hands.  
And if a hand offends you, cut it off.  
Salted with fire and sacrificed with salt,  
you'll enter maimed into Life, your reward.

If your hand offends you, cut it off.  
Likewise, cut off your crooked foot  
and enter Life crippled, your reward.  
It's better than being cast into hell.

Cut off your foot if it offends you.  
It's better to be cast into the sea  
with impediments than into hell,  
where the fire will never be quenched.

It's better to be cast into the sea  
than to offend one of the little ones  
who believe the fire will not be quenched  
and the worms and maggots will not die.

Pluck out your eye if it offends you.  
A cup of water for the one in hell  
is the gift of a one-eyed man.  
It's better, by far, to enter into Life.

Salted, partial and scorched,  
but hobbling through freshets of joy.

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## The Store Room

1

It's dusk or seems so.  
A lone white bulb is newly on,  
revealing oddments and budget furniture.  
Underneath, a white card table leans.  
One end is draped with white  
cleaning cloths. There's dust  
on the spare, shadowed floor.

2

From right to left: a gray cabinet,  
squat shelves, a pine desk,  
a cork board. Pinned lightly on the cork,  
there's a verse of Saint Paul's about heaven  
and "Life is like a bowl of chocolates."  
A tad more left is a dark-framed window.  
Outside, a washer, a mop, an expanse of sky.

3

Near the desk, on a soiled dun cloth,  
are a kettle and a clay pitcher  
with a few droplets on its rim.  
There's a flimsy ironing board  
near a bagged black-and-red fan.  
And a chunky dehumidifier mid-floor.  
Streaks on one wall from a leaky AC.

A few steps in, the space is mainly shelves  
and planks and cavities. Some for musty,  
dusty thinkers' books, moldering facts,  
analyses. And some for handier items.  
Among them a spade, a tape measure,  
a package from overseas. A canister  
for tea, now empty. No last specks of green.

4

There's a desk lamp with a wood base  
and a black shade. This is the lesser light.  
For the ceiling bulb, there's a ladder.  
The stashed umbrellas are dark, white,  
and plaid, while silver pots and crockpots  
are unboxed and dull in a dozen crannies,  
set widely among the miscellany.

5

There's even a slot for octopuses.  
Plastic hangers, turquoise, red,  
and black, with twenty-four arms among them.  
A notch below them is a toolbox, its pale  
latch dangling. Lower still, an insulated bag  
for carbonated drinks, saltwater  
fish, and other watery, wavery things.

On the far wall  
is a cream-colored wardrobe  
for ruined spreads and ruined quilts  
in whites and sickly yellows. Even  
the mothballs are dry, brittle, bland.  
Even the roaches are scraps, mere straw.  
The mirror's a half-flattened moon.

6

Not quite imaged by the mirror  
is a scaffolding of "like new" suitcases, brown  
and black with consort blues, but dusty.  
A compact khaki sleeping bag on top.  
There's a cairn of lumpy pillows,  
precariously aslant. And a spare door rests  
in the corner, draped with a bright red cloth.

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7

This store room, this sacristy,  
is a tangle of devices  
and sundry linens and lumber  
and, yes, old plastic bags. Bags  
within bags on the white tile  
floor. The maranti door's half shut.  
There's rest in these pistachio walls.