

Terence Culleton**After Rage**

Yesterday this strip mall
was a panic place,
it would appear — steel
cans hurled about —

that bashed-up marquee
there in that parking space
came crashing down, got
blown into it, no doubt.

Trash all over. Poop
bags, soda cans,
untethered packing skids
buffeted scarily

around, one of those
rooftop out-take fans
lodged in the branches
of a little maple tree.

Skulking around here now
bad weather's past and done,
I all but revel in these things
wrenched from moorings, cast

from where they've always
been, smashed in the sun,
void of mere function
for a change: at last,

undone by mindless
pulverizing weather,
things lie out everywhere
apart together.

Carmine House

At dawn the gables blush
above a strip of rimed, chipped
stucco-work. Squares

of plywood cover
the windows and doors
like outsized postage stamps

on some outsized thing mailed
by steamer a century ago.
Bent chanticleer on

the central peak catches,
from somewhere, sparks
like garnets. The latticed trim

has splintered where the siding
sags, the whole rear half
drops off a foot or so,

rose-flushed, flaring
as birds and neighbors' dogs
wake up—the edifice

glisters with a crabbed
rubescence like make-up
smeared across the jowls

of some cast aside
dowager aunt gone
to la-la-land alone —

if ever loved, not now, nor
much needing love for all
this sudden gift of shining.

