

ROBIN BEHN

Aspirations of the Yellow House

Sometimes the yellow house wanted
a public assignment

curved brow of school bus
crossing guard sash swatch

cheery cloth to sop
spittle from the oldest lips

library velo-card
pet shop's pet

iguana's awesome
dewlap

but seeing as how the yellow
jobs were already taken

uselessness became its motto
privacy its anthem

yellow tooth in a row of
better teeth it stood

through winter the snow going
yellow at its feet and sinking

into the muddy muck and mouth
of every living thing

then all around it troops of daffodils
blew their fancy horns and took a bow—

no one in the yellow house
knew its thwarted dreams

although the stairs did creak sometimes
as if a thing had turned around

to climb back to the stars
and the windows, in the evening, had an aspect,

a dark, expectant, broken, floating, useless
telescope aspect,

but that went away
when they were lit from within.