

1992

The House

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Recommended Citation

Gurley, Ellen (1992) "The House," *Exile*: Vol. 39 : No. 2 , Article 48.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol39/iss2/48>

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The House

Warm afternoon sunlight
poured in through the window
in slanted squares
painted on the wall.

The two figures stood
still in heavy light. She
a step below could
feel his hips in
the small of her back.

As she shifted weight in her boot,
a small plumb of dust
danced
around her heel.
She studied the flies that had accumulated
on the blue,
paint-chipped sill.
Through the dirt speckled window
she saw a stoic tree-line
become a black silhouette with the
low red sun.

The hue of ochre
glowed across the field
as dusk settled behind
the horizon.

That field, with it's house, and it's stairs
carried voices I would never hear;
hid places I would never see,
held people I would never know.

The two figures were
stationary
on the dust covered stairs.
Their cheeks were yellow, and
their hair glistening.
The time weathered steps had another
purpose. The static bodies needed
not a direction to travel
on the worn stairs.

Rather
he cradled her head and neck
in those hands
that would never let go.
Their eye-lids were closed as

Warm afternoon sunlight
poured in through the window
in slanted squares
painted on the wall.

– Ellen Gurley '93



– C.N. Polumbus '93