Talking to the Family

My white coat waits in the corner
like a father.
I will wear it to meet the sister
in her white shoes and organza dress
in the live of winter,
the milkless husband
holding the baby.
I will tell them.
They will put it together
and take it apart.
Their voices will buzz.
The cut ends of their nerves
will curl.
I will take off the coat,
drive home,
and replace the light bulb in the hall.

John Stone