

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