

MOLLY SPENCER

Aubade with Transverse Orientation

The new house has solid oak doors,
a wood stove, and moths.

And all our favorite, tattered fights,
which we unpack from the last-on-first-off box

with the coffee pot and the phone, some paper plates,
some matches. A cloud of wings

in every corner and closet. I ignore them, hoping
they'll go once we crowd this house

with all our books and pans and breath and the general hum
of living. But box after box they stay,

dusty, persistent. They haunt
cupboards, lampshades, drapes. They dig

holes in our blankets for nests, fly
toward the one light we leave burning in the kitchen

in the night, mistake it
for something celestial.

You say, They're small, they don't eat much.
You say, What did you expect? We live in the woods.

And I have to agree with you there, about living deep
and with deadfall, far

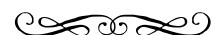
from the village. About nesting wherever
it's warm and flying toward whatever

light's left
burning.

HERON TREE

6 July 2014

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ABOUT MOLLY SPENCER



Molly Spencer's work has previously appeared in *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Escape Into Life*, *Linebreak*, *The Massachusetts Review*, and *THRUSH Poetry Journal*. She has taught poetry to elementary students, is training to be a teaching poet with California Poets in the Schools, and will be pursuing an MFA through Pacific Lutheran University's Rainier Writing Workshop. She lives in the San Francisco Bay Area and blogs at *the stanza: a little room for poetry and the writing life* (mollyspencer.wordpress.com).

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