Boundaries

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Abstract

In the winter-time We have to listen more often to the refrigerator and its fuzzy white freon drone that blunts the sterile silence of the cold-floored kitchen as it locks the steamy veggies in a hoar-frost sleep...
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by Michael S. Greer, English/History Senior

In the winter-time
We have to listen more often
  to the refrigerator and its fuzzy
    white freon drone
  that blunts the sterile silence
    of the cold-floored kitchen
  as it locks the steamy veggies
in a hoar-frost sleep.

We have to listen
  louder still
  to the furnace vents
    rushing eager indoor winds
    past dry brown plants
    and bristled cat
as they close these homey hibernations
  in a stifling fold—
  a dull white envelope of deaf noise.
We have to learn
   to train our ears
on Maytag spin-dry cycles
   slamming wet sweaters
heavy
against the walls—

Violent blows upon the shell
   so thin
mark out the crystal boundaries
of sleepless winter nights.