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## The Old House

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# The Old House

by Andrew Jarvis

At the beach of the great fires, Father  
is burning our house into nails.

He deconstructed it, chopped it  
with his long-handled axe, hacked it.

This is his frame of mind, unframed  
while everything sings on sand.

His boards, his beams, his roof, his work,  
he watches Grandfather burning.

All of him lost in an hour,  
he died building this house for us.

But Father has a better build  
with skylights and stairways in sun.

He paints us a picture with ash,  
while Grandfather peers through his smoke.