in-house

Nana's Victrola sits on a wide table opera solos from the large brass horn Sunday morning visits I finger the listening dog on the wood base, careful not to jar the arm from its groove watch the needle inch toward center

at the dining table a starched cloth
we eat éclairs cream thick, sweet
on our lips summer /winter the house
always warm robust soprano Maria Callas
stirs my small chest her trill splits
the air Nana's table unlike the one
at home

Saturday mornings Dad removes the lace cloth leans over me I lie still no air no breath no song

~ Constance E. Boyle