

## CARPENTER

*Eugene De Norber*

Happiness was when he built  
A flight of steps  
To a story just above.  
Now mostly and in the main,  
He wonders at the bungalows—  
People won't go upstairs again.

They've taken a new dimension:  
Straight lines, a clean cut,  
Windows with a view;  
Flat roofs hanging out in space  
Shading patios, and supported  
By the walls some place.

No arbours here.  
Instead, a box-like exposition  
Of architectural niceties;  
A whirligig of bricks, steel and glass  
Showing possibilities: perhaps  
An elevation from a one-floor mass.

Left to contemplate his estate,  
He marvels how they stand:  
Built to accommodate an active program,  
Shorn of interior motives,  
Dividing the *out* by a door-jamb,  
Embracing the rest as *in*.

And how he would, could he devise  
That pitch factor,  
Whose magic run and magic rise  
Might, like fluted notes from Hamelin,  
Lead one-storied men  
Up steps again.