

Evictions

However many times a man may look,
Walking past a house where he once lived,
While Jupiter rises in the fall,
That rose when ice engraved the windows,
He knows a loss and better days.
Sleep, love, laughter of his friends,
More than a house, almost an age,
Ends with porchlight off and chimney cold.
What hopes then, little did he know,
And the garden that year something to behold.
An image, late at night, getting up
To shake the handle on the toilet-tank
The landlord wouldn't fix, or simply sitting in
The living room, moonlight making strange and beautiful
The damaged artifacts of day. Gone,
Friends, love, laughter, even sleep,
As constellations with a summer sky,
While a mailbox lid is flapping in the wind,
And the host of many parties stands outside.

— *Patrick White*