

GREAT VILLAGE HOUSE, NOVA SCOTIA

THOMAS R. MOORE

The house was oxen-rolled downtown
before its present fame, before Miss Bishop

led Nelly past the brook. Tin-roofed,
it sits on the corner across from

the village church. Starlings knock
the cornice trim askew. A crow hops

through blue scilla disturbing April
snow. Rhubarb nubs show.

High tides and spring rivers can
urge Cobequid Bay beyond the berm,

but today the meadows unfold
to the aboiteau. Logging rigs rev,

downshifting for the turn, and upstairs
the scream echoes in the papered room.