The Old Gross Place

by Patricia Ranzoni

Across the road the
old dairy is an apparition.
Not haunted so much as
that it is, itself, a ghost.
When I go for mail, Hazel
is not in the kitchen.
Mary is not upstairs, Tom
not in his chair
by the window. White sheers
are an absence I promise to remember.
One could watch forever
and never see them again.
Search clean through
those waving old panes
front to back, not a soul
not even a stick of their furniture
to rest wavy eyes
on. Why a neighbor
can look clear through
that thinning house
all the way to heaven.