



HIDEAWAY DRAWER

Dyson M. Shannon, Jr.

In the hideaway at 3 a.m.
stands my childhood home
in East Galesburg where mom and dad still live,
where I grew up. I can picture
thirty years ago or thirty years from now.
And, I can picture the yard
already cleaned for Saturday's cookout, or
I can go to bed and save time
on the agenda, pile the raking
in the drawer and go to sleep.

Grandpa Dee advised me to stay complicated
and simple; to appear
intolerant and unemotional; let words go
in one ear and out the other, he said,
at night, close every disaster or distress
in the drawer before sleeping.

A day at its supreme produces
point-counterpoint—
It's chancy to move
away from the books,
and to lie down with Carol
next to me, our troubles
in the drawer and sleeping.