

# WHEN ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE

BY DARRELL PETSKA

That telltale floorboard  
beneath my slippered foot,  
Mr. Bean the cat  
arching his back—hush!  
Let the children sleep.

Twin tea cups  
down from the shelf,  
the kettle waking to the flame—  
bowered birds announcing  
sunrise

the day's agenda  
ready on the refrig door:  
trash day, call the vet,  
plumber slotted for nine.

The house holds its breath:  
school clothes laid out,  
homework tucked into backpacks,  
lunchboxes chilling  
beside last night's leftovers.

That telltale floorboard,  
the rustle of her silky  
dressing gown and Mr. Bean  
fawning at her ankles.

Silent smiles,  
the plash of water in our cups,  
twin steams mingling,  
rhymed hearts beating  
in liminal space-  
there, like clockwork,  
that telltale floorboard!