

## The Pushcart Book of Poetry (2007): The Best of Thirty Years of the Pushcart Prize.

Joan Murray (Editor), The Pushcart Prize Editors (Editor)

### SILENCE

We walked by there several times  
never noticing the grass turning brown  
or the yellowing lace curtains;  
never hearing her fingernails  
rattling against a window pane.  
She must have dried her clothes  
in the upstairs bathroom  
because we never heard the snap  
of sheets in the autumn wind.  
The house was always quiet  
and the ambulance rolled up without a sign.

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### TRUSTING NATURE

We had a front door I remember  
that always stuck from warping  
or moisture or just being  
obstinate I don't know which  
but friends always came to the back  
and by the time she got it open  
for the Fuller Brush Man she was so petulant  
he wouldn't even attempt a

sale or do anything beyond

leaving a few samples.

Mother also used that door

as an obstacle to discourage

visitors of any kind who had not

been fully forged in the white

heat of native suspicion and

gone to the back door fully cleared

and established as a friend which

was another example of New England

ingenuity because she always had

a welcome mat out and never locked

the doors never put up signs

No Vendors or Beware of the Dog

just trusted nature to provide the warping

or moisture or just being

obstinate I don't know which.

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