

WATTLE-and-DAUB

• Julia Holter

1)

Black ke-ttle and crane, no-thing e-scapes the dust room. Un-der steam and

soft-er cor-res-pon-ding with e-very fa-bric. All four legs are broken, running old.

wet-ter dust. I can't sit on the floor, eyes, so as to form a li-ttle clearing.

Glare in oil-ed pa-per, milk kept in white wal-nut troughs. When I stand be-fore you, hat-ding a

bar-rod of had ci-der. We climb up 5-foot-wide corner stair-case thru the door-way

north side. Let a-nother be stand-ing low be-neath a half-sta-ry, sim-pler in the middle -

wild-ly tall. Wa-ttle and Wa-ttle and earth-en, just like the Ro-mans.

And I will it warm-er - drape a cloth a- ver the win-dow, the win-dow.

No roads for vet-erence. Did I see you there? In the sun, en-sur-ing

time pass-es, with drink with slum-ber. The light they've built,

a-ppear and dis-appear, just to know they a-lined it North South. The for-ests it be-came

to stand in-side to be-come to be-co-ming its woo-den frame,

a house and sta-ble both. oh

Af-ter sea-soned tim-ber years years, dar-ken-ing

a-ging good white-wash white-walls with lime

Lime of mu-ssel shells, One thou-sand six-hun-dred and fif-ty de-grees. Quick lime slaked

bright-er and pur-er in here with white wash (or so they say) or so.

they, with a fal-la-la-la-la with a fal-la-la-la-la

4)

with a fall-la-la. here on stones for fire- and

For the little wooden light in size two-by-two I'll get so

cold waiting for you. thru a low ga-rret o-ver the se-cond floor.

Only one fire place - see it through the breezeway.