

JOELLE BIELE

To Andrew: at Seventeen Months

Chimney sweep, fireman, one-man
cleaning crew, you follow me down the hall
to the kitchen, stand behind me and ask
for the broom. You push it over leaves and dirt
from the yard, bits of wood and ash from the stove,
and the broom is your horse and riding crop,
it's your long Alp horn. Drum major
or majorette, pendulum or metronome,
you swing to a waltz Strauss never knew.
You point, you charge, you begin your high-wire act
and the broom is the sum of all parts
and you're the man standing in traffic,
waving your baton, directing me
into my life, into what I don't know.