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Kelley Jean White

### Alone in a full house

I might be the red queen  
and you a black jack. Is that  
all we need? Ten King Ace  
high? No, that's a straight.  
I dream of my grand  
father's house. Fallen  
to ruin though it s made  
of stone. Li Po wrote of moss  
growing in footfalls—  
carved as if in the steps  
to my grandfather's little  
stone well. See, lean in  
until you can see your face  
sliding into fecund green damp—  
slick with your own sliding  
song. This was Fairview.

Poughkeepsie. I keep trying  
to think of the day. Even  
yesterday I tried to remember.  
It was a dream. Names are not  
always given us. Or are they? Fair-  
weather? That's another. But  
there was a lake there. It was  
a respectable address:  
Buckingham Avenue. Though  
just a few yards down the road  
from the mad house. Now  
that is a haunted place.  
It is our own mad ones  
that haunt us. Moss on  
their empty graves. Their  
minds lie lonely  
on the river bottoms.

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Kelley Jean White's poems have appeared in *Rattle*, *JAMA*, and *Exquisite Corpse*. Her books include *Toxic Environment* (Boston Poet Press) and *Two Birds in a Flame* (Beech River Books). A pediatrician, Kelley has worked in inner-city Philadelphia and rural New Hampshire.