

## **Squatting Against the House in an Old Place Renewing**

William Rieppe Moore

Papaw's shotgun rests across my lap.  
Steady drizzle keeps telling me, Don't you do that.

Bear buried a stolen pistol somewhere  
around here. He said, By now the hammer's

pulled down. Be careful where you do  
what you do cause it was loaded too.

Though it's where everything occurs, the ground's  
not safe anymore. Now we walk easy in this place.

From where I sit in the slop and mist  
I can scan my eyes behind the beech

at least as far as my carbide lamp can reach.  
These wind-raked leaves mounded by the house

make a lapsing seat. My underpinning backrest  
was raised shortly after the foundations were laid.

Scattered sounds skitter in the poplar bark  
like raccoons traveling between here

and heaven. That's what I'm waiting on.  
*Procyon lotor* they call them. But I've just got

one thing to say if they come to raid  
the chicken crumble, and that's Bang!

When they descend for their masquerades  
with their robber masks, they'll taste lead

sweep their round hides, before they retreat  
to star-shrouded crannies between branches.