Outside In

Frank Lloyd Wright’s Pope-Leighey House

Bring in the bird’s chirp, its flayed feather trampled by foot. Bring in shadows cast, a theatre of trees playing a new part each season.

Bring in the wood’s hollow heart, its pulse that streams through cypress, through pane. Heaven, surely, if you are anywhere, you are here where loneliness dies. I make friends with brick, the sanctum,

each top and bottom door latch, the clerestory light in the corner.

Bring stars to my seat by the fire that it may never again be dark.

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