

# Saturday Housekeeping

*by Gary Hardaway*

I scatter grains with feathers. Tom and Viv  
pursue the artificial wing and scratch  
it when I slow. The vacuum frightens them.  
They skitter to the safest seeming spots

they've found, watch warily and wait  
for motes and whines to settle. Feathers, fans  
and filters rearrange the week's worth  
of dust. They never capture all of it

but I pretend again I've kept the prairie  
out, have battled back the smoke and dirt  
that, particle by particle, will bury  
me. Throughout the city, thousands do.

