

## OLD WOMAN RETURNS TO ROSEBANK AVENUE

She had grown up in our row house,  
could remember the day a glass chandelier

was hung in our dining room, knew  
which door upstairs opened to a balcony

with a red railing, balanced over a garden  
of Orchids that only bloomed at night.

She knew the trees in our yard before they  
reached above our rooftops, when

it was possible to sit in their canopies  
and watch men with hats walk home

from factories. I do not know where she  
came from, with her white hair

and broken umbrella, or where  
she went after she knocked on our door

and stepped inside to see it all one  
last time: crystal doorknobs,

the bedroom where she once closed  
her eyes, the closet in which her father

measured her steady ascent.