

**Kevin Jackson**

**Upheld by storms**

There are silences you can settle into,  
like those as river walk slips into memory, into myth,  
watched over by trees,

stewards of our root places.

And silences you can share, home-like,  
boots kicked off, left to their own amusement,  
by the doormat, never on it.

Holy object that doormat, absolves  
the day's erosions, evening's deceivers,

makes everything well again. Releases outside  
in silence in true song, the sort the stones sang

before they lumped churches on them,  
contrived sacred space, ruled it between walls.

Back come those songs, from myth,  
from memory.

Upheld by storms, welcome home.