If English

If geography is the highway I take to your house,
then geology is the house, the cliff it sits on,
the cross hairs the frames cast on the yellow walls.
Geometry is the windows into the living room
and entomology is the key under the brick by the back door.
Biology, then, is the bathroom,
and the shower with you singing inside it
a lecture on erosion in a conservation class.
Chemistry is the kitchen, the feta cheese on the counter,
and how many leaves is calculus
collected in the corner by the pot of wilted daffodils.
The brother’s abandoned bedroom is history: his globe,
his football helmet, his ratty blue bathrobe.
And if the front porch is philosophy
with eye-screws in the rafters where a swing should be,
then theology is the front door ajar.
In English I’d say English
is the telephone and the telephone book
and the table with one vase and the cut rose.
Belief would be the unmade bed
and any discussion of God, your body
still sleeping beside your clothes.