


**Ceilings**  
Nancy Pagh

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The trivial float off to some other dock  
built of gypsum and paint. A ceiling  
sees what it sees. Knows what it knows. Lets  
down its ropes of oyster seed  
to sway in the night. When my mother's hands  
left my father, she buried them in a garden.  
I don't know the world itself, only a passing  
likeness. It calcifies above my bed.  
The shells could be ground and mixed into landscapes  
disturbed here and there  
by hands, by animals taking their rest.