
Pro Rege

Volume 45
Number 2 *Fine Arts Issue 2016*

Article 1

December 2016

Heorot

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Recommended Citation

De Smith, Bob (2016) "Heorot," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 45: No. 2, 2.
Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol45/iss2/1

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Heorot

Bob De Smith

So.
I built a garage last summer,
Squaring up walls and building rafters
Over a new, mottled gray cement floor.
I?
Well, a cement crew did the heavy lifting—
Tall forms in deep trenches,
Skid loads of sand, compactors,
Winks and hijinks in Spanish.
A friend walked us through the rafters,
A son calculated angles,
A neighbor scaled roofs,
A church painted.

But I built a garage—
And stood on the peak at sunset
Master of my mead-hall,
A hammer at my thigh
For a broad-sword.

The wiring is yellow—
Snakes in the open walls,
Electrified, snarling—
Giving light?
We spent two days pulling cable
Through trenches—
Caves in the earth—
And into the crawl-space
Under the house
Where monsters lurk.

Did I mention it's not finished?
Needs insulation,
Floor sealing,
Interior walls,
Workbenches and cabinets.
Oh, and rafter braces, an afterthought,
While "The hall towered,
Its gables wide and tall and awaiting
A barbarous burning. That doom abided,"
While I lit the grille and
Brandished my tongs.