

Ron Scully

Toolbox

Which do I adore, the retractable measuring tape
recoiling sharply into the deco diner-like wheelhouse,
a metallic whipsnap and the steely yellow track,
thumb worn ties streaking, matter of factly power locked.
It stakes out distances, ticks how long you've been gone.

Or do I admire more the Stanley bubble level,
three foot black iron rail with steel brushed edges and
a trinity of church windows, fountains of jaundiced waters.
The bubble centers, tenses between two frail lines, then rests.
It measures inversely the curve of time, of earth.

They were left to me with directions, "The job isn't done
until you've put everything back where you found it".

What I truly found, after years as my own handyman,
golden rule was – a straight line only exists in the mind.

Ron Scully is a retired bookseller. After 25 years on the road, a real life Willie Loman, only funnier, Ron returns to the life of letters of his student days. He is working on 2-3 chapbooks and a play in 2016.
