

# MERIDIAN

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## *Blue Colonial*

I was bored until I began rigging catastrophes: pitfalls,  
tree snares, explosions. I dug a hole in the woods,  
hoping that something would fall and shatter a leg.

I shot at aerosol cans to burst the forest silence.  
Shrapnel tore through ferns. Rodents fled along branches.  
And the trees bored me because I'd climbed their gloom

to spy over our subdivision, rowed colonials, each the same  
because the mind of a developer planned them that way:  
decks too small for barbecue, monotonous shingles and brick.

Our colonial was the only blue one in the neighborhood,  
a color I liked, but I wasn't allowed to paint it with my father  
when it needed a fresh coat. He didn't trust me to brush

with caution and care, though he did let me watch while  
he shot a squirrel with a BB gun one morning, a squirrel  
that lived in our eaves. That's when I gave up asking

for chores around our house, my father at work in his mask,  
sanding and priming rough spots, creaming a pail of trim.  
Instead, I walked back to the woods and filled a hole

with my body, became a collector of hints and atmosphere.  
I hunted for incidents, turtles that slipped from the surface,  
feral slinks near the fringe. Once I found pile of tires