

Hometown

Chain link fences, gates
planted like arborvitaes.

our street was long
our street was damp
our street was still

Nobody visited, nothing stayed
in the ground but pachysandra
snatching space left by rocks.

our lawn was hard
our lawn was dark
our lawn was broken

My brother told me horror stories about a building with halls so long they could reach around the neighborhood and split its ribs with a flinch.

our house was quiet
our house was humid
our house was closed

[illegible]

need to get out need to run

our room was dense
our room was hungry
our room was strained

*hide your face deep beneath the quilt
listen for the passing breath of a monster*