our house we broke it we brushed it all across the
floor the petty shit the dry words in bed mulled
over from yesterday what-used-to-be before
tightly packed inside fluorescent sand buckets
with a lost black and white picture of us squinting
on the front porch you were pregnant the second
time had each of their hands lifted up high “just
passing through” as the worry rose from a hiding
place beneath the withered boards looking out
at the new tar on the street we watched the kids
closely through the wide patches in the screens
and the thin nets of the doorways then in the yard
burning fires and inhaling the ashen embers we
buried our pasts we agreed they will lie under our
bed like stiff feathers snapped into two but when
held up crying they beat shut the windows and the
faintest memories beat loudly at the glass with our
collective shed hairs what are we to do we dragged
ourselves around listening to that shoe scratch
that dull ringing could you hear it outside it picked
up rhythm around the seven year lump on top the
bare backs of our bodies on familiar born paths
around the place for them we told the pattering
beast to leave the hallways away from the shadows
we lit but the thick lull flickerings from above us
changed colors and we kept pushing through one
end to make other ends as the years broke over our
heads laughing and the patience and the hours and
the fits of dusts coarsing through the breathing
folds we entered understanding we were warned
we would become heavy pillars of stone if we ever
met in the way we did and looked back cold now
lying awake together thinking how much it took
out of ourselves not regretting any other thing
with such a plan one day but finally, our first place