

Ash

The dB's

The sky in the face before you
A window that's always shut
Out on the stoop
That pours in the night

Cinders as you remember
How does our love burn cold
Beyond the point
Of letting go

The next day the cluttered, shuttered
House at the edge of town
Cellophane glass
And overgrown grass

Enemy eyes and borders
Stare at the broken ash
Out on the stoop
The broken past