

## 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