

Montfort

She cut her ass on the barbed wire fence
leaving the house in the hay meadow,
the one with the door that begged us
not to break in, to leave this house
alone.

It was a fine, clear script drawn out
in soft graphite on a cracked white paint:
nothing left here worth taking. No antiques.
“...someone might like to live here
sometime...”

But there was never any family
and the old man forgotten. Peace!
The door couldn't keep out the mice
and sparrows. Rot and all else waltzed in.
Sun through the glass sapped all the color.
The warning didn't stop the beetles
or save the curtains, and it didn't keep us out
or stop me from sitting on the edge
of his bed with my hand around her waist
and pulling her in.