

Land for Sale

Someone was born here. Someone died.
The night they moved in, they made love
so hard, she worried the neighbors would
hear them. Afterwards she closed the blinds.

They were two at first, then three, then four,
then three again and two once more. Life.
One afternoon a tornado came through—
purple light, wind whooshing, doors rattling.

They huddled in the bathroom. The dish
blew off the roof. Twigs flew. Nothing
happened. Life. Once he kicked a wall in.
Once she hid a wedding dress. Nothing

pleased them more than weekend nights
by themselves. They feasted. Never travelled,
they didn't want the house to miss them.
(So he said. The truth is he was afraid.)

CDs, books and photos lived on the shelves.
The new sofa and chair were fifteen years old.
When he wasn't alone, he was with her.
What one forgot, the other remembered.

Children came to visit. They were fed.
The woods in back matured. Robins returned.
One day he woke up early, turned to her
and said, Good morning, babe. She wasn't there.

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