

The Trouble

*I've stilled the house
completely. I hear blood
whirring, it's sound like the sound
of the mother's heart
crowding the infant's ear.*

*Nothing out gets in unless
I ask, unless I want to skitter
the roll of regular, the daily
punctuation of my sky
with one perfect bird.*

*A man paces my green
lawn in a tuxedo. I raise
his hand and make him wave,
make his face fall. The bird
beats from my frame,
scenting a storm's arrival.*

*If I could find that hammer
the curved end for prying
up nails and floorboards, I might
slip through the window.
I might give him my umbrella.*

—Letitia Trent

