

Matthew Tucker

NEIGHBORS

The driveway sets the code, how inside
one jingle lifts their arms up.
Dog haggles by noon. Dog laughing

in the yard, all the
children. But the smiles are
real teeth and they bony play all day.

When I am in my window
my window my window in my
squared arms they light up and my
house is dark and sweet within me.

Snow comes, the windows listen.
Snow comes, the windows ebb.
He, hoofy on the driveway,
curses with fog breath. They are

happy to see him. The wooden spoons
filling the kitchen are wrapped
in silk ribbons. The nuns in the attic sing.