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The suburb abuzz  
with saws. They're  
cutting down  
everything and so  
a baby cries,  
which is what  
we feel like doing—  
crying and crying out  
for tradesmen—the  
mouldy ceiling, keys  
that won't fit in the  
lock, the back door  
stuck fast and we  
can't open the kitchen window  
to set a bee free.  
Even the door to the garden  
has grown over.  
Spider webs fuzz the lock.  
We spy the old rhodo  
on the curl, the broken fence,  
and convolvulus, like pain,  
strangling everything.