## Caravati's Junkyard · Elizabeth Morgan

Dried sinks and hot iceboxes squat on the chickweed. Fireless mantels gape from a shed.

Doors without houses lean still and stiff on Caravati's fence. Doors without handles unhinged in the sun peel to their useful wood.

Beyond stacks of bannisters, past piles of wrought iron railings, in an empty rag weed lot, one door stands up

closing to Caravati's Junkyard, opening on goldenrod, hinging on air.



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