

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.