

THE HOUSE

I don't ask for much,
A few walls to walk into,
A table I can rest my arms upon,
A woman,
And a book to close when I want to.

But tonight,
As the wind moves sluggishly
From one empty room to another
And the light above me
Grows dim with my boredom,
I close the book
And stand up, all by myself,
Ready now, for the gun.

But just as I imagine
The attendant unconscious,
And the cash register open beside **him**,
A voice runs through me like
The most distant of sirens,
A wife's request:
That I sit at her bedside
And watch her fall asleep.

I do.
She does.
My knuckles break the silence
That collects in the hands.