

A House

by Sam Rasnake

— after Edward Hopper

It must be morning.
Long bellies of cloud hug
such a thin edge of ground
there's no way of knowing
what world the road bends to —
uncut grass, browned deep,
an after-thought of scattered pines,
this house with blinds in place
behind dark windows. Someone
still comes here, still knows.
A creak here, a scratch there,
wind at the chimney's mouth,
then groaning under the eaves.

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