



Housebound

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Anthropology/English 4

A woman feels the early fall,
a chill mist looms outside.

The room's vapor clings to the cool glass
and glances out are reflected in.

Breakfast plates accumulate,
coffee cups with their late night rings

gather at the sink rim.
Knives, forks and spoons used

then dropped in stagnant water
are seed for growing greasy pearls.

If this is a castle
then she is subject to the rule of neglect.

Her hands are as limp as dishrags.
Through the water in her eyes

she fractures all she sees.
The walls are skewed and broken,

the heat will seep from the room
and soon she will leave.