

Untitled 2

Michelle Dillon

She slips into the cold morning
shuts the door with a tug
jiggles her key in the lock
pulls her coat closer
listens appreciatively to the
Silence
up and down her street
She rents it for more than she can afford
so she mortgages her friendships
waves them through in groups

She sits in her kitchen
reading dog-eared books with Fabio leering out
She watches the cars
Whose headlights flash briefly on her walls
before they turn the corner