

Domestiku

Theric Jepson

the blade that scrapes one face
tomorrow scrapes another's legs
smooth for each other

—

a child's shoe
another child's socks
a series of pairless pairs

—

the roar of air
rushing through softened fibers
yielding melted treasures

—

knockknockknockknockknock
no one rings the bell
not anymore

—

a pile of plates
stained with powdered cheese
tomorrow dried eggs

—

crawl into bed late
back into my wife
hope for a miracle

—