

Vacancy

by Katherine Fallon

Heel-worn boots beside the door like dogs
at a gate, but only two. My Dresden quilt,

at least, announces there was an us.
You loved me beneath it in borrowed rooms

and left me to the house mouse in his exquisite
shroud: yellow stains on the sill, faint scabbling

in the ducts. We named him Jordan Catalano.
Once, skittering, he betrayed himself

as we stood, not breathing, at the door. Your hand
at my waist, finger pressed to my lips. Who knows

what became of him when I left with all my grain.

