

House for Sale by Rebecca Moore

Our old, my old house remains, obstinate, intractable, emotionally unsustainable. A bank of memories.

The refrigerator, already an artifact, gives up its hoard of expired condiments. The papers scattered across the countertops refuse to file themselves. That spot of spackled wall must be sanded, the house must be measured, the yard mowed, the branches that fall after each rain collected, some furniture sold, decisions made.

What can you carry? What will you leave by the side of the road? What do you regret? What will you mend? What is made new? What is best left as is? Take my heart from this place, carry it away to be replanted. Rain beats down on the roof of the new house where the dogs dream on the old rugs.