

Here

This was their home; now
it's ours. I can legally stop
her taking a bath, him
tapping pipe-ash into the cup
on the chair arm.

This is the house I plough

my future in, my field.

They have no more claim, yet
one month ago every brick was
owned by them. I cannot forget
how she tripped up these stairs,
how they made love, here, where I yield

to sleep's allure tonight.

It is all silence. Time's
mysterious agency somehow
has split us like a log. Crimes
are avoided thus. Trespass cannot show
itself. The transaction is watertight.

— *Paul Groves*