Cold and Pulling Inward

On days like this, when the wind skims across the shingles on the roof,

deft as a fisherman’s knife working against the scales, I’m forced
to face the fact that sometimes asphalt outlasts fingers and I see

my life, a square meal taking a turn for the worse, just bare bones

in the soup, grey as unpainted plaster;
these days, my house, foundation-pinned
to earth and pulling inward, defies the bite of the saw that cuts

through ordinary memory, changing dreams to sawdust; now all

these thin-walled rooms are papered with cheap-talk bedlam, and fear,

hoarded under the eaves, waits for a cold moon to settle down

into the sag of the ridgeboard.

Joyce K. Luzzi