

The Good and the Bad

The girl next door works all night.
The men bring in their soft cars and know little
or nothing. In the open they act through your eyes,
get it wrong, and want to read
their own mind instead. Her contingent heart stocking up
the spare room triggers emotion, his,
casually. The evening rolls over.
When the kids wake up the flat smells of skin
and bone.

Sun walks through the walls like a mindless
ghost. A neighbor smiles, watching her body move.
Cars talk. The baby shivers in the light, getting better
and better. Her mother drops milk like a white stem.
In her dreams she totals the good and the bad
and in her head what's true
isn't everything.