

Jesse Lee Kercheval

**ON DRIVING BY THE HOUSE
WHERE WE USED TO LIVE AND
SEEING THE WISTERIA CUT DOWN**

When bad people happen
to good things,
it's like a needle
plucking at my sleeve,
like a blackberry catching
in my mother's voice,
whirring in my ear,
licking all the clouds away
until there's nothing left
but the sight
of that lone bicycle
falling slowly off the cliff
and no one there to catch it,
no one there to care.

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