

JENNY BOULT

NOBODY HOME

threw open all the doors for you,
offered you everything i had.

you took, thanked me &
opened your doors, one at a time,
slowly.

i looked uncertainly into the grey shadows
drawn curtains always make,

sparks of sunlight forced through
loosely woven fabric, you closed the doors
behind me.

joan armatrading sings down to zero
& i know exactly how she feels.

another woman feels so good she wants to
cake walk into town. i join her after i've
slammed the front door.