

HOUSE OF DISSOLUTION

There is a man sitting in the sole chair left.

The table might've only just been cleared,  
as it had countless times, plates swept away

by hands that still seem to hover, awaiting  
their chance to roll the dishes, gifted, into

headlines of tragedies the eyes won't ever  
see. If there is a faucet, let it be dripping,

leaving little incessant echoes in the air.

If, in the next room, there is a photograph,

it will have been tipped, so that the faces  
face the floor, as they have countless times

before, like a stack of dominos lined across  
decades, waiting to knock, one into the next.

There is a man sitting in the sole chair left.

The window might've only just been opened,  
as it had countless times, the latch lifted

by hands that felt the cool wind rush to fill  
the space that had previously been empty

of oxygen, the mouth sucking back gulps  
as if it had never breathed freely. And if

there is a chandelier, here, let its bulbs be  
flickering, scattering shards of light over

the man's wringing fingers. If, in the next  
room, there is a bed, it will have been left

unmade, a vague impression in the mattress  
like a memory of its sleeper, and it will look

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as if her body, like a clock's hands, never  
stopped turning, never stopped turning away.