

# A House

*by* Sam Rasnake

— after Edward Hopper

It must be morning.  
Long bellies of cloud hug  
such a thin edge of ground  
there's no way of knowing  
what world the road bends to —  
uncut grass, browned deep,  
an after-thought of scattered pines,  
this house with blinds in place  
behind dark windows. Someone  
still comes here, still knows.  
A creak here, a scratch there,  
wind at the chimney's mouth,  
then groaning under the eaves.

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