

# Peterson Park

*by* Bill Yarrow

The bungalow was unlocked. The screen door was unhooked. The trout on the counter was deboned. The deciduous trees were in a state of virtuous uncertainty. Fallow thoughts bubbled into the blistered brick. A stew of insuperables cooked on the portico by the balustrade. Tenement emotions befogged the windows as they encircled the balding home. The lawn wept in its insolvency.

