

Your house, after the electricity is gone

by Jane Flett

No need for live wires, let's haul
the generator to the living room floor

let it squat and grin with mean metal teeth,
feed it gasoline till it heaves. We have

no tabletops but mirror shards, dark
corners of the room refracting,

your face your face your face
on every surface, turn on

the strobe. Shred the roses he posted,
fling the petals like slideshows of storms.

In the garden, let's paint a warning
B E W A R E O F T H E G H O S T S

spring traps for giraffes and councilmen
—let's tripwire the bins. It is just

six days since the electricity and
the phone is dead, the fridge,

the nectarines are sick swollen cheeks
gone to rot. You prance in arabesque

robes of hijacked curtains, laughing
from the stairs. Your house is the

aching cavity of an old tooth, and
we wait in the hollows for dares.

