

Moving Out

by Michael Tusa

Lying in the blissful glow of young television.
Idly sleeping, eyes open and ears closed.
Us among the dusty panels of creeping wood,
and us dancing in the ray of night.
Darkness softly seeping through the old glass door.
Finger stained, smoke stained.
The moonlight is about us,
and everything is hot white.
And the kitchen doors open,
and the days linger.
And the tree outside stops growing,
and the weeds in the grass grow taller,
and the rats move in,
and we move out.

