

# Home and the Homeless

By Elizabeth Woody

The buildings are worn.  
The trees are strong and ancient.  
They bend against the grid of electric lines.  
The windows are broken  
by the homeless and the cold past.  
I am home on the yard  
that spreads mint, pales the Victorian roses,  
takes into it the ravaged lilac tree.  
The black bulk of plastic lies about  
stopping unwanted weeds for the Landlord.  
Tattered, the cedar tree is chipped to dry heaps of recklessness.  
The unwanted spreads by the power of neglect.  
The wear of traffic says that we are out of time,  
must hurry.

Age, the creak in the handmade screen door fades behind itself.

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