

Moving day

Lint, three chairs, one blue bar of soap:
what you left behind wasn't much

until the mail piled, piled
proving we're stuck together, whether

you like it or not,
by address or by blood or by both,

the former bond better to break
than the latter,

which shows itself in the shape
of your eyes, their brown

sometimes hazel gaze too often
stony, stoned by closing off,

bruising, bruising our bond
that won't break.