

Mezuzah

Standing

and there was only air
off the water between my house

and yours.

In the wind at nighttime
we walked through the nasturtiums with your mother

shaking trees and stepping
over granite slabs
from the summer before.

Some cold
and some warm

evening

I pressed my toes into the iron of the bedframe

Waiting

on sirens
and even strands of some spider web
catching afternoon light

the busses leaving curbsides
and people back at the corner
not passing those dried and rattling leaves of the yard.