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This morning

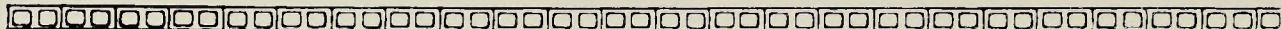
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This morning —
 In a mad search for one something or other —
 Someone opened the trunk in the attic
 At 207 Oak Street.
 Sudden scents of lavendars and grays
 And mustiness were everywhere,
 Invading the bustle of the household.
 Black crackled pictures mock their subjects,
 Long gone.
 Once sacred diaries of the heat of moments
 Turned ice-cold. Skeletal pages.
 Seemingly petrified spidery lace
 Crumbles at a sigh.
 Warm sighs of dormant souls
 Emit from their captivity.
 Their dank breath fills the air
 Until

This afternoon someone opened the door of the house
 At 207 Oak Street.
 And then turned away.
 Nothing there to see, but old sheets,
 Rooms gone stale with dead air,
 Dust, and
 Cobwebs.

Jennifer Bleuel