



Murders

those who came from miles away,
the tourists,
asking which house,
one of them saying,
were there bloodstains
but ourselves, too,
more disturbingly, ourselves,
walking slowly through the yard
looking for
not really souvenirs
 (a washcloth left
 pegged to the clothesline,
 an old saucepan
 impacted in the dirt)
but some clue, maybe,
looking for why this house
too much like our own,
looking, finally,
less for why it happened here,
to them,
than why it has not
happened to us.

LEONA GOM