Gray

Jill Osier

GRAY

A woman came to the door
when I knocked, nodded
when I asked to take shots

of the staircase, a quiet wooden
arm held to the side of her
house. She was older. I didn't

know her. But I turned her over
and over, looking for the mark
where a marriage went in – shock

distorting features and limbs,
like a tree I found once, struck
so empty I could stand in it.