

NOT YOURS

**LAURA
DONNELLY**

That it was so overwhelmingly abandoned by everybody It was like leaving a corpse.

-- This American Life, "The House at Loon Lake"

Overcoats, thimbles, someone
else's newspaper clippings

turned brittle. At night the moon
crosses the lake in ripples

like a film slowed to separate frames
but no one watches

from the screened porch. No one
takes the boat from the tangle

of grass where it lays like a tin
wishbone stalled in the night.

If you pass by a house like this
hurry on. Take your lover's hand

lightly in yours like an egg
or piece of rotting lace.