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Matthew Tucker

Neighbors

The driveway sets the code, how inside one jingle lifts their arms up. Dog haggles by noon. Dog laughing

in the yard, all the children. But the smiles are real teeth and they bony play all day.

When I am in my window my window my window in my squared arms they light up and my house is dark and sweet within me.

Snow comes, the windows listen. Snow comes, the windows ebb. He, hoofy on the driveway, curses with fog breath. They are

happy to see him. The wooden spoons filling the kitchen are wrapped in silk ribbons. The nuns in the attic sing.