

Send the bailiffs in

Send the bailiffs in,
I could use the conversation.

Do bailiffs like flowers?
Which ones are of the grave?

I will put them on the table
out before arrival,

to be planted all they like, I am,
growing up to feel like them

judging not the people whose homes I gracefully examine;
gracefully me, the bailiff with the ballerina past life —

with dainty little steps I examine the homestore.
When is closing time and when will everyone concerned just want to go

home?
Small talk was never my forte and the job is a job that's just a job

all that is mine.
I long for an example

set by the tenant
with

no possessions,
no possession

over
herself

the day her work is done.



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