Abandoned Houses

Adulthood makes you a child.
Cutting your teeth on the hardest words.
Like woman. Like man. Gurgling
gender’s tongue twisting nouns
on the silver streaked calcium rocks
in your mouth. Maturities rescued smile.
No one grows up. Only into abandoned houses.
With cancerous mailboxes waving white flags.
Only the next sorrow. Lives here. Blood red
Roses on fences of rust. Everything else
is an adolescent stamp. Licked to the point
of drowning. Few remember their first address.
Memory sounds like the Godfather weeping.


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