

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.

Daniel Edward Moore lives in Washington on Whidbey Island with the poet, Laura Coe Moore. His poems are forthcoming in Weber Review, Duende Literary Journal, Slipstream, Levee Magazine, The Blue Nib Magazine, Cultural Weekly and Tule Review. His chapbook, *Boys*, is forthcoming from Duck Lake Books in December 2019. His first book, *Waxing the Dents*, was a finalist for the Brick Road Poetry Book Prize and will be released in February 2020. His work has been nominated for Pushcart Prizes and Best of the Net. Visit him: danieledwardmoore.com.

The Pangolin Review, Issue 13, November 2019