

He Whispered to me While I Slept

Holly Lanham

The last words god said to me
something about cleaning house and taking out trash.

On my walls are photos of people I barely know.
I am no more important than the kitchen knife on my table.

I am concerned by the black stains defacing my carpet
and the blinds bent by my neglect.

There used to be a barn behind this red home
now there is nothing but wild things hunting.

On my porch lies a dead cat. His eyes are open.
He looks up at me and wonders.

It was all about fire
leaving the rest to die under the sun.