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CERTAIN HOMES IN CERTAIN TOWNS
AT THE END OF THE WORLD

There is a room where the house cricket
has her own small desk and a tidy, open notebook.

She is welcome to sit there all day if she likes,
not humming, not writing a word.

There are similar rooms
for the flies.

Rooms for the field mice come in from the fields.
Rooms for the moths, rooms for the lice.

A single bookshelf holds whole colonies of vermin.
A single windowsill, a million lives.

In this house, the cat settles on the sofa
and strokes his own ears.

His fleas. His fleas' remembrances.
Ah, his fleas' regrets.