

JONA COLSON

At the Open House

Outside I saw the flagstones moving like heads in a Picasso painting—black beetles for eyes.

The space unpeopled yet so alive.

The sky torn off but still dusted with clouds.

My father died in his bed—silent and cooling like the steel kettle my mother used for tea.

I can't translate summers and winters into another language.

I sometimes see my life as a wolf—galloping toward an open window, listening to the moon move.

The moon makes a soft hissing sound. You can hear through the doors. No way out or in.

The day will come when my feet leave this floor—take them with softness in your hands.

When I was five I ran through a glass door. It cut me before I had a chance to cry.

I feel like an oyster building a pearl around a grain of sand. There are some truths I don't own.