

Maintenance Man

There was a house sitting on the hill near the church near the windmill near the graveyard and the skin of it sagged, paint chips and clotheslines not taut anymore, childhood colored yellow daily. Too many broken appliances. The woman pulled a single strand of hair off the lady in the pew in front of her and afterwards in the evening the man drove home so fast she felt her face fold into itself like a tongue like the apple and like the beer, too. Bad judgement. Breached song and the accident was forgotten, dissolving into memory, the scar on her temple. Maintenance man, the revolver is on her stomach. Pause. Close the dominant eye.

Honey in the cabinet got all over, the man never knew. And the cabinets wouldn't open, high tide and soft soap, the insect floated in front of the headlights and she saw it lose life. Cotton shirt caught in the door so ripping from her hair follicles she knew the money was out so after she cleaned, she took nothing: hotel on the east side, he screamed rivers he got the keys he smelled the heat he rose from under the hood he heard no sound he lied and lied. This hot oil. His wide abdomen, so at night she buried her head in sand lit by the pacific red moon and tires going too fast over salt

she put down years ago. Maintenance man, which way did the car go, why did it go so fast? Maintenance man, wars don't normally last this long and try this hard and hurt like Earth so much they fray like good fabric in hot water. Maintenance man the rent inside the state lines hit rock bottom cold metal and then all that was left to do was scrape pavement with snow plows so it grates the inner ear (quickly). North of a Monday morning there's new skin but the glass in the cold sits just long enough to crack.