

**Cold and Pulling Inward**

On days like this, when the wind skims  
across the shingles on the roof,

deft as a fisherman's knife working  
against the scales, I'm forced

to face the fact that sometimes  
asphalt outlasts fingers and I see

my life, a square meal taking  
a turn for the worse, just bare bones

in the soup, grey as unpainted plaster;  
these days, my house, foundation-pinned

to earth and pulling inward, defies  
the bite of the saw that cuts

through ordinary memory, changing  
dreams to sawdust; now all

these thin-walled rooms are papered  
with cheap-talk bedlam, and fear,

hoarded under the eaves, waits  
for a cold moon to settle down

into the sag of the ridgeboard.

*Joyce K. Luzzi*