

1972

# The House

Ross Talarico

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## THE HOUSE

I don't ask for much,  
A few walls to walk into,  
A table I can rest my arms upon,  
A woman,  
And a book to close when I want to.

But tonight,  
As the wind moves sluggishly  
From one empty room to another  
And the light above me  
Grows dim with my boredom,  
I close the book  
And stand up, all by myself,  
Ready now, for the gun.

But just as I imagine  
The attendant unconscious,  
And the cash register open beside **him**,  
A voice runs through me like  
The most distant of sirens,  
A wife's request:  
That I sit at her bedside  
And watch her fall asleep.

I do.  
She does.  
My knuckles break the silence  
That collects in the hands.