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# Neighbors

Matthew Tucker

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*Matthew Tucker*

NEIGHBORS

The driveway sets the code, how inside  
one jingle lifts their arms up.  
Dog haggles by noon. Dog laughing

in the yard, all the  
children. But the smiles are  
real teeth and they bony play all day.

When I am in my window  
my window my window in my  
squared arms they light up and my  
house is dark and sweet within me.

Snow comes, the windows listen.  
Snow comes, the windows ebb.  
He, hoofy on the driveway,  
curses with fog breath. They are

happy to see him. The wooden spoons  
filling the kitchen are wrapped  
in silk ribbons. The nuns in the attic sing.