

Elizabeth McNamara

Hog Creek Review

Homesick

I will go to the house you grew up in and tear it apart:

Maybe the reason you're this haunted is hiding in the floorboards

The body of your ambition is long dead and rotting in the foundation of who you were supposed to be.

The skeletons in the closet only know your name and honey,
they won't dance for me

I beg for your secrets but they simply stare, ribs jingling for you to come back.

The water here is always cold and pipes freeze in the middle of summer.

Your baby pictures are all blurry, as if your mother's hands were shaking even then

There are more secrets buried in the backyard than old dogs.

The room you spent your childhood in has scratches along the door and I can't tell if they measure how much you grew or how much you lost.

We aren't allowed to close doors in our new house, but I'm trying to teach you that

Just because you lived there

You don't have to call it home.