

*Columbia College Chicago :: MFA in Creative Writing—Poetry*

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**Where you went**

Now in the entryway there's  
a bluish hue & all the doors  
    in the house are shut & water  
runs down the walls like  
    cement folded over a glove on the ground  
    covered in leaves & mud & I wonder why  
there's leaves & mud all over the stairs  
& on the way up I know  
    we put it there &

on the walk home  
    the ground didn't shift with my step  
& all the pebbles on the walkway from  
    the door covered parted off to the side  
& I should've checked the bushes  
for you then poked a stick through  
    the branches to see if they'd reclaim it,  
swallow it up as their own the way living  
things always take back what they created.

The clocks on the wall  
only go to ten  
    before starting over  
& their chiming has been replaced  
    with a stuttering lawn mower blade.  
And I can't pick up a trace of you over the sound  
of the house's bones & their dim hum receding, which  
    we always knew better than ourselves  
really, & ignored & now  
    there is a claiming to be heard.

And sitting in our room  
    the floor opens up  
& there are shadows of us

on the walls that we don't look like  
anymore,  
& I wonder where you went & why  
you took all my clothes with you  
& why the dressers are all full  
of photographs & I remember  
your faint sighing  
& the scratching of your nails over linen  
& your plans scrawled in olives  
on the gin-colored floor  
& the whoosh of words in dead air  
& I remember how light your hair was  
against your face

how we reached out to others  
like they were birds' eggs & how  
there were only so many left before  
we started reaching at each other.