

Joe Bruner
Poetry II
Character Poem 2

Home

The man walks slowly into his house,
treading carefully on the carpet,
over the scattered debris.

His mother's favorite curtains,
the last memory she left behind, now tattered,
flutter feebly against the shattered window.

The shards of glass lie
on the floor, their cruel edges
glinting in the silver moonlight
like tears of pain.

The man's throat constricts
as he finds the stained-glass lamp,
given to him on his father's last Christmas
knocked over, cracked, in a dozen different places
like a mosaic of a weepy old man
crying over his grave.

The man does not see the TV is gone,
nor the dining room table.

He has eyes only
for the missing wooden owl
his brother had made for him,
before he died of leukemia.

The security of home, the man wonders,
isn't this supposed to be the last safe place?