

Joe Bruner
Poetry II
Character Poem 2

Home

With the cold trickle of dread
crawling down his neck like a bead of sweat,
a man walked into his dark house that night.

Tattered curtains flutter feebly
against the shattered window.

Shards of glass stand en garde,
embedded in the brand-new carpet
and glinting silver in the moonlight
like tears of pain.

The stained-glass lamp is knocked over,
cracked in a dozen different places like a mosaic
of a weepy old man crying over his grave.

All the picture frames lie smashed on the floor,
empty, like a new moon.

The bedroom door hangs open,
squeaking as it swings gently back and forth.

In the closet, the hangers are bare,
those not littering the floor,
a final, malicious gesture.

It does not matter that the TV is gone,
nor the dining room table, nor the fridge,
nor even love. But the security, the man thinks,
isn't this supposed to be the last safe place?