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Walking Home, Passing Strangers in Their House

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Walking Home, Passing Strangers in Their House

Nathan Furr

Through the open porch door
I see them like statues,
bad posture though. Familiar
like the drawings of monkeys
in children's evolution books
standing taller and taller
they are in the moment before talking.

I am only walking home
and why should their open screen door
with its heavy black bars worked into small flowers,
why should the man sitting stiffly
next to his green stove,
open like a vision for
a stranger walking by in the darkness?
What about the strange 60-watt light
wrapping around him, lingering in the street
like a tramp, touching my face,
my hands, my un-nameable places
for which the light has just said a name?