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## Beth's House

Jesus Rodriguez

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# Beth's House

*Jesus Rodriguez*

I am here again.

The house where your grandparents live  
is still there. Color and that first seen  
brilliance all gone but an older sheen

still holds on. It was snowing, no one  
was home and a yearning, resplendent  
and part of a past I've never really known,  
aching and urging you to enter the house. I could

still see you, soft and open on the floor.  
You were sick that day and I put you in that  
old tub, touching your arms and your stomach,  
watching you move and smile. That night I

woke to see you next to me, then I slept again.  
I didn't go in the house this time. When I was  
leaving I saw a young woman going through a  
trash bin. I won't see you here again. Cold

becomes desolation, and I wait  
to be carried back to you.

