

It's Been Years

Discount

you've come home. it's been two years. we never heard a word about it. now here you are under the overhang. those suitcases make you look crowded. the distance in your eyes is more apparent than we remembered. cigarettes, month-old dress, your lips- still, confused, and parted. and you say, "can i sit down?" but i can't hear you. the dogs are barking in the background. and you reach for the door knob. i don't try to stop you. i know you can't sit yourself too long.