

Ass Ponys, Ballpeen

papers scattered on the lawn
weeds where there were none before
the evening light is nearly gone
yellow tape across the door
broken china underfoot
makes an uninviting sound
you see them everywhere you look
coffee table upside down

it was the last time that
he damned her
that she went looking
for the hammer
and with a fury seldom seen
she hit him with the ballpeen

blood in patterns on the wall
down the curtains to the floor
you follow handprints down the hall
water drips behind the door