

# 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