Taps Reversed

John K. Samson

All the unpaid bills
Wrestling interest rates
While past-due dates wait with their boutonnieres
And the slumping bike
Strangled with a lock
That we forgot the combination toThe old house drinks everything we hide
And hums sad songs that keep us up all nightWith the doorknobs loose
And the pipes that burst
With the fuses blown
And the taps reversedThe calender requests
A meeting to discuss
The time we waste: "When would be good for you?"
And the sidewalk cracks
Spell the way back home
In one uninterrupted palindromeThe old house keeps all of our receipts
In envelopes secured with rubber bandsOh, the blinking snow
And the dark dispersed
With a smear removed
With our taps reversed

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