

# 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 to  
The old house drinks everything we hide  
And hums sad songs that keep us up all night  
With the doorknobs loose  
And the pipes that burst  
With the fuses blown  
And the taps reversed  
The 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 palindrome  
The old house keeps all of our receipts  
In envelopes secured with rubber bands  
Oh, the blinking snow  
And the dark dispersed  
With a smear removed  
With our taps reversed

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