

## Homes

There's a light in the windows  
three feet spilling from its edges  
& ledges from broken screens  
& wishings of BB  
That he too could live here with me  
    & in my mother's recollection I remember  
but in my own I see him  
and in both I see how much adults can hide.

There's a light in the windows  
four feet from comfort and the reaches  
of children who only have playdates  
at other people's houses  
That for one night, I too, could live there  
with them  
That he too, could live here with me  
    & in my sister's recollection I remember the words  
but in my own I read them  
and in both I see how much adults can hide.

There's a light in the windows  
five feet and a half years old  
spilling from those edges that  
underline eyes and outline lies like  
chainlink fences & gardens &  
fires & tying it all up in a baby  
blanket & throwing it out of the  
window & slamming it shut  
    *because*  
There's a light in the windows  
    and I can't tell if it's a safe one.