

The Empty House

No voice to speak; no ear to hear:

“Come to breakfast,”

“I love you a bushel and a peck.”

“Dessert is for kids who eat their peas.”

“Is your homework done?”

“Sleep tight. Don’t let the bedbugs bite.”

Walls that witnessed life and love stand mute,

Well-used doors hang motionless,

Shades are drawn, the light is dim.

The fading echoes of silence fill the house

With nothing—and with everything.