

ALICE B. FOGEL

House of Habit

Who expects the thousandth overheard
 slam the doors and violate
 how it spins into force a hurricane that shakes
 of the solid inner workings
 dishes tip
 crash

whisper to blow into breezes
 the habitual order of papers foresees
 loose the length and depth
 clatter like skeletons in their closets
 from their shelves
 and then

in the quiet aftermath of this small personal disaster a single
 ray of light sliced a line too bright to face a divide
 was it just a shift in the winded leaves
 and the sun some swift
 a corner maybe it was a prod
 an unexpected equinox a sharper tilt
 is to blame for a heated knife cuts

down the center of the house
 a fallen branch between the house
 repercussion hitting a dead end or turning
 against the season's usual angles
 in the axis at the core who knows who
 to the quick like an instinct for dwelling

on dread the seduction

of that thin voice in the ear saying

turn away

from the full

light of joy you

turn away so many times

you don't recognize the blade

you have become