

## The Soldier

patrols your house in moonlight,  
his shadow on your couch.  
When was your house bombed?  
It doesn't bother him  
and neither does the darkness.  
His General said,  
*You're at one with darkness.*  
He has no reason to doubt this,  
no reason to be anything  
but a soldier walking.

Beneath his feet your house creaks  
and you wonder, will he open fire  
on empty chairs? Your wounds  
from love and hate and years  
say *Yes, Yes, Yes*, and then,  
as if confirmation were required,  
his rifle butt thumps your floorboards.

Behind the one locked door,  
secure upon a wall, hangs the photo  
of the house before the bombs.  
You know that soon he'll shoot the door,  
kick it till his soles are bruised.  
It won't open, but he'll walk away  
convinced he'll break it down tomorrow.