

**Foreclosure**

It becomes real – palpable –  
when I unhang the artwork, when  
I pull the watercolor flowers I  
painted years before in the light of  
the living room picture  
window from the wall.

The plucked flowers expose a  
rectangle of beige surrounded  
by sun faded paint, two  
shades lighter, but beige still.  
The rectangle holds its color,  
saturated by the weight of all these years.

The walls are stained and scuffed with  
marks of furniture that, like people,  
moved in and out of these walls.

Staring at the beige rectangle, I can  
smell smoke lingering from the  
time you yelled at me for  
lighting a cigarette at the table.

I am watching the heavy wall as if  
it were a television screen broadcasting  
my memories and I crave a cigarette,  
watercolor flowers on the floor at  
my feet, remembering  
when this was my house,  
when it was no longer ours,  
and not the bank's...

When it was mine alone.