

Afternoon Light

The prism above the kitchen sink
catches afternoon light in a breeze
twisting on its string,
Its light vibrates tightly over the linoleum floor, along the walls,
above,
waiting, watching,
while over-refrigerated fizz fills my mouth,
a swish of cream soda to swallow.
I set it down on the table,
watermarks to see
near rubber-banded, clipped
piles of letters and coupons,
irregular, hollow
fizzing and popping
in a half-vacated house.