

Every morning you walk past the house with broken windows and break another window. The shiny Valentine inside scrubs dishes at the sink. Think hard enough about broken glass and it becomes rain in a tumbleweed town, drowning out the neighbors' quarrels. You've had to invent this life to make it work. Try speaking but no sound comes out, try tenderness but it twists in an instant. Think blood on the mattress. Try running, and not for the scenery.