

Natural Disaster

Diana Heim

I felt a small sense of guilt
at the spectacle, the flecks of glass

stopping up sink drains, crumbled
plaster and dead gnats in our cracked

little cups, tall windows popped
from their sockets. When the pillars fell

so did the ceiling, when the cupboards split
they spit out our best plates, the wooden

ribcage of the kitchen opening, splintered
bones breaking pots where we once grew

ferns. The remains of this room, the soft guts
and raw sediment are brass knobs

on the faucet, pale curtains and frayed
linens, the clock nailed to the shelf,

your old shoes in the entry.
Next time you come

to recover possessions, bring a shovel.
I want to show you the damages.