

Kill Creek

"Hardly Accounted For"

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There was a fire on Sixteenth Street, in the house
where
The bastard had lied through his teeth. And had left
her
To a basement full of ashtrays and cats, so she had an
Abortion or something simple like that. She smelled
smoke
As she walked from the liquor store, that had learned
her
Name in three days or four. The house was just like
Wicker as the smoke got thick, with her boxes full of his
Things where the kittens hid. A quick count of heads
Showed no one to risk for; they turned the hoses on the
Roofs of the houses next door. Running up the street
with
A bag in her hands, she said, "I'm hardly accounted
For..."

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