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## Fire In The Last Apartment

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## **FIRE IN THE LAST APARTMENT**

The carpet is smoking. You ring for room service,  
ask them to send you damp towels.  
Your dogs hide in the closet. They are pregnant,  
swollen behind long skirts. Cats climb your legs,  
cling like burs on a hunter's socks.  
You run to the window screaming animals gone mad.  
On the street, two soldiers wave, and stout girls  
stare at you, hair center-parted.  
Watch out, they say, soon no shingles over your head;  
panes will shatter, and bright tongues blacken  
the flesh of your thighs. Soon to be charred, they  
whisper, jump into our net of arms.  
And you, a slender woman, wail alone at the edge,  
cats climbing your legs.