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## Scarlet Front Door

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# SCARLET FRONT DOOR

**NICOLE SCHULZ**

Dear Home,

I wish I could be with you still, in spite of all  
I know about you, of everything I know you will

never be or become or say or love. To hear  
your heavy laughter again, your tears of joy

in the corner room on the second floor.  
The arguments over money that did not exist.

Your endless troubles with a glass of wine  
in the evening. I want your anger, the words  
you will never get out of your mouth, that turn  
your face and neck bright purple and your eyes  
into knives that cut me with every little glance.

All your terrible monsters who I have befriended,  
who hid in the woods, in the house, in ourselves.

The plans we threw away; to go beyond the  
tall, decaying fence we pounded into the earth

so often, beyond the dribbling creek that never  
seemed to quench our thirst. But I still hope

to see your crooked nose and the scares  
the sun left, the bruises the moon made,

to open your door once more.