Domestics & Accidents

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DOMESTICS & ACCIDENTS
A Roadmap

i. Some words are pebbles
   and old grass.
   Some fill the room like a road.

ii. I press your words into maps.
    Fold them so your chest bends
    and the road runs through you.

iii. At night I leave
    our sleeping children in the yard
    so I can run the road across their backs.
    So I can be childless and dark.

iv. I gravel up
    at the shoulder.
    Never go anywhere.

v. If the world stopped spinning
   we would all be heavy and seasick.
   Then it wouldn't be just me.

vi. The road makes a sound
    like everything is coming
    and then it's gone.
    Sometimes I do.