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Our Jericho

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Cover Page Footnote

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Our love was like a house
under long-awaited construction.
We formed that place
with sweating, bulging limbs
and the promise of
moving-in day.
Your hammer and my nail
moved in simple harmony.
Two weeks we worked
without stopping for lemonade—
we were parched.
The skeleton formed,
we added bricks
and found
that it could stand.
Our folly lay in the fact
that we thought it was enough.
So we left it alone.
Grudgingly, I came back to the site one day
to try and do the job solo.
As I placed the iron horseshoe
above the oak door-jamb,
I felt the foundation shiver and
looking up, saw your face on an
industrial-strength, turbo-destructive
commercial-size wrecking ball
rushing straight toward me.
And the walls were razed.