November Poem

the first heat comes on
with a knocking in the walls

old pipes remembering
their one job

all summer they have slept
behind plaster

while we forgot
what the building carries for us

then one cold morning

metal wakes

a cough
a clank
a little violence

before warmth begins
its slow argument

room to room

I have trusted worse things
than this

hidden labor
behind paint

old pressure
rising

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November Poem

a sound like someone
trying to speak

through the bones
of the house

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