

deer legs

hanging
from the old garden box
like two ghosts,
the body, hidden behind
peeling wood.
a week later, someone
has pinned them
dismantled
to the corners of the garden.

someone cares
for this old farmhouse
with the chicken-little siding—
blue sky, falling—
because someone always comes
to hang the blue back up.
someone comes

to tend the garden
even though the rusted
washing machines stay
on the back porch. someone
comes to mow the lawn
when I'm not looking.
someone burns their trash

into dark smoke
that fogs our window's sky.
someone killed
that deer and pinned it
like a warning
on those wood posts.