

*When
There's
No More
Need to
Vacuum*

The vacuum cleaner is trying to say something I can't hear.
Something like the muffled sound of his voice
when the vacuum cord coiled tightly
around his neck.

My voice twists through the hollow tube,
words spinning into a grey pile
dumped along the corners of the room

Will I ever have time to clean it all
or only walk bent, with fingertips against
the walls
because finally after years
of silence he couldn't stay.

In the end the vacuum
cleaner stood between us,
like a witness, in the middle of the room.
It took no side but twisted its cord tightly
around my thigh until all circulation
was gone and my leg lie severed
and flinching on flowered paper towels.

In an empty room of raining dust
little black bugs crawl in the carpet
calling for me to collect them
telling me I'm not alone.



Laura Hite

Laura Hite grew up in Reseda, California. She's a closet poet who currently lives in Valencia, and works with children who have learning disabilities.