

No words
Everyone keeps saying to each other
No words
for watching the fire burn home after home

No words for the plume of smoke visible from space
Like someone dug their finger into the plains and pulled out a grey blanket
threw it east and then kept pulling

No words in the weightlessness of Seth saying his family won't have a house to go back to
tonight
It wasn't a giant animal leaping through windows, it wasn't a metaphor it burned down two cities
every house on the street is gone

What is the weight of everything I know
If I shaped all the memories into a pair of hands
would they say stop we would rather be daffodils or we would rather be a backyard or an Easter
brunch at Rik's house

stop making us something we're not because it's just a childhood
and it's just a house
it's gone now

I wrote it in a poem before
that people makes lives in these homes
and then they leave
and rarely do the houses do the leaving
wood, carpet, garage, a tv room with an unspoken seating arrangement
people can't be sad without words
so saying no words won't be enough

there's not a word coming to mind for losing a place you thought would exist as long as your life
there's not a word for watching a town lift into the air
there's not a word for your friend throwing ice at you and making you bleed and then making up
minutes later in a basement that smells a certain way in a good way
and then returning to that basement ten years later older and uglier and feeling like a 15-year
old again because of how the basement smells

what is the weight of all that once it is sailing through the air
in a putrid cloud of smoke

there is holiness to the stupidity of us as teenagers
the new year's eve party at rik's house where someone took the family cross of the wall and
passed it around to everybody

laying naked in joel's basement
we don't fly but we do walk around on the earth
and we bury our dead
houses are meant to be walked into
fires are meant for gathering
for cooking
for warmth
the police chief said it moved at 300 yards per second towards him
this is a fire that you can not fight head on they said on the news

i just want my friends to be okay and i want someone to be listening

it's what people need
shelter
a place to go back to after wandering too far away
a home

i can see them all blackening the blue sky
i can feel the grass trembling for what is to come