

## Murders

those who came from miles away,  
the tourists,  
asking which house,  
one of them saying,  
were there bloodstains  
    but ourselves, too,  
more disturbingly, ourselves,  
walking slowly through the yard  
looking for  
not really souvenirs  
    (a washcloth left  
    pegged to the clothesline,  
    an old saucepan  
    impacted in the dirt)  
but some clue, maybe,  
looking for why this house  
too much like our own,  
looking, finally,  
less for why it happened here,  
to them,  
than why it has not  
happened to us.

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