

## Frail Grace

I watch my fraying face in the mirror.  
Shadows seep down my cheeks  
and cling to my chin.  
Shadows seep down these walls  
from the sky and lie in piles  
of laundry, corners, compartments and cracks.  
The house hollowed out  
recalls not a thing.

Windows blind white  
toward shame-quiet dawn.  
The house empties.

Trees beyond hold ten thousand shook rags.  
Ten thousand shook rags clean empty  
my drum-hollow, spider-scrap form  
for an instant, before I am back,  
web locked in shadow,  
palms upon the dust-pure sills.

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