

## **Start Over**

I can't believe we live  
here. You on the ugly south-  
west sofa, cushion cradling  
a tablespoon of blue liquid.  
I can't clean it up. My childhood  
toys are strewn on the path to kitchen towels.

I must have lost my key.  
A lady with a fake rust-  
colored perm and spackled blue eye-  
shadow tells me the seventh floor  
doesn't exist to me anymore.  
Mom, stop interrupting the conversation.

Why is that Gold Coast wife  
staring in our window? Aren't  
fur coats out of season? Doesn't  
anyone bother to stay out-  
side the boundaries of privacy?

I need to find my key.  
Tell me who lives here now. So  
the chewed carpet can scratch my bare  
feet. So I can see Sears Tower's  
kingdom beyond my twilight windows.

**Veronica Kott**