

Omens

In a jungle, in the gap beneath a hut's door,
I watched the black silhouettes of rats come and go.

In a house in California, a vine grew through
a crack, curling itself into the shower.

Once, a squirrel's head poked through
a hole over the sink, and I ran screaming into the street.

Last night, a philodendron slithered through a back window
and across the kitchen floor, tributaries winding

themselves into cupboards, up the walls,
while the main stem headed toward our bedroom.

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