

What I Throw in Their Grave:

for Mary, Desmond, and Elizabeth McCourt

Our narrow hallway.
The carving knife swinging.
The key in the midnight lock.

The four a.m. phone call.
The stewed tea.
The rope.

My dreams of killers pursuing.
Your dreams of being stuck.
My insistence on making sense.

But not the dream last night:
all three of you
living in a bright yellow house.

—Theresa McCourt