

22 years of pacing back and forth is enough pacing to lose yourself in your own kitchen

Cecilia Durcan

When the sun shines through
the glass door in the kitchen
around ten in the morning it
makes a perfect square
of light on the wood.

I used to lie in the box of light, the warmth of the floor touching my bones.

I'd lie there and watch her familiar movements – the soft opening and closing of cupboards, the habitual cleaning of countertops, returning every so often to her cooling cup of coffee next to the stove.

She would open the window and turtle dove songs would fill the room, carried in on a breeze so crisp that I could know without looking: oak leaves covered the grass outside.

Now, there are fruit flies all over the kitchen.

I stand in the entryway and stare at the floor – the paths worn into those yellow pine boards, the wood stain has all but rubbed away, revealing ghostly footsteps of a figure who exists only
in my mind's eye.

Through the glass, I can see an old windchime in the yard that makes the occasional attempt at music, but the strings are all knotted together; the fall weather has rusted the bells.

A spider in the sill spins its web
and reminds me that

I do not live in this house anymore.

Someone else has made a home
of my sunlit sanctuary,
and I am trespassing here.