

Alexis Green

Fixtures

Footprints
over breadcrumbs
over the damp carpet

It's still burgundy
It still clashes with Nana's
rocking chair

It's still unswept
It's still gentle enough
to nurse the stains

left by children
who grew into their silhouettes
before their shadows had time to dry

As family photos fade
and mothers search for lost daughters
in old dress sizes

As sons stretch themselves
across the optics
of missing fathers

As picture frames
sheathe the last breaths
of memorized relatives

The living room lights
keep the faith warm