

This will leave you—
Stranger departed from the doorway.
This is not his stoop to sit and stare from. He is just
Wind in old clothes he knows nothing
Of the heat you've made a home for,
The warmth of form that
Wets the windows.
He is corn skeleton,
Whistle through, he is
Teeth on a cold pipe and
Chattering. He is not a part
Of this place. He is unlove and losing.
You are here. You are warm
And rumped underblanket with
Red rising in the face. You are fire fed
Knees on carpet and feet gone numb
From the weight of waiting it out.
You fold potholders and return
To the cooking—pasta in blue bowl.
If he is hungry you can feed him,
But then you must send him
On his way.