

*Full Circle, Empty House*

A series of undoing the  
knots we've woven throughout the house. Percolated  
with love, the house swells and slowly exhales us.

When the house sells, I imagine the new owners will paint  
over and re-carpet:  
the Sundays spent cursing the Steelers to victory  
the sound of Grandma cutting up an apple: "Eat"  
the piano singing *Silent Night* with PapPap and Uncle Tim  
the ghost of great grandma Duncan walking around at 3 AM  
and all of the little handprints left in the midst of growing up.

If anything I hope they find themselves there for a generation  
or two. I hope their grandchildren know the house fondly  
I hope the dishwasher still goes unused. I hope their family gathered,  
spills out from the dining room and into the kitchen and beyond the living  
room, reverberating.

If we have to leave it I hope we've left it with love.

-Audrey Schreiber