



*...january 8, 1992...*

*last night while i slept  
deep into the frost  
silence scaled the backyard fence  
and icy fingers  
pried the shed lock free  
until the wooden door  
swung open to reveal  
nothing worth the taking –*

*two bags of frozen soil  
a dozen plant pots  
and a broken broom  
are still my own –*

*today  
with screwdriver and screws  
i reapplied the lock  
while fingers turned to ice  
and breath grew white –  
the everything  
that no one took last night  
is still valuable  
to me.*