

Tool Shed

The door

A beaten old assembly.

Rotten wood in a thick coat,

Of peeling stretchy paint.

When it creaks ajar,

Unsealed only for quick search,

The shadows needle away,

On spindly appendages,

The ghosts of black widows.

The cool air falls out,

Chilling flesh, bone, and soul,

In the middle of June.

The mold on wet concrete,

The dank stench of time,

Smells of a thunderstorm

Preparing to unleash

A torrent of dead water.

Cross the threshold,

Find what you seek,

And hope never to return.