

## End of the Line

Unloading the dishwasher, plate in hand,  
the knowing spread through my veins—  
a quiet closing, like the door of a vault.

The window dispensed weak winter light  
same as before, my heart kept beating,  
the walls did not fall in.

In the neighborhood where I grew up  
there was a dark house, curtains drawn.  
*They don't have kids*, someone whispered.

Now we are that couple, except in our home  
musicians flow in and out, laughing, singing.  
Dogs bark, phones ring.

But the walls know our history,  
and we force smiles when  
exhausted parents tell us we're *lucky*.

In bed at night, I stare into the corner,  
three lines converge—wall, wall, ceiling.  
A child's drawing: box house, stick-figure family.

We are more like an illustration of perspective:  
two lines like railroad tracks, stretching  
to the horizon, angling toward each other.