

The Visitation

by Tasha Cotter

She came to the contrast:
the blueing house, a crooked
Welcome mat, blurred with dirt.
Their dog darted past—unknown
in a way that made her feel locked out
of too much. Locked in the way life and death
are locked away from each other.
You are either a thing, or not.
And how could she be safe and not be?
The rumor was, he was exactly the same.
That couldn't be right. It would mean she was the other thing.
She tapped at the front door
and the sound was a splitting
of one thing, but it was all she had left:
This gamble. *Are you alive in there?* she whispered
into the air. *Are you alive?*