

Jonathan Wells

Where You Live

Imagine you are coming home. Your front steps are scattered with fresh petals or no they are not there and you return in your regular shoes from your regular leather chair.

The feeling is the same. The petals are just as fine, the colors just as blithe and were placed or unplaced by the same loving hand or troubled hand or loving troubled hands.

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You walk into the foyer and kiss her cheek or the air that was merely there when she left the room. Your kiss is just as eager or as meek, your lips just as ready to speak as yesterday. The difference is immense and thin. The difference is the house you're living in.

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