

## **HOWIE GOOD**

*At the Museum of Famous Authors*

Here's the empty room that lived inside him. Here's the key he used to lock it. Here's the black moon that burned in her window. Here's the leaf she heard vibrating all night. Here's the shadow he kept for company. Here's the bottom-shelf booze he fed it. Here's the fly that chased through her dreams. Here's the twisted sheets in which she woke up flailing. Here's the trigger he pulled with his big toe. Here's the one-syllable word the cops dug out of the wall.