

Piotr Gwiazda

My Neighbor

My neighbor (how I hate him)
ruins my life every day,
steals my money, reads my mail,

crouches behind the fence. He
knows all my ex-weaknesses
and gripes, my “enthusiasms,” and

what I was talking about
on Thursday morning with three
Jehovah’s Witnesses. (Walls

have eyes and windows have ears.)
He pretends to be at home.
He knows my dirt and my dust,

my nightmares, my fake migraines,
my UFOs, my cacti
(waters them in my absence).