

*John Sibley Williams*

### **There is No Such Thing as Trespass**

Having bolt-cutted our way through  
the steel mesh separating our world  
from the neighbor's slightly larger  
share of things, we realize nothing  
here is worth stealing we do not  
already own. A century compacted  
into a single red silo: ours. & inside,  
a mountain of uneaten grain. Ours:  
three old shovels heavy with earth's  
rust propping up a house that in turn  
holds up one small corner of a sky.  
This rain we mistake for the sky  
grieving. Wet, white, bodiless dress  
someone else's sister left too long  
on a thin line between almond trees.  
& ghosts, as always, all around us.  
Our dead. Our grief. Our mother's  
voice calling us home through holes  
built into the fence. & this hurt: still  
ours. Same empty place at our table.  
Same hunger we mistake for god.  
Same cross-stitch of smoke & ash  
working its way up the horizon.