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## Red Brick & The Debt

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*André Narbonne*

## **Red Brick**

The red brick house  
abandoned at a country intersection quartering yellow  
fields of unkempt grass was  
an abandoned school that begot  
an abandoned warehouse for farming tools with engines that begot  
the house that now stands empty,  
both open and closed

No motor rumbles in its belly, roars at the passing Dodges and shitbox Chevys,  
limousines of wheat  
field economics

No children's voices answer  
the teacher's pleasure  
with pi

No family bawls and cradles, grows old  
in delicate ways

My sister and I walk past holding hands on our journey to church,  
walk down a road that is so,  
so quiet

André Narbonne

## The Debt

My sister called me upstairs.

The window in the girls' room looked across  
a Lutheran Church field onto George Street.

It was raining hard.

My best friend's mother's garden,  
on the other side of the road, held  
snapdragons, peonies, roses and cosmos,  
bent under the weight of the weather as though in prayer,  
and the street held a dead man beside a fractured motorcycle.  
His foot was twisted the wrong way, like he was born to walk  
backwards.

I didn't hear the crash.

There was no explanation, nothing to hit.

The image held no story.

A neighbour drove up and got out of his car.

He worked full time at the local *Journal*, held a camera,  
took a picture, then waited, as though  
he owed the man.