

TO WHOM IT WILL CONCERN

It bothers me that some day
you or someone just like you
will own this house.

 You'll have
a key- *my key*.

 You'll paint
the walls a different color,
scrap the rugs and change
my study to a storage room.

Frankly, I feel already
violated and upset.

 This place
is more than property to me.

My wife and I worked hard
to make it ours.

 Her tulips,
lilacs, mums and rhododendrons
stop whoever's passing by,
I've mown the lawn for years
and keep it free of weeds.

Our maple tree that shades
the porch was shorter than a putter
when we moved here half
a century ago.

 What's that

to you?

 You'll cut the maple
down, re-paint the bedrooms
prison-gray, let all
the lilacs die, then stack
my study high with junk.

Although we've never met
and never will, I've had
my fill of you.

 Who asked
you here?

 Who gives a tinker's
damn if you'll pay twice
the purchase or more?

I'll go on saying what I've said
before.

 I'm staying where I am.
So take your bucks and scam.