

Peter Krumbach

Home Invasion

They must have picked the lock. No scratches. Professional. Small footprints in the shag. No mayhem of razored pillows. In fact, the sofa cushions straightened. The action mostly in the kitchen. The fridge, my wife claims, is a safe with no bolt. The gloved hand must have pulled the heavy door, reached into the light, extracted the cool carton of cage-free browns. I picture the flashlight beam, the glass bowl filling with water at the bottom of the sink, one by one the eggs slid in, clinking against the glass. Perhaps no flashlight, instead a brazenly thrown switch, a bold brightness. Before vanishing, they had done our laundry, ironed and folded, the air still scented with soap. The note on the table terse, left-handed, The eggs float. In the kitchen, the detective, my wife, me. From the flannel bush beyond the window the banter of two towhees.