

# The Ranch House

Annabelle Bonebrake

When Natasha went blind, it took us years to notice;

she knew the corners  
of the table like  
protrusions  
of elbows,

she knew turns  
of the hallway like  
the channels  
of her femurs.

She watched us,  
coming in with the groceries  
and going out with trash.

She announced visitors  
clicking like a skipping stone  
down the hall.

She watched us  
until her eyes became  
nickel discs  
polished to reflection

cataracts  
pooling

on my arm flesh, where I've bumped  
into corners

showing signs  
of being neither here and there.

Now she is barking  
at a back bell that no longer operates,  
for the milkman,

who no longer comes.