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I know I could get stuck here, so close to the goal, twenty-nine days into a month devoted to the confrontation of versed memories.

I could say I have run out of things to discover and record, but I have spent weeks unloading bits conjured from near recesses, important all, but as I tidied the front yard of memories, and entered the dark vestibule, the odor of the dank oil drum beneath calls me to enter, the thickness seeping deep below the surface, a slow spread of grief and regrets unspoken that soaks through the bedrock upon which my house is built.

I can let that well rot and leach its poison, a vile contamination, or I can dig down, armed with flares and time uninterrupted.

Ann E. Wallace's collection, *Counting by Sevens*, is forthcoming in 2019 from Main Street Rag. Recently published pieces in journals such as *BloodSugarPoetry*, *Wordgathering*, *The Literary Nest*, and *Rogue Agent* She lives in Jersey City, NJ.

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