

## Sight Unseen

It was lot number two-seven-one  
four acres of dead farmland  
up for a song  
sight unseen

he raised his paddle  
made his bid  
won the lot  
unchallenged

he hauled his life  
his wife, his family  
west to east  
to Macon, Georgia

the land was barren  
but it was theirs  
the farmhouse, the barn  
theirs too

entering the farmhouse  
they discovered that the scent  
of outside  
was inside

they walked from room  
to crumbling room  
not quite daring  
to climb the stairs

the barn was padlocked but the wood  
was rotten and prised apart  
with little effort, allowing them  
to slip inside to discover

a fleet of classic cars  
pristine under years of dark and dust  
lottery whoops and hugs were replaced  
by breathless silence when the first boot was opened  
and the next, and the next  
people, bodies, corpses  
eighteen in total  
mostly women, some men  
one child  
each lying, curled and stiff  
in the foetal position  
ready, waiting  
to be born again