

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Museum of a Former Marriage**

By Jennifer Davis Michael

Like ghosts, but dripping from the storm,  
they pay the fee and step inside  
a place they used to own. She stands  
apart from him as puddles form  
around them. Floors groan, drawing glares  
from guards. The portraits also stare,  
but faces emptied now of names  
no longer threaten. Milky yellow light  
of chandeliers exposes cracks in walls,  
prints on the silver, dust on windowpanes.  
They touch the glass that holds their souvenirs:  
jewelry that would tarnish in the air.  
Descending drafty stairs, they glimpse  
their own reflected selves, unwrapped, made strange.