

my house does not overlook anything. nothing at all.
there is no scenic view.
it is not beside anything special.
there are no historical markers nearby.
no endowed scientists ever come.
there are no indigenous burial grounds.
however
there are ominous signs warning everyone about contamination and containment.
there are posted signs warning the tourists about frontal entry.

inside my house

graceful and distorted tribal masks guard my books.
guitars follow broken nosed gypsy caravans
of fortune tellers and profiteering herbalists.
icons with soliloquies tell me where they want to live.
magic symbols self paint mysterious and shameful things on the walls.
everything is performing rituals in tent revivals speaking in tongues.
the doors have locks that do not need keys but have secret passwords.
the windows are filled with tarot cards looking in
the throw rugs are the throws of i ching.
the hallways keep changing where they are going as they go.
the bedroom is a coastal dawn with bone pierced cheeks
staring at the new explorers.
the kitchen is a sealed chamber of smoldering spices.
i keep waiting for the last clown with the most makeup on
to come out of the clown car with sacred wings.
the closets never stay closed and
the skeletons are bone chrysanthemums of light.
the breakfast room is omnivorously prowling.
satan is selecting fat chickens for dinner.
everything in the study studies back.
the women do not walk through the rooms
they move in waves
that throw broken shells and fish bones on the shore.

there are altars with blood dice games on the stones.
the threshing floors wear loose blouses.
toe rings sink to the bottom of the wine vats.
spirit animals help in the forest of lost children.
aspirational beauty queens and their paying princes
in the pageant parade
are wild and cross pollenate the moment they meet.

my house is a universe where it is difficult for me to sleep...
what is worse than that is
nothing else in it ever wants to sleep.

my house does not overlook anything.
wf.h.
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