

this house

When I was born

I signed a paper that I would pay the water bill.

The sink in this kitchen was left on.

All night it ran.

Marathons inside the synapses.

(My hypothalamus is sore.)

And now the drain is clogged.

Who pays the electricity bill?

I do not think I pay the electricity bill.

Because the lights come on and off by their own will.

(My bones do not produce enough blood for all the hearts inside me.)

And the TV comes and goes.

Sporadic.

I did not forget the windows.

I try to wipe them when they become fogged.

(Why must the voices have these conversations when I am trying to be quiet.)

Tell me why you have bolted the door closed.

Because this house is cold.

This house is careful and the floors are made of hot coals.

How must I live inside this house?

I cannot see the stars.

(Are there really stars?)

Does this house protect me?

Or trap me?

For the stairs are collapsing.

And the oxygen has become acrid.

Is there rain outside?

(My heart is pushing me outside of my body.)

I do not know how to hate this house.

For I have lived my whole life watching the world through the windows.

I have looked at the walls made of mirror and found the girl staring back.

But this house is slowly becoming darker.

Even as I light candles and sit by the fireplace to keep me warm.

This house is where I sleep.

(But when will this house become my home?)