

*House Is A Haunting That Happens To You*

Carriage draws close when horses will turn  
into a break in iron gating you  
discern dim in darkness, garlanded in fern.  
Through rain streaked window, a luminous view —

house is a haunting that happens to  
you. Glow hooves follow until it reveals  
a pitch portico. Stacked windows construe  
the mansion a myriad of candles conceal

with radiance you dare not feel. Windows  
lit up do obscure the darkness inside.  
Trusts you enough not even to hide. Know  
in candlelight girls weep formaldehyde.

Homes harbor horrors a younger you learned.  
Hope is a candle the wicked will burn.