

In Trances

A Lot Like Birds

The sign above the door says no solicitors,
whereas the vines along the wall scream no visitors at all;
family, friend, stranger or otherwise.
I never came in through the front door anyway though and I'd be
en here a million times.
I'd lived a secret, favorite life within this house and I'd don
e my best to hide it.
Loved it deeply, called it home but never ever dreamed I'd die
inside it.
I'd come in through the window, pried it open, slipped in gentl
y and drank here, loved here and slept here.
And when it came time to leave, I thought it best to leave the
way I came
but the window always stuck in odd ways when I tried to exit
through it. It asked me questions.
"If the eyes are the window to the soul, why do you only feel a
live when they are closed?"
And then something else took hold and the window broke.

The glass went only inches into my skin but only inches was eno
ugh.
And once the guilt has had its fill,
only then will the animals eat me as well.