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We bought our house not knowing
the trees behind it would grow out metal
and angry, electronic crucifixes.
The seeds were all the soil had, we never
thought to check for warm fruit beneath
our grandparent's rugs.

The dreams we lived in are smoking
left alone on an overgrown highway
broken by wrought iron weeds.
We follow our parent's path
coated in red light and coffins,
lids open and staring.

voices in the kitchen are
melting the walls and
bodies are crawling free towards
town from the hot pinch
of arguments and white noise you
can slam a door over and over but
it won't beat away the shouting