

## House

### I.

This empty house is full of oak stairs  
Made of soft glass. Blow on them and see  
Where her feet landed and mine  
Touched just where hers had touched.

This empty house is full of stairs.  
Escher may have dreamt of it, each dark flight  
Ending in a lit doorway, a bedroom perhaps,  
Each door open, glowing.

There is a fishbowl in the bedroom, shamefully.  
You've got it all wrong.  
The water is following the fish  
Tidying its messes, sweeping the air  
Out the open door – a glass mouth, open. O.

### II.

We passed the cigarettes like hours between us,  
My lips touching where her lips had touched.

I licked the paper and she smoked it.  
At the filter we kissed and it was not polite.

If my chest was a bowl, she broke it,  
The air fell from my mouth like light.

Against my cheeks the winter blushed  
As bright as the ember we passed between us.

III.

The late hours we reserved for cigarettes,  
And this is the porch where we smoked.

Light cast our movie against the glass.  
I was played by an old western actor, she was herself  
As water: faceless, liquid around the delicate curves of glass,

Rippling around a cigarette, lapping at the broad rim of my hat.  
Estuary:  
The arm of her sea extending inland over my lap.

“These are fictions,” I said to her, solidly.  
“Each film is as thin and delicate as paper  
Blown accidentally against the glass.”