

The old house dreams...  
    afraid of demolition  
    in amber twilight.  
They tremble remembering  
who stole their warped  
mantelpiece mirrors.

They dwell in the east wing.  
They wander in the fey  
weedy Victorian garden.  
One ascends the staircase...  
notice a stain resembles Rasputin  
on scepia wallpaper printed  
with garlands of brown moths.

Inside the third floor pantry  
an eye of Horus finger-drawn  
upon a dirty pane, a bloodstained  
tetragrammaton upon a frayed  
grey carpet   *Never but never*

*open that door!*       ...the one  
with the bronze Medusa doorknob.  
*Never stop the rocking-chair.*  
This was once their sewing-room.  
The mirrors were stolen.  
...Jars of pickled homunculi  
or fetuses stored here...

Pedestrians know to avoid it  
the dreaming house, afraid  
they cross to the other side.  
You can see them sleepwalking  
behind amber-lit windows  
pretending they live  
    still.