

In That House

In that house
seeds are planted by strong night winds
red bats screech without end
and a fine ash lies everywhere by morning.
In that house
a memory of sunlight haunts crevices
and the air waits for music.
Outside,
two lizards copulate in hot light
and metallic beetles work in the sand.
In the fine, shiny air
hair wisps and grey nits
whir and whir
where are where are where are
you you you all
it is the house of the wolves
where rough beasts are born.

—*Libby Scheier*