

# keeping house

*by* Daniel Passamaneck

This is the house  
that I was born in  
the sun comes up here  
every morning  
this little hut  
and so much sand  
the desert sea  
a lonely land  
I have a task  
I work all day  
it rides my dreams  
can't get away  
I sweep the desert  
from my door  
It's never done  
I sweep some more  
My mother did this  
so did hers  
here in this hut  
so many years  
I love my children  
live my life  
It's all I know  
it will suffice  
we have some water  
goats and sheep  
at night I go  
inside to sleep  
my sandy little  
desert hut  
I sweep you while  
my eyes are shut

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/daniel-passamaneck/keeping-house>»*

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