

Black House

by Mark Reep

Where will I go now? Oh,
I don't know. I dreamt once
a child's drawing of a house
all scribbly black crayon
swayback roof crooked
chimney. God, do you
remember how cold it was
that night? Oh, that's right
you weren't there. I tried
to call a fire, but fire
never liked me. That all
seems so long ago. I don't
get cold much anymore.

