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The Never Home

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The Never Home

This nice place is your never home
Of course, you are welcome inside
only for a spell of seeds grown
till there's a ladder for your time

Then all of us or you alone
Will soon march out these old, hinged doors
Parade the change with heavy loads
Or water the weeds you grieved for

You could sing of the Never Home
When it still stands with brand new seeds
Or you could cough up bloody bones
Supposed to be sweet memories

You could just let go of the knob
You know you won't turn it again
Unless your heart begins to throb
For something you've forgotten

You could think of the squared outline
With neat triangle roofs on top
The doors' rectangles and hinged spines
Tape on the sliding screens fell off

With your old room's loving gazes
You could sleep in it one last time
The next mourning filled with praises
While you wish for one last wind chime

The night is never long enough
and neither are the years spent here
A place you often bragged and bluffed
"Never say never to my ear"

So it ends and so we stay here
While you go on with just a phone
And in the static you may hear
The nice sounds of your Never Home