

Home

You can't love a *thing*
they say,
but I don't believe they –
I don't believe them.
I love this house.
It contains our memories
like my brain stores poems.
I love this house
because it is larger than I.
Inside the light is on
in the bedroom by the bed.
I love that light,
because it is our home.
And they say you can't love
a thing, that's what they say.
But I don't believe them.
Some things never die;
this house was built for us.
It is where I came to die
It is where you came to die.
And I love this thing
because it is larger than us.

for Amy Katherine January 4, 2008