

Jennifer Avery
Hollow House

No one knows the roof that excretes blackness
as the clocks rotate counter-clockwise
sliced wrists have encountered a hatred ghost.

Visions once so full of color are devoured
by a warped mind twirling wickedly.

Now a pawn,
this mother is colliding between walls,
backed into corners she's coherent; no more.

Its name has its own house now
as flesh and blood drink an unavoidable silence.

It's a beast, blinded by a name when
mirrored images rape years in this space
I call "home."
The wiring in such rooms becomes destructible
to a toxic history.
Lanced, re-stitched like a pathogen un-known
to man.
I'm masked by statistics, I still thrive for
some substance.

Finally knowing God loves "me" even when I'm not "me";
now that's forgiven and free.