

House

by Ryan Robidoux

Trigger Warning: Suicide

If the house has ears let it hear my story. If it has eyes
I don't need to introduce myself. It's seen me climb

the hill to greet it many times. I've ran around from sunup
till sundown beneath its protective gaze and scraped bare

feet along its splintered hallways behind pale yellow irises.
If the house has a heart, maybe those paned eyes will shed

a tear to smear its paint for me. If the house feels pain let it know
it's not its fault. The house isn't dark. It's the people

who walked there. The house never called me selfish
or refused me an apology. It understands I take decisions

seriously. If the house has a tongue I promise not to feed
it blood that will seep between its cedar floorboards.

But if the house has a nose I'm sorry for the decay
and the inevitable breakdown of what's left

of the dust of me. If the house can touch it will feel
my shaking hands clutch the banister and the rope wrap

tightly around the iron suffocating its polished surface. It will feel the weight
of me climbing feel the lurch as the bolts threaten

to undo. It will hold me out of the dirt and dust until it passes me to cold gloved
hands. And all that is left is a house on a hill its neck bent toward

the sunrise.