

Pareidolia

Actor | Observer

"Do you want to see the house?"
My mother asked me
Just a quarter mile
Before the turn off 118
She didn't say "old"
Because it hadn't been sold yet
But I noticed that she didn't say "our house"
Just "the"
As if to imply some greater
Unspeakable meaning
Like a place in history
Or the scene of a crime
Or a haunted estate
Where people only visit
To feel some brief presence
Of a past life
Or the hope
Of a life past this one

Maybe that's why she asked
Maybe that's why I said "sure"
Or maybe we both just wanted some closure
Maybe that's why she asked
Maybe that's why I said "sure"
Or maybe we both just wanted it to be over

So we turned and followed
Familiar streets
Past train tracks, houses
And memories
Of my only former life
Not much had changed
In that neighborhood
Not even the house
On the outside...
What did I expect?
To see the rooms I knew so well
All the patterns erased
Devoid of life
Covered up in
Eggshell white
And in an instant
The floor fell out beneath me
And the walls drifted away
Reminded how we've always been
Just floating through blank space

Maybe that's all we have
Maybe I'll never feel fine
Or maybe it will all just take me a lifetime
Maybe that's all we have
Maybe that's really just fine
Or maybe I just haven't seen it in the right light

So that's it
A blank canvas we're given
Upon which to cast whatever

We choose to believe in
Well, I feel love
And I feel loved
I feel like this right here is true
So this is where I stake my claim
A modest home
With a modest view
I've built a house of cards
With a glass floor on a bottomless pit
I'll never take for granted
When I look down I can't forget
Perception is reality
Life is truly what you make it
So I'm taking stock of what's around me
And trying my hardest to embrace it
The reasons I wanted to kill myself
Have never truly gone away
I am just grateful to have found
Stronger reasons for me to stay