

Open House

Steve Forbert

Open house now for your fading heart
Tell your ghost it's time to hide
Strangers won't know when to stop and start
Once they've fin'ly got inside

Spir'ling staircase toward your dusty mind
With crates and boxes and bags and trunks
No one cares what tender dreams they'll find
All they'll see up there is junk

With silver dollars from a ragdoll's ear
And merc'ry dimes for buttons, too
And flutes and whistles only kids can hear
And peacock feathers green and blue

Deep depression in a walnut grain
Afternoons on rainy days
Once it stacked up well in both your brains
And now it's all some purple haze

With vandals picking locks and breaking doors
And smashing keepsakes all around
Souvenirs of love and foreign shores
And scrapbook pages all unbound

It's open house now for your fading heart
Tell your ghost it's time to hide
Strangers won't know when to stop and start
Once they've fin'ly got inside