

## 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