

I don't expect a response from you and I won't try to elicit one,
I =
stroke your walls as I prowl along, they seem to be so strong,
your =
windows are on their own, they are letting in a steady blow, I
can hear =
the wings of the locust, but it doesn't seem to matter much. I
don't =
trust your corridors, why do I hear the timber groan? I'm getting
=
closer, hitting rooms no light has shown, I like the fixtures,
I adore =
the woodwork, I lay prone, making out faces in the plaster, my
fingers =
probing the molding for a trigger. Volumes of polaroids, commemorate =
nothing to speak of, to speak of, there are whole sections of this
house =
not on the floor plan, and I will ransack 'til I find myself an
entry. =
You can't afford to let me go on searching for a motive, you've
got to =
assure me, don't allow me to doubt, produce the passkey satisfy
my =
suspicions, will you trick me to co-
author your plans, elaborate plans.
Submitted by: Mel