

Latchkey

If I keep on finding rooms like this in dreams,
belonging to me but forgotten until I crack
the door and see them heaped with furniture,
so heavy, dark, and am again reminded; if I
fear myself in every rubble roadside house,
among the shards of glass, abandoned, and
hear the weeping ghosts, touch their sorrows
vining in the air; if every inner room I open says:

GUARD ME IN YOUR PALM.
THIS POCKET IS A WORLD,
YOUR WAITING SPACE. AND HERE'S
THE BUTTON, THE HANDLE -

then what broad smock will I wear as I work
to animate it all as ward and charge, keep every
rod and curtain up, mattress ticking free
of mold, a squatter with a mandate to inhabit,
a sanctioned will to dwell, or else be gone?