

You need to come home.

The place you are now, it's a newborn's feet,

A novelty, some sort of scuffed toy, once shiny, once cherished, only to be repackaged and filed
In with next year's gifts.

It's pointless, because living here is to be ravaged, hollowed, the illusory profundity a hack
hopes to find in a safe corporate Rom-Com.

You were going to get bored of it sooner or later. Now,

You need to come home.

You're not sure why.

It's a beckoning, an inherent magnetism -- the kind that's magnetic even through the state lines
Drawn so bold that keep you from home.

Moreso, It's a devilish charisma, drawing you behind, reducing you to a pair of hormonal eyes,
Transfixed by something soft, sweet, supple. You scrape your feet like cinder blocks, a road sign
Passed stoically with no more than a cursory glance.

Because coming home is terrible, and so you exhaust every last nepenthe on

That dreaded trip that regresses you to utero, a gordian knot of shoelaces,

Crumpled juice boxes, frozen waffles.

Over-Imbibed as you are, drunk on the minutia, the thought still persists.

You give in.

You think of home.

You find the door abandoned, a brick wall locked shut, practically hanging open.

The drywall is in shreds, your archaic scribbles grafted to it

With clumsy hands and scotch tape,

Hanging on by a thread.

The whole house had that effect. Plaster,

Sinew, crumbs of skin, tooth and nail cling to the house's skeleton,

A dying animal -- one that hadn't left easy.

If it weren't for the stench of sun-baked gangrenous chunks and ruby blood, you'd have thought
this a mere inconvenience -- a wait at the DMV, long hours on the road.

But being home is terrible, truly.

A dull orange light from the milk carton treeline splitting what was from what could never be, a
Vacuous hole.

This you can bear, though. You can carry the frozen gin, the mountains of cigarette boxes, dust
Filled interiors, barren as the walls of your skull.

These things you'd thought would be gone, had the medicine worked, or the cologne, the minty
Fresh stubble, the crisp work shirt. "No,"

You think. They'd squatted too long, they were white on rice in the rotting carcass house.

They're yours now. Family heirlooms for the books.

You've stuffed your luggage with garbage trinkets -- vestiges, sisyphian weights.

You can't leave without a souvenir after all.

So you vandalize them;
You draw little happy things, smileys, flowers,
Because this is home and despite the throbbing, beating cardiovascular, the air has grown stale
And tired, and so you throw everything at the iron door and padded walls, your knuckles
Bloodied and mangled,
Stained with baby blue paint and littered with plucked grass.

You shake yourself awake, wrestling
You collect your things, your mutant souvenirs; Sort
Your thoughts and your illness.
You rip yourself from the house, sever the ganglia -- loose the tooth -- and no matter what pillow
You put it under no amount of pocket change will replace the blood dripping from the cavity,
But the tooth is gone.
And It's never going to come back.