

This place is alive.

It breathes, it pulses. It loves, it dreams.

Stairs wind up and down, back and forth. Doors connect in ways they shouldn't. I swear I've climbed *up to the basement* a few times.

It's trippy. There's no other word for it.

I hear the house humming to itself, on quiet nights. Slow strange songs. I think that's how it communicates?

Its paintings shift, murals flitting and dancing in the shadows. It shows me things. Makes promises I can't quite decipher - I'm still learning its soft language of gesture and music.

It scares me.

It loves me, I can tell, but that love is so different from the love I know. How does a building love? Most people would never even have the occasion to wonder that.

Its love is big and quiet and more than I know what to do with.

I know it would shelter me through anything. I know it would loose its wrath on anyone who hurts me.

I'm scared it will hurt someone for my sake.

It means well, I know, it doesn't like that it's so scary to me. But how do you explain to a *building* how fragile humans are? That dropping a chandelier on invaders is a bit overkill for a deterrent?

It scares me, and yet... I feel so safe in its embrace, too.

I am loved. I am unconditionally loved.

To be loved is a rare treasure.

And if I am loved by a slightly intimidating sentient house?

I'll take love where I can get it.