# THE SMALL HOUSE

This house is a miniature house.
It is full of strange faces,
nearly all of them sad.

They are not ghosts, or trying
to become ghosts, but their bodies
are invisible, and they float about
like black flowers, on invisible stems.

When they speak, they speak in whispers,
or small cries, and they're always moving
from here to there, from room to room,
up and down the stairs.

The closets are full of their things,
all their past belongings,
still wrapped, like unopened presents,
and their pictures are on the walls,
looking down, or vaguely weeping.

All the doors and windows are closed.
No one can get out or in.

I am not at home with them,
these strangers,
yet feel an odd kinship
with their ghostly flutterings,

and keep that miniature house
tucked in my pocket, safe,
like a small church, a sanctuary
for something I might have known--
and all those impossible grievings.

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