

## THE HOUSE

You've been warned:  
what you're looking for  
it's not in the old house

where the wind reads  
the future turning up  
rooftiles like Tarot cards,

and the wooden front door  
peels in wordless scrolls—  
the saga of scorching summers.

And yet, you enter that  
stillness left by dry moths  
curled on windowsills,

you roam the rooms with  
nothing to touch, only cold light  
sliding on walls, on a photograph

of a uniformed man—  
chest gilded with medals,  
a hand on the back of a chair,

sitting, a young woman  
across her lap, the silent trumpet  
of a single calla lily

You stare and stare  
at that sepia sadness  
while your mind sails

to your great-aunt unhappily  
married to a colonel,  
a dignified widow of a war hero.

You recall her platinum hair  
pulled back in a chignon,  
her fingers looping threads

into ribbons of lace falling  
at her feet on the terrace  
with the view to the Black Sea.

You try to hold that image  
under closed eyes,  
try so hard, almost hear

the sea tides tatting  
their own white lace  
on the shores of the world.

It's always like this:  
you look for one thing  
and find another grief.