Open House

Steve Forbert

Open house now for your fading heart,
Tell your ghost it's time to hide;
Strangers won't know when to stop and start
Once they've fin'ly got inside.Spir'ling staircase toward your dusty mind,
With crates and boxes and bags and trunks;
No one cares what tender dreams they'll find,
All they'll see up there is junkWith silver dollars from a ragdoll's ear
And merc'ry dimes for buttons, too,
And flutes and whistles only kids can hear
And peacock feathers green and blue.Deep depression in a walnut grain,
Afternoons on rainy days;
Once it stacked up well in both your brains,
And now it's all some purple hazeWith vandals picking locks and breaking doors
And smashing keepsakes all around;
Souvenirs of love and foreign shores
And scrapbook pages all unbound.It's open house now for your fading heart,
Tell your ghost it's time to hide;
Strangers won't know when to stop and start
Once they've fin'ly got inside.

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