

'Home'

Judymay Murphy

I live in the house next door to myself –
Such a head-sore, exhausting way to be,
With occasional dutiful trips back from there
To check that the mould of the mind doesn't creep,
That the floors aren't contorting to ceilings,
That old jumble is reasonably stored.

Living in the house next door to yourself
Finds you baking for praise, playing almost your tunes,
Spinning out proof that you own the parade
For the transients who traipse through your rooms
To get a button or a smile sewn on,
Having heard that you give yourself for free.

Sometimes when you sit in your house next door
A latent heat comes pleading through the wall,
Ignored by you till it grows by degrees
Unbearable, too much for your design.
Only then do you rush back to see
Whether or not you have simply
Burned to the ground.