Lewis Turco, who lives in Dresden Mills, is author of numerous poetry collections and The Book of Forms: A Handbook of Poetics, called “the poets’ Bible” since 1968. In today’s intriguing poem he offers the description of a house -- or is it something more than a house?

The Habitation

by Lewis Turco

There is no way out.
Now the windows have begun
to cloud over: cobwebs, dust.
The stairs and floors are unstable—
the hours nibble the foundations.

In the bedrooms, sheets
have begun to yellow, spreads
to fray. Coverlets have worn
to the colors of late autumn,
thin as a draft sifting at the sill.

On the kitchen floor
crumbs and rinds lie recalling
the old feasts. In the larder
preserves rust among speckled jars;
the bins yawn; shadow sates the cupboards.

The fire has been damped
at the hearth: its bed of ash
sinks in pit-holes over brick.
The ceiling snows on the carpet—
Rejoice! Rejoice! The house is failing!