

THE HOUSE IN THE CELL

It's all taken away,  
The House that was our home,  
With nothing special about this day.

With spilled meth on the highway,  
The waters sprayed until it was gone,  
There in unwanted RNA and viral DNA.

There is no screenplay,  
to do justice outside Rome,  
For the DNA's unwanted swordplay.

Why is it that we must stay,  
and repay their uncashed loan,  
With nothing special in that roadside Monet.

The breaking of a Clay,  
For these days of disown,  
Over some unwanted RNA and viral DNA.

This cell not a house per se  
But a place for one to face Stockholm  
Syndrome, and sit aside as castaway,  
With nothing left but poetic right-of-way.