

## THE HOUSE IN THE CELL

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It's all taken away,  
the house that was our home,  
with nothing special about that day.

With spoiled meth on the highway,  
the waters sprayed until it was gone,  
therein unwanted RNA and viral DNA.

There is no screenplay  
to do justice for the home,  
for the DNA's unwanted swordplay.

Why is it that I must stay,  
and repay *their* uncashed loan,  
with nothing special in that roadside Monet?

The breaking of a clay,  
for those days of disown,  
over some unseeded RNA and viral DNA.

This cell not a house per se,  
but a place for demons' own;  
yet, leaving me poetic right-of-way....

With many in knowing reading on  
Thinking: *What the fuck did he just say?*