

## deep house

the sound of the house settling at night  
spent heat of some great beast I'd slain again  
thin walls drum their hidden circuitry; fingertips,  
naked bulbs, this old wiring, this deep internal material  
I thought, *it is beginning* and in the backyard  
strange flowers bloomed black through the  
bruised scalp of night, sweating, I opened the taps  
and a thin wire of violinists strung down the drain.  
All my teenage madness. A wolf at the door,  
a dog in the kitchen, her phantom pregnancy, her  
litter of hot tin ghosts rattling the cutlery drawer.  
I thought, *the beginning always feels like this, like the end.*  
I always go too far. My appetite for ruin, my mornings after  
when tooth white birds drink from ashtrays filled with rain

Danielle Wilde