

# Black House

*by* Mark Reep

Where will I go now? Oh,  
I don't know. I dreamt once  
a child's drawing of a house  
all scribbly black crayon  
swayback roof crooked  
chimney. God, do you  
remember how cold it was  
that night? Oh, that's right  
you weren't there. I tried  
to call a fire, but fire  
never liked me. That all  
seems so long ago. I don't  
get cold much anymore.

