

The House – a poem by Omar D.

The house was there,
always there,
and we all knew
not to look . . .
anywhere.
But he was new,
naïve,
not knowing where to be.
He crept,
like mice
going to food.
Hungry,
but patient,
not daring to move.

The house was there,
always there,
and we all knew
not to look . . .
anywhere.
But he did not,
looking . . .
for new things,
but what he got
was not
what he came to bring.

Inside, he saw shadows
up high
and down low.
Everywhere
he thought he could go.
He set foot,
afraid,
but excited.
But in the end
it did not delight him.

The house was there,
always there,
and we all knew
not to look . . .
anywhere.
He did not care.
He went in
longingly,
just waiting
to be scared.
He went inside,
and breathed the air,
cold . . .
and gruesome,
chilly air.
He went
downstairs
to deep,
and dark,
sad despair.

The house was there,
always there,
and we all knew
not to look . . .
anywhere.
He crept,
upstairs,
back to the
cold and gruesome,
chilly air.
And up there
was something
that gives a scare.
If I was there,
I would have feared,
because the thing that was up there,
would make my blood,
clear.
He tested the waters,
got his feet wet.
But when he touched it,
it roared like a jet.

The house was there,
always there,
and we all knew
not to look . . .
anywhere.
When it roared,
it shook,

everything there.

He tried to run,

but it shot,

like a gun.

It grabbed him tight,

he tried to scream,

but it was too late,

he couldn't breathe.

The house was there,

always there,

and we all knew

not to look . . .

anywhere.

It dawned on him,

that he might die.

He could have run,

but he chose,

to stay inside.

He tried,

and tried,

and tried,

and tried,

but he knew

that he would die.

It was like a huge mouth clamp.

The sound . . .

like a disordered tramp,

he went

into the ghoul's dark camp.

The house was there,
always there,
and we all knew
not to look . . .
anywhere.
But sad and scared
we all crept in.
His body . . .
in the house within.