

Poem in Your Pocket Day; April 29th, 2021

## *House*

Do not own the house;  
you may become it.  
You may become dark  
as the stairwell  
or cramped  
as the basement garage.  
You may love the sunroom  
too dearly.

A hole in the roof  
could cause  
overwhelming despair,  
the faint odor of mold  
disturbing your dreams.  
You might collect mice,  
voracious squirrels,  
relatives.

If your family had homes,  
being sufficiently  
created by them,  
live in rented rooms.  
Look for high ceilings,  
avoid carpeting.  
Allow no window coverings.

If you must own a house,  
do not live in it.  
If all else fails,  
travel often.



Alan Squire Publishing

Poem by Linda Watanabe  
McFerrin  
from *Navigating the  
Divide*  
(2018)

