

real estate agency

Sometimes we invest at the portico of another's house-
the place where they live those strangers. *(income)*
Having ventured thus far we infiltrate. *(inform)*
'Where is the living room?' *(tack)*
I want to ask; 'Where do I live and what do I have forever?' *(take)*
But that is a dead giveaway so I give away nothing. *(tactic)*

Sometimes I just front up, *(figure)*
I contract the boundary and state the rider.
Enter and dust myself off.
I reek of a body in recent transit. *(intimate)*
Walking its potential at my heel, I pace the new. *(ground)*
From this day forward to have and to (...) hold *(with)*

Sometimes I measure the corridors
Of my ongoing recalcitrance *(reprise)*
They are long and narrow and the corners recoil. *(reverberate)*
I circle my usual turn of phrase *(interface)*
Viewed my polished disposition, my photographs, my accounts,
in parallax.
I decide upon certain renovations
And lately, they've been described as uninhabitable. *(complex)*

(ceiling)

Sometimes beneath the living room,
I chance upon my real estate agent. *(appoint)*
I fall between her clenched teeth
And fill her mouth with the words:
'By contractual agreement, permanent resident address unknown'.