

Graphology Appendix 3: day's residue

Houses dominate
my recollections
of sleep. Rooms
shift, doorways open
into unimaginable
spaces. Endless
corridors and cellars
collapse into fierce
underworlds. Stair-
cases are drawers
that need to be
opened in Fibonacci
sequences, spiralling
up into a golden
attic light, never
attainable – each
next step too wide
for me. And I hear
whispers of houses
divided, built on sand –
the terror of a garden-house,
love in the banquet house,
winter-house falling
to summer-house –
dark fire inside
and out. Kitchens
are empty
and windows
look nowhere.

John Kinsella