Houses dominate my recollections of sleep. Rooms shift, doorways open into unimaginable spaces. Endless corridors and cellars collapse into fierce underworlds. Staircases 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