

About the House

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [August 2023](#) issue

Morning extends multiple beaks, multiple claws,
Light on light, through the east window.
I refuse them all, the whole aviary.
I can make something larger from the dark
Inside myself, dark I fortify for times like this.
It's my spirit-animal I ride, salvaged
From mazes circling my childhood.
I'm saddling as I speak, bit already in place,
My reins by necessity loose as always.
OK. I'm ready. Accompanied by my friend
The wind, we're going out to seek
New labyrinths we'll sanctify with grace
The multiple darks gift us, shadows around the sun
Turning themselves to cities we will conquer
Inside myself, new castles we'll erect from rubble,
Here in my living room, in the old blue,
Overstuffed chair, my feet propped up.