

I Haunt the House I Live In

Neo Kenny

I haunt the house I live in,
It's creaky floors,
It's holes in walls,
It's general lack of being a home.

The wind echoes through,
Whispers of 'This is not where you belong.'
Wails of 'This is not you.'
Whimpers of 'This is not your house.'

Extraneous add-ons made by someone else,
Reminding me of the uncomfortable state I reside in.
Bad interior decisions
forced upon me in my youth.
This house haunts me,
Or I haunt this house,
I am unable to tell the difference anymore.

I cannot wait
To knock down walls,
Add a coat of paint in the colour of my choice,
Add a garden in the back,
Adorn the walls with art.

They say your body is a temple,
They say home is where the heart is,
They say all the world is a stage
These phrases are not mutually exclusive,
Yet most don't understand them.

They mean:
The home you inhabit is your temple,
Your body is your stage,
All the world is a house you must live in.

They mean:
The house is where the stage is,
Your home is your world,
All the temple is a body you must live in.



They mean, simply this:
Your body is your own,
To decorate or redecorate how you wish.

To paint, and adorn, and love, and hate.
This is the body, the house you get,
And you must learn to love it, or change it,
or change what it means to love it.

So knock down those walls, have an open plan,
Smash the windows and add stained glass instead,
Change the old-fashioned knocker to a doorbell with a jaunty tune,
Because screw what they think of you!
The only thing that matters is you.
Make your home the place you want to live in.

Search for the ghost haunting your home,
Invite them in for a cup of tea,
Make peace with them, with yourself.
Then open your doors wide for your family to find you.