

This is the house of horrors
long with five people,
normal anyway.
Kitchen, bathroom, yard
with the buried *Havainas*.
The men and the women inhabit
their one room — they share.
A fan encroached in the wall
connects them to the hole itself —
a barker, a thief, a liar
so solemn — and civilized.
Nobody knows how
this house is every house.

Seattle, 11 September 2014
Ana Karina Luna