

## 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.