The house is a forest of columns with enormous eyes
growing in a clearing in the northern woods. The house: Mairea’s heart,
six hearths and an ice-box.

The house is a canyon lined with a thousand books,
a pile of stones and flagstones like clouds.

The house dreams of winter
snowbound and steaming. The house is a sauna, a smoked womb of cedar.

The house dreams of summer
starbound and floating. The house, a guitar
in a cubist painting, with a pool, Japanese lantern and a paper screen.

The house dreams of spring
lovestruck and glowing. The house is a garden that quivers with pleasure.

The house dreams of autumn
stormbound and crying. The house is a chamber where the dying lie.

The house is a coffer indwelt
like a Russian doll, marvel within wonder,
Juan Gris and Kandinsky Mattise and Léger,
and a metal piano with butterfly wings.