

Our House Breathing

Josh Pyke

May we not grow weary
May we not be sold
May I lean into you
Till they send me home

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May we not be sold
May you lean into me
Till they send me home

And the house came alive in the heat
All the curtains sucked to the screens
Then they billowed back out into the hallways
As if our house was breathing

And the floor boards creak in the stairwell
Con conversationally
But I was out the back in the garden
Waiting for you to come home to me

And your nightdress left on the floor
While you were in the bath downstairs
And I held the cloth to my face
And I filled my lungs with your scent

Because we knew that I'd be leaving
And we knew that you'd stay home
It was as if our house was grieving
As I just stood there breathing you in

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