

## 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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