

Dream House

Toyah

(willcox/sidelnyc)
There's a house on the outskirts of Marlborough
Past the polly tea rooms
Hidden in the trees
That watch your every move
Consumed by birdsong
Over the bunker
Below radar
Away from the sports centre
City tip and parked cars.
Perched on a hillside
An undiscovered u.f.o.
A time thief
In mechanical conversation
Flashing beaming winking gleaming
At the gaping sky.
Throbbing with generation
Yet stalling your car
Burning all circuits
Among the standing stones
And old Sarum.
Real estate owner occupied
A growing concern
Attractive moods in the woodwork
Subsidence tolerated
The blinds hide the
Blushes fading adds maturity
Prime investment for the voyeur
Only jealously guarded.
The paint never peels
And the dust doesn't settle
On the linoleum-like substance
Across walls and floor.
Dark is the stage
No children live here
And no old die
Only silence prevails
Paranoid actors
Hide on the stairs
Little creatures
Cought in the thorns of the rose
Arbour helicopters, jets and siren
Wall reciting every word that has
Ever brought a tree down
And bounce off the walls of the
Dream home whispering obscenities.