

## 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  
Caught 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.