

My house is for the smokers.
My house is for the midday drunks.
My house is for the prophets God forgot,
singing hymns no one hears beneath the freeway,
for the barefoot kids with shoes to fill
and dreams like chewed up gum behind their ears:
Come home.

My house is for the nose pickers,
and the scab eaters,
and the nail biters,
for the wisdom teeth you grind up in your sleep,
for little wisps of hope you tried to sniff off of the table,
and the words that cut too deep.

My house is for the restless,
for the mouth breathers left hanging by the neck,
for the things you couldn't pass for,
and the boxes left unchecked,
for the acid flashbacks,
for the good advice you never took,
for the heroin cocoons and the butterfly band-aids
and the day the empty promises grew full:
Come home.

My house is for the anarchist girls and the anorexic boys,
for the beach pier Atlas with the whole world on his back,
for the activists without hope,
and the gurus without answers,

For the teenage gardeners smearing compost in their wounds
Just to make something grow there
For every itch you'd kill yourself to scratch
For the dreams you never catch
For the ashes we turn into and the children we outgrew
Come home

Give me your souls cutting holes in the walls,
your broken sniffing glue to feel connected.
Give me the railway scars on your wrists
to the hands that never get held:
Come home.

Because my house
was built the day enough was finally enough.
There's a minibar fridge full of Molotov cocktails

and the sign above the toasters says:
Light my fuse.

In my house,
you can smoke in the bathtub.
In my house,
you can piss in the sink.
The mirror in the bathroom is a shattered funhouse reject
and our shit smells like tomorrow morning.

In my house, you can walk on the ceiling.
In my house, you can see the sky.

Because my house was built inside out.
The ceiling comes to right under your nose,
the walls are open windows,
the front door leads to everywhere.

Everyone's invited.

You hold the only lock.

But all you ever have to do
is knock.