

I witness houses become homes.

I witnessed a home full of change,
each home, side by side in perfect range.

I witnessed a *house* full of change,
each house, side by side in perfect range,
neighbours, whom never exchange,
not a word, nor moment,
indeed, how strange.

I witnessed a house engulfed in mange,
each home, in clean arrhythmic arrange,
neighbours, standing along the pavement.
Phones recording,
the incident unfolding,
as if some kind of strange enslavement.
We would never know what occurs in the
basement,
some cruel encasement,
creating identities of some vacant,
disengagement, no understatement:
Copies.
Surrounded in this perfect plaster
we call safe.

Home.

A house is all it is.
Aligned, each state of mind appears kind, blind
only to the confined, forever looking behind,
twisted spine intertwined with the unkind,
unsigned plaster. Always assigned to be
declined as we are realigned to remind:
You're safe.
You're safe in this house.

Perfect plaster. Next door is an unknown
mystery to the neighbour. Whole lives are lived
next door, whole lives are lost next door – an
unknown mystery to the neighbour.

I witnessed a home bulldozed for a parking lot.
I guess not in perfect range. Change; an either
cruel or relieving beast – that's why we live
in our inconspicuous, repetitious townhouse.
As perfect plaster surrounds perfect people.

I witness homes become houses.

This disconnection spreads like an infection.
What we want is perfection.
Houses are no longer four walls and a roof,
houses are no longer "where the heart is,"
proof,
lies in we, selfish machines,
the heart wants what it wants and what it wants
is perfection.
Just a simple digestion,
of an elaborate mansion.
One to call mine, the dream is foolproof –
because in this house I am bulletproof.

A key in the lock,
A key in the door,
A key under the rug,
As we lie snug as a bug,
under our one thousand thred-count sheet.
Alongside our en suite
-three ply toilet paper
Water vapour on a 17-degree day because you
turned on the heater? I'd call you a cheater,
yes you people eater, like a fast-fire
repeater, I've heard you beat her –

Those walls aren't soundproof.

In this house I stand aloof.
In this house I am bulletproof.

It's not like homes are robbed every day, burnt
down every day, flooded every day, bulldozed
every day,
every day, everywhere, every time –
for dinner!

You're safe.
You're safe in this house.

I see you bound to a dining room chair
eyelids: a blindfold.
Centrefold, yes the leaflet for your auctioned
household,
patrolled, I am enrolled to expect nothing less
than gold, therefore I will uphold every
controlled mould, appearing bold to ensure it
sold, and here at the threshold low and behold:

Empty.

My voice echoes.
Playing ping pong with plaster paddles in
pretty perfect pendulums picking on the perfect
people pleading:
Plaster is so thin
– Just like our skin

I witness people becoming houses.

I witnessed a grand lack of change,
each person, of vacant empty range,
neighbours, standing each a clone.
Eyes glowing,
the incident controlling,
as if some kind of strange cyclone

But –
but a cyclone of stillness

There they stand, vacant, empty structures
roaming our suburbs waiting to be entered.
God no, not like how he entered her – but like
like how perfectly identical, easily
replaceable furniture is hired to make a house
“home-y”

supposedly “appealing.”
Is that ceiling peeling?

Each house is bought to be advertised. Don't be
surprised if I criticise over the curvacious
vacant woman aligned to stand materialised,
patronised, and
analysed
by those horrific preying eyes, I –
I agonise over each sterilised word, I –
I realise there's no stopping an industrialised
world but,

I –
I should be safe in these walls; so should the
neighbour. But why do we expect that?

Plaster clothing doesn't make a house safer
Plaster clothing won't make me prettier
I guess it can't get much shittier

Houses to homes,
homes to houses,
houses to people,

I witness houses become

the infection.