

Untitled Photo: House

In Italy and Mexico, houses are magenta
turquoise, bright blue;
in Europe, they are earth-colored,
red brick; or white-paint board—
a few dark blue or tan.
This house is mauve.
This house is “maybe” purple, leaning pink.
It has a greeter who wears purple clothes—
“yes” purple, not ambiguous:
purple of royalty or concord grapes,
feet spread, uplifted arm.
Hair bow—or devil’s horns?
A donkey mask?
I like a devil in a purple skirt,
white shoes, white gloves, white collar.
Is she pointing to an open window
with open curtains; or pointing
further up, to the curtains closed,
the bedrooms, perhaps,
private, secret, cloaked;
or is it instead a gesture to say,
“This is house is mine and me”?
Whichever, I’ll accept
her invitation in,
come through the door
with a window like an arrow slit—
come into her narrow, oddly-colored home.

David W. Landrum

Inspiration: *Untitled* by Soon Han