

DYLAN WEIR

## LIVING WITH THE DEAD

*Please, come in.*  
make yourself at home.

My house is not so much house as weigh station. A lane never ending and one's just curb  
and sleeping bags. Nevermind everything you see that reads: *In Memorium*.

You'll be a plaque one day. You'll be here indefinitely. Walk while you can. Climb my many  
broken steps. The bedrooms are so big without bodies. Get to know our ghosts.

The many men who slept in the twin bed before me never mixed well with water. Run  
your fingers along the dinner table. Familiarize yourself with the threadbare leather face.

Beware the basement. Floods come freezing and often. Cut the power off. Gut out life.  
Sub-pumps will suck the stomach dry. The newly-naked floor – blinding – like the

Coppertone baby's bottom and the darkness that yokes her with exposure. Make sure  
you've scrubbed the surface with buckets of water and bleach. It's important. Keeping clean.