

2 Corinthians 5:1-10

Liam O'Brien

God give me pleasure. The house has eaten me
again: how ruled I am. The west-
faced windows open. Breeze like brass, October.
Corn, a baker's dozen in a plastic bag.

The house has ears;
house cares for its own pleasure.
Wet rags. The stairs to sweep and paint.
Faint color, dust: grows duller, fast.

Serrated knives. The Tree of Heaven cuts the last
cool evening light in half. A candle on the table.
Good night out there? In here, again,
the house is leaking rain.

Cast-iron. Sovereign bower, holding close
with rings on rings. Slick china,
scalding water. Home is hungry now:
I feed it: I am gone.



Liam O'Brien grew up on a small island outside Seattle. Some of his work can be found in *The Offending Adam*, *Blackbird VCU*, *Buffalo Almanack*, *Industrial Lunch*, *PBS Newshour*, and the *HIV Here & Now Project*. He recently completed his MFA at the Iowa Writers' Workshop, where he was an Iowa Arts Fellow. He is one of the founding editors of *Vetch: A Magazine of Trans Poetry & Poetics*.