

A Poem by Ryan Quinn Flanagan

I Am Not a House

I am not a house, though people live in me
many conflicted limbs all flailing into the firestorm
tearing the cushions off the couches to make
new wombs of hiding
curling up around dead plants that once held life
released from soil
whispering into the sub-flooring.

I am not a house, my numerous cave painting
neuroses
of the gasping windowless brigade
sweet teeth working the confectionary racket
like dragon slayers out of time.

If I am not home, do not knock.
Do not phone either, I am not taking any calls.

The pregnant woman is big as a house.
Something is living inside her.

Ryan Quinn Flanagan presently resides in Elliot Lake, Ontario, Canada. He is both a Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee published in over 100 print and online journals spanning five continents. He is an ardent cat lover that is deathly allergic to green bell peppers.