

Tessa Theocharous

THE HEAVY HOUSE

Where are the love tokens—
 beaded rings and silk shirts rumped into nests

We have Sunk
 like old speakers under the weight of our vows

Urban sludge laps at the door
 business calls and car repairs and lint in the drier and
 no clean towels and the same
 thing for dinner two nights in a row and noticing the carpet
 needs vacuuming as we
 fuck on the lounge room floor

A household has fallen down hard on us

28