

Toyah "Dream House"

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(willcox/sidelnyc)

There's a house on the outskirts of Marlborough

Past the polly tea rooms

Hidden in the trees

That watch your every move

Consumed by birdsong

Over the bunker

Below radar

Away from the sports centre

City tip and parked cars.

Perched on a hillside

An undiscovered u.f.o.

A time thief

In mechanical conversation

Flashing beaming winking gleaming

At the gaping sky.

Throbbing with generation

Yet stalling your car

Burning all circuits

Among the standing stones

And old Sarum.

Real estate owner occupied

A growing concern

Attractive moods in the woodwork

Subsidence tolerated

The blinds hide the

Blushes fading adds maturity

Prime investment for the voyeur

Only jealously guarded.

The paint never peels

And the dust doesn't settle

On the linoleum-like substance

Across walls and floor.

Dark is the stage

No children live here

And no old die

Only silence prevails

Paranoid actors

Hide on the stairs

Little creatures

Cought in the thorns of the rose

Arbour helicopters, jets and siren

Wall reciting every word that has
Ever brought a tree down
And bounce off the walls of the
Dream home whispering obscenities.

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