

Night Noises

Elizabeth Wendorf

Dorothy's voice down the hall,
through my door,
in my ear. Miranda's anxiety warms the night
around here and Dad, next door,
his snores the white noise I learn to sleep by. These
night noises a soundtrack and the
leaky faucet singing harmony, a little
off-key.

This house is a nightmare
infested with darkness like termites
or ghosts. Big empty rooms with dark corners
and closets and lights that glow in the night.
Eyes at the window where nightmares breathe and lie
in wait.

These new nooks that fill with sound:
the creaky hinges on the laundry chute,
the shudder of the glass panes above my bed
the gasp of water in the bath.

Everything's expanded in this house with
cold floors and big windows, with space for
the cowardly lion, curled over my sister's ruby-slippered feet,
and the scarecrow and the tin man, moving into the spare room
with Glinda.

There's no place like home.