April 2014

This House Holds Seven

Colby Dockery

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Dockery, Colby (2014) "This House Holds Seven," The Anthology: Vol. 2014, Article 15.
Available at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2014/iss1/15
**Knowledge, Renewed | Matt Higdon**

Forlornly we miss Lady Wisdom’s words
As she calls aloud to all in the street.
While we, in our deconstructionist chords,
Play our music to a vagabond’s beat.

Modern methodologies map the realm of “real”
In compartmentalized, enlightened strokes,
But Love joins the Physical and Ethereal
And, through its union, new knowing evokes.

**This House Holds Seven | Colby Dockery**

I am the watchful eyes of every muscle and every curve.
I am the breath between kisses and the shivers of being touched.
I am the downward rush of blood and the pleasuring ache.
I am the tight fitting dress and disheveled hair.
I am the loosened necktie and the worn-out bed.
I am Lust and my door is red.

I am the useless possessions and the overprotection.
I am the thirst for power and the all or nothing.
I am the desperation and dissatisfaction.
I am the endless wants and the silver tongue.
I am the knife in the back and the tightest hold.
I am Greed and my door is gold.

I am the scorching eyes and the raised voices.
I am the bared teeth and the ravenous snarl.
I am the coldest heart and the sharpest tongue.
I am the bleeding gash and the bullet wound.
I am the severed ties and the bones that cracked.
I am Wrath and my door is black.

I am the endless supply and the gaping mouth.
I am the broken budget and the not enough.
I am the sugar coated and the never filled.
I am the anything goes, the sweet and tart.
I am the all-consuming and the torn apart.
I am Gluttony and my door is orange.

I am the standing ovations and the achievement awards.
I am the unrevised and the overestimated.
I am the condescending eyes and the refusal for help.
I am the always and the never.
I am the victory laugh and the drunken pilot.
I am Pride and my door is violet.

I am the soft pillows and the silk sheets.
I am the substitutions. I am the minimum.
I am the not today and the maybe never.
I am the road most traveled and the cleanest of hands.
I am the fair-weather friend and the swift adieu.
I am Sloth and my door is blue.

I am the beautiful smile and the effortless body.
I am the well fed family and the inseparable lovers.
I am the mental stability and the fearless soul.
I am the towering mansion and the sleekest car.
I am you, I am them, and all that’s inbetween.
I am Envy and my door is green.

This house holds seven – me and you.
Which of these doors have you left askew?

**Township Life in Mosselbaai | Tiffany Lament**

Digital Photography