

# HOUSE ON THE HILL

Empty glasses are fondled like dead cats. Bottles rattle. At midnight,  
dinner is served, then eaten with zombie fingers, slurping  
red wine from each one like blood from a stone.

I hover, masked, a skeleton delighted with anonymous skulduggery.  
Dina is Dracula's kin, opening bottles with her teeth,  
hammer and chisel to another heart of ice.

Devils join us. Manmade monsters, mass murderers, scaremongers  
in black for the desecration; knives at the ready above  
the body politic garrotted in the unlit hall –

tongue lolling and naked, hanging from the window, with each pass  
it gets a stab in the balls. It has the face of the incumbent  
who will bring death and destruction to us all.

So tonight we are happy. Dancing, a rave, but it's not normal, mutant  
music raving from the grave. Speakers scream. Velma shags  
Scooby. We welcome those who are not themselves.