

POETRY

Todd Robinson

# Dream House Sutra

How lonely, my perfect mansion, even with Pigpen yowling  
on the monolithic stereo, even dancing in a blue velour tracksuit

with two lungs full of May, sparrows cutting in line at the birdbath. How  
resentment curdles the milk, spoils the view. The new neighbor

seems a chump through his picture window, jumping before a giant  
television. I am also a fan of sports, but keep the blinds sensibly

drawn. Most people find me charming, but their regard only fed  
my sushi joint bathroom trip a housekey full of cocaine, Argentina

crackling. “Lovelight” burbles on and on and on. I poke through the  
fridge. Cupboards. Closets. My grin tighter than the governor’s.

I vacuum under the recliner, alphabetize spices, graze *The Stranger*.  
Amazon rings the doorbell; dog-walkers and lawn crews, plumbers,

lawn crews, lawn crews from every window. This was our dream  
house—is—but I’m a bird flitting a gilded cage, even if the mortgage

is paid, yearning through stained glass windows for a glimpse of God.  
How tactful the plaster-work, wood-work, iron-work, how sensible

to gut out backstrokes in the lap pool. Friends keep telling me I need  
a dog. Something to love. But all that meat they eat—bad bongos

for the biome. I reckon it’ll just stay us and the dust mites. When we  
were young, we circled these blocks, wanting. Now we’re living here.