**If I Buy a House, It Will Have Two Exits**

Barun Saha

a small silver skull tied around

the neck an inverted

pentagram tattooed on the heart the horns

of a goat guard the lower abdomen

and yet and yet

the Prince of Darkness

 must be broken

or perhaps that shabby grimoire bought

in a shady alley trading off

a golden watch

 supposedly family heirloom

though I always knew that if I ever bought

a house it would have two exits

so that fictions can always be

 in the flux

for we all know that after twenty

years that thing is already

in the freezer

somehow the filtered air brings foreign

fragrances from the wife’s bedroom

 some giggles & gasps

a pair of jeans & t-shirt tumble

in the brand-new washing machine

in my bathroom he’s asleep

in my bed

 and the goat too

the wooden Christ and

anti-Christ hang side-by-side on

the muraled wall apparently, they see

everything

 but I never saw them

repulse each other or embrace either

the age-old lores & myths must be broken

those conspiracy theories that you buy

with tiny pulp paper slips off the counter

 or via recurring streams

of auto-debiting every month must be broken

everything normal

 must be broken