

WILL DOWD

**THAT ONE CHILDHOOD I LIVED  
IN A HAUNTED HOUSE**

The Devil in the attic  
singing the blues.

Detached shadows  
going about their own business.

Nightly peregrinations  
of lamps and knives.

I did not sleep well,  
not with the pack of wolves

in my bedroom closet  
holding torches in their teeth.

Humans roamed from room  
to room, making animal noises.

Sometimes they leaped out at me.  
I squeezed my eyes shut.

They can't hurt you,  
I told myself.

And mostly they kept it open-handed  
so the red marks