

## Housekeeping

My sister asks if  
I have fed the house.  
I hate this question. Every day,  
I am afraid of this question.

I don't know what the house eats. My sister  
doesn't know either, but we keep trying,  
working in shifts. The one  
who's not feeding is the reminder which is  
worse. She has to sit and worry  
that the feeder will do it wrong, will  
make the house hungrier.

We know what hunger  
feels like when it pulls. We know  
how the vacuum cleaner feels on our eyes  
when we use it to suck out  
the possibility of tears.

We don't know what  
the answer is. We don't know  
what the food is. We don't  
know where the real door is.