

## Brick House

by Savannah Hope

In my four walls  
there is a girl  
she smiles and has sweet curly hair  
she'll pick up the dishes  
to keep me from treading on broken glass  
I will crush her bones  
in my muscular loving arms  
whispers let her know I will care for her  
care for her in my sheets  
the world is her four walls  
I cannot control the world  
maybe I can relieve her with my legs  
but I cannot smash those four walls like I can her bones.