

Nicholas Wong

Open House

*Spacious 1554 sq. ft. home with . . . huge dick
for entertaining & enjoying the views . . .
—An online property ad*

The real estate that's sold like sex
was bought like sex with a typo I didn't
not notice. Space was male
when unchallenged, generally not trusting.
Fake was the arboreal décor near the porch,
the half-hackled trunks slumbering from winter
to winter to wince at absences, but what's real
was I, like the seller, also lied: finances,
dreams that failed to cash out, hollowed bridge
loans. And a few visitors.
Body and home were proportioned to not function —
My hand turned a knob, then a lock
on the other side of the same door, where
someone's thigh was grabbed by the same hand
that should have stayed
away from all doors. Physical in-coordination
was a sign of overinvestment. I thought
of giving it up, this private space that
gave me possibilities, but fidelity was warm,
meanwhile full of holes. I once
believed in settling, which was only
guaranteed with *buy high, sell higher*. Who could?
Outside, the shadows of trees dwarfed all uniqueness —
the house's, its cement's. And the muscles'.
Toes grew to aid *Homo sapiens* to pause
upon walking. The sixth and twelfth ones I had
made a sextant. I gave accurate readings on space.
Space was never tired of errors, of erotic trespassing.
It didn't empty a wallet, the walls did.